

SEP 13 1926

MCCALL'S

TEN CENTS

★ OCTOBER 1926

PERMANENT ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.



GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S

LAST NOVEL

BEGINS

IN

THIS ISSUE

QUEEN VICTORIA

Painted by Neysa McMein

One of a series of portraits of the
heroines of the great love stories
of the world being painted
for McCall's. See page 22.



Wades right into Housecleaning and brings

Healthful Cleanliness

Housecleaning is done for the sake of health as well as appearance. Old Dutch wades right into the job and assures healthful cleanliness as well as a bright, sparkling appearance.

Bathroom, kitchen, stove, refrigerator, painted walls, painted furniture, window-sills, door-steps, metal fixtures, statuary, etc., all respond to the magic touch of Old Dutch.

Laboratory tests prove that surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch are wholesome and hygienically clean, because Old Dutch erases all dirt and dangerous invisible impurities.

There's nothing else like Old Dutch. It is composed of a natural detergent; free from harsh, scratchy grit, acid and caustic. To the eye a fine powder—the microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They work like thousands of tiny erasers, removing all uncleanness without scratching. It is this efficiency that makes Old Dutch so thorough and economical.

As healthful cleanliness is the safeguard to health, so Old Dutch is your safeguard to healthful cleanliness.

Saves work—goes farther—lasts longer



General
Gift-Pub.



THE HEROINE OF SILVER SNAKES
PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

SILVER SNAKES



"I HAVE a charm!" she said. "I have the magic bracelets that give immortality!"

"They don't, by any chance, give freedom, too?" asked Colin.

"No," she answered. "Only death gives that!"

A sombre note to strike amid so gay a setting—yet a note strangely in keeping with the brilliant, pampered, luxurious, moody Andrea who, moving amid smartest circles, was never able to dismiss completely a bitter prescience of dark events to come.

But in her cruellest hour Andrea did not completely lose hope. With her always were her twin talismans, those gleaming bracelets, those shining, sinister silver

snakes. And, in the end, she was to win her way to happiness; she was to learn that it is not death—but love—which confers freedom.

You will follow avidly every installment of this scintillating novel with its swiftly moving plot and intensely interesting background of ultra-fashionable society. You will scarcely be able to believe that it is the novel of a young girl, a "discovery" made by McCall's, which not only provides the best work of the most popular authors for its readers, but is also searching constantly for new talent to give to the world. Next month will be published the first installment of this remarkable novel, *SILVER SNAKES*, by RAYNER SEELIG.

Copyright, 1926, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1925, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

October, 1926

Volume LIV, Number 1
\$1.00 Per Year

Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 50 cents

Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Executive Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London, W. 1, England

WILLIAM B. WARNER FRANCIS HUTTER JOHN C. STERLING H. P. BURTON
President and Treasurer Secretary Vice-President Editor

CONTENTS

FOR OCTOBER 1926

COVER DESIGN: QUEEN VICTORIA

The tenth of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love stories of the world.

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

FICTION

- THE MAGIC GARDEN..... 5
 GENE STRATTON-PORTER
RIVERS OF DAMASCUS..... DONN BYRNE 10
THE BLACK KNIGHT..... ETHEL M. DELL 13
THE LAVENDER-FLOWERED CRIME..... 16
 ISABEL JOHNSTON
THE DEAD RIDE HARD..... LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE 18
THE MILLION DOLLAR BUCKWHEATS..... 20
 SAMUEL MERWIN
BIRDS OF A FEATHER..... MARGARET W. JACKSON 23
MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW..... VINGIE E. ROE 30

ARTICLES

- CHOOSING WORDS..... GENE STRATTON-PORTER 2
POST-GRADUATING IN PARIS..... 8
 HARRY E. CHARLOT
IS YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER GOING TO COLLEGE?..... RITA S. HALLE 9
QUEEN VICTORIA..... W. L. GEORGE 22
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD..... 24
 A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES
 BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE, EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G., HELEN TAFT MANNING, DEEMS TAYLOR, STARK YOUNG, ROBERT SHERWOOD, LAURENCE STALLINGS, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.
COME TO OUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY!..... 32
 SARAH FIELD SPLINT
LET ELECTRICITY SLAVE FOR YOU!..... 41
 MARCIA MEAD
A BALANCED DIET IS THE ONLY SAFE DIET..... 45
 E. V. MCCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS
TWO DESSERTS IN ONE..... 46
 MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD
THE FASCINATION OF MARKETING..... 50
 MAY B. VAN ARSDALE AND ANNA C. BRUSH
THE PRIZE WINNING HOUSE..... 52
DAMAGED LIVES—PART II..... 58
 CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.
THE POST BOX..... EMILY POST 62
IS YOUR HOUSE TIED TO THE GROUND?..... 65
 DOROTHY GILES
THE FAIRY FROM THE RADIO..... HELEN MORRIS 66
BEAUTIFYING THE COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM..... 68
 ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK
THE BEST STORY I KNOW ABOUT RADIO..... 70
LAMP-SHADE MAKING IN FIVE DIFFERENT WAYS..... ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL 72
NATURE, INC..... HILDEGARDE FILLMORE 76
McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOKLETS..... 137
ANSWERS TO WOMEN..... WINONA WILCOX 142

FASHIONS

- PARIS FROCKS FOR SMALL PEOPLE..... 114
MINIATURE EDITIONS OF THE MODE..... 115
MOVEMENT THE KEYNOTE OF PARIS GOWNS..... 116
THE SMART BOW TIES IN FRONT..... 117
THE KNEE-LENGTH SKIRT..... 118
SOFT DRAPERIES FOR EVENING..... 119

ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Use the enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

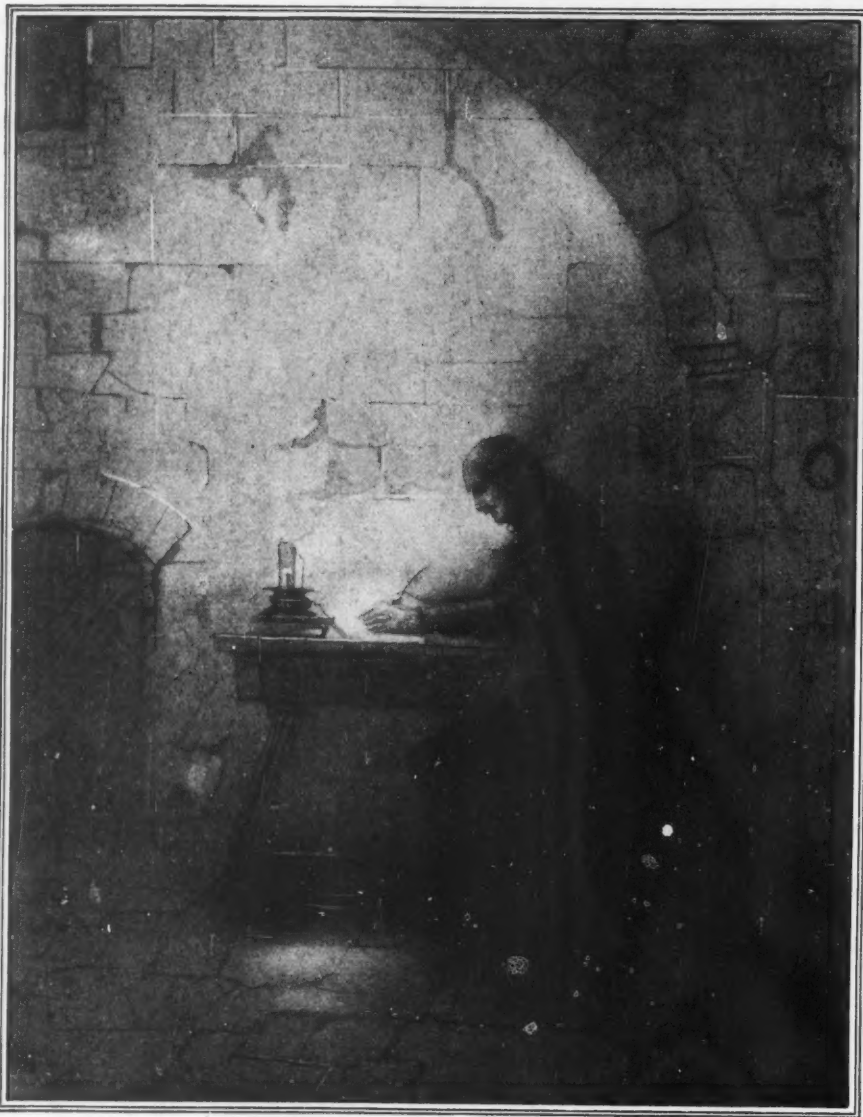
TO me a word is what it means—a physical thing, a vivid thing, as vital as a splash of blood. Words are so marvelous! To such a supreme point do they fulfill their purpose, and with such unalterable appropriateness, that I believe from the assembling of the first atoms, they evolved with us. There are words that are beautiful, forceful, repulsive, dangerous, deadly, life-giving, and these words are all made up of combinations of sounds.

Did you ever take our alphabet, and repeat it for the music of the sound? Many of these sounds are soothing and beautiful, and their combination in certain forms appears to be the secret of beautiful words.

Any word excites more pleasure in our hearts and minds if it is associated with an exquisite meaning. Meaning glows around a word like a halo of light. To illustrate what I mean—Ruskin said "swallow" as applied to a graceful bird in flight was absolutely a different word from "swallow" as applied to taking food. April is not merely five letters; it is the crowning glory of young spring sweeping over the world. Once upon a time—possibly before the memory of most of you—a languid young apostle of the elite visited our shores from England. In conversation with one of our girls at a public gathering he questioned her use of the word "nice," and said to her, "Do you not think 'nice' is a nawsty word?" And she retorted, "Do you think 'nawsty' is a nice word?" One authority says that the combining of the word "rose" with its wonderful floral meaning, with "Mary" as a conception of immaculate motherhood, in the word "Rosemary," is the most beautiful word in any language. Because a word is so vital a thing, and one has been evolved to suit every object and to describe every occasion, place, and thing, I bitterly resent the present-day straying from primal meanings. We have carried this to such an extent, that it is no marvel that people who reverence language, and use it correctly, refuse to tolerate modern slang and abbreviations. I do not think we have the right to change the spelling of one word, or attach to it a new meaning, evolved by the exigencies of our lives in a new country, without the consent of the entire English speaking world. In these days we are spelling largely as we please, and many British libraries are closed to our books and magazines on account of it.

Now as to combining these wonderful words of ours into paragraphs, that will tell an attractive and instructive story. It was Quintillian who said that we must write so that the reader not only could, but must, understand. I like to strive for smooth, musical, effective results. I like paragraphs that swing through a story with a rhythmic sweep. I have juggled with sentences for days, and taken them to bed with me at night, in an effort to combine music with truth and realism. All this work was not without its reward, for half of the criticisms of my first book called it a "prose poem." If you delve after primal meanings, you can tell your story with peculiar charm and power.

It is well worth while, both in writing and speaking, to choose the word which best fits your meaning. A sentence containing five adjectives descriptive of one noun, is not nearly so arresting and poignant as the same sentence using one adjective which takes the place of the five. One good way to practise this is to begin with your daily correspondence. No matter how dead dull, dry, and filled with business it is, put into each letter you write at least one fertile, convincing phrase. Make it a flash of wit, a crumb of philosophy, a prophesy of good cheer—what you will; but do not set your signature to anything that lacks the distinction of one unusual line. It



BUNYAN WROTE THE FAMOUS "PILRIM'S PROGRESS" WHILE IN PRISON

CHOOSING WORDS

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DE LESLIE

"The essence of good writing is a question of individuality. Every living person has a story of some kind to tell. The question is whether or not he can tell it in an attractive form. Some like delicate touches, some like broad strokes, but you cannot hope to do a piece of work of any kind that everybody will like."

AN EXCERPT FROM GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE



will exercise your brain to think it up, and it may lower the tension for some tired business man, strained to the breaking point. And there have been instances where the

right phrase, tellingly used, resulted in giving a young man or woman his or her chance in life. Anyway try it; even if no one else appreciates it, you will be better pleased with your future communications.

I once heard a lecturer on Literature say that it made no difference whether or not you began sentences with conjunctions, ended them with prepositions, or split the infinitives. I do not believe it! It makes all the difference in the world—it makes the difference between right and wrong. To be written absolutely correctly makes print flow like a brook and sing like a bird. The reader catches the swing of it. Never fear that your efforts to combine truth and realism with beauty are not appreciated, whether it be in a story, a picture, a song, a house, a business office, or any bit of work you may set out to accomplish. I once saw a huge, greasy, smelly tank of oil surrounded by beautiful flowers—how many people do you think passed it without noticing and commenting on it?

To be sure it will take you some time to develop this habit of choosing words—I do not say I am a perfect example, but I try. When I work with words I am mostly writing alone, but there can be no law laid down for this. Some people prefer the stimulus of a crowd and conversation around them; others must have silence without interruption. Mark Twain was once discussing the clean, pure English written by Bunyan and that Bunyan had written the famous Pilgrim's Progress while in prison. Mr. Clemens remarked: "Any man could write like that in a prison. If my friends will send me to jail, give me food and absolute quiet, I will write as good English as Bunyan did, and I will see to it that no one puts me out in twenty years."

Not long ago a woman whose work is well known to all of you showed me a quaint old Chippendale writing-desk, with an open space in the middle of the top, and a case of drawers on each end. The desk stood against the wall, and just beside it was an open window from which you could look across a sweep of lawn, magnificent old woods, over Long Island Sound, and away to the green hills of Connecticut. I noticed that the width of the window would exactly fit the space between the cases of drawers on the desk, and I asked her why she did not place the desk before the window. She said it was because it would distract her thought from her work. This was a new angle to me, for my thought was: "When I look out of this window, what I see so far surpasses anything that is in my head, that I welcome the change."

The essence of good writing is a question of individuality. Every living person has a story of some kind to tell. The question is whether or not he can tell it in an attractive form. Just what attractive form means is difficult to define. Some like delicate touches, some like broad strokes; but you cannot hope to do a piece of work of any kind that everybody will like. What the great average prefer is evidenced by the sale of books and stories. But it is a sad commentary on the "great average" that many looks that are masterpieces are almost unknown, and many men of scholarly attainments are eating their hearts out in disappointment, because their work is not appreciated.

In your speaking and writing strive to be simple, but not obvious. When I was in school, I used to read one page of the dictionary every day. This is not a bad

idea for any person of any age or either sex, and it takes only a few minutes to do it. A few of the words you see and their definitions will stick in your mind, and you accomplish something worth while if you learn only two or three new words of our wonderful language every day.

Why are these troubles of the gums so fashionably prevalent today?

What brings them on? How dangerous are they?

How may they be avoided? How can Ipana help?

YOU have noticed, in all probability, that modern dentists are attaching great importance to the care of the gums.

Within the past few years, this importance has been so progressively accented that now it seems to rise to a great crescendo, leaving the general impression that an epidemic of gum troubles has been suddenly brought to light.

In reality, no such thing has happened. There is probably less trouble than before. For the profession, having revealed the danger and made evident the cause, has also pointed out the simple, effective remedy.

Our diet is to blame for our gum troubles

The profession blames our diet for the troubles of our gums. Nine-tenths of these troubles, they say, can be definitely ascribed to this regime of delicious but soft cookery under which, as a nation, we live.

Our soups and our sauces, our puddings and our fruits, our vegetables and our porridges—all are cooked to a soft consistency. We are "choosy" about the cuts of meat we buy. We demand our eatables soft and tender, and we get them so. The roughage and the fibre has departed from our food. Our diet, so soft and so delicious, has lost its power to stir our gums to health.

And our national bad habit of eating too hastily does our gums no good. For, deprived of the natural massage that careful mastication would give, our gums have grown soft, flaccid and tender.

It is these two causes that make gums logy and dull—dead is almost the word. The blood does not circulate, the gum becomes unhealthy. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Other troubles threaten.



Eating today is a lazy pleasure. Coarse foods, containing the roughage that is so good for our gums, have disappeared from our tables. And the dentists turn to massage to make up this lack in our diet.



Dentists advise massage because it stirs up the gum tissues to health, because it speeds to the depleted, softened tissues a fresh supply of rich and wholesome blood. Dentists recommend massage with Ipana Tooth Paste because Ipana has a special value in toning and strengthening gum tissue that is weak and undernourished.

Why massage with Ipana is so good for the gums

Ipana has this unique value because of its ziratol content. For ziratol is a preparation with antiseptic and hemostatic properties, which for years has been widely used by dentists to allay bleeding and to tone and strengthen weakened tissue.

Even if your gums bleed but seldom—even if "pink tooth brush" rarely appears—do the daily cleaning and massage with Ipana. It's simple, easy and effective.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. He knows it. In fact, the 50,000 dentists to whom our professional men have shown Ipana are responsible for its start. Then, when your dentist says the word, buy the full-size tube at the nearest drug store and experience for yourself the delightful flavor and splendid cleansing power of Ipana, as well as its wholesome and beneficial effects on the gums.

The ten-day trial tube will be gladly mailed if you send the coupon, but the full-size tube, containing more than a hundred brushings, makes a far better test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums and the brilliancy of your teeth.

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Dept. E 106, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

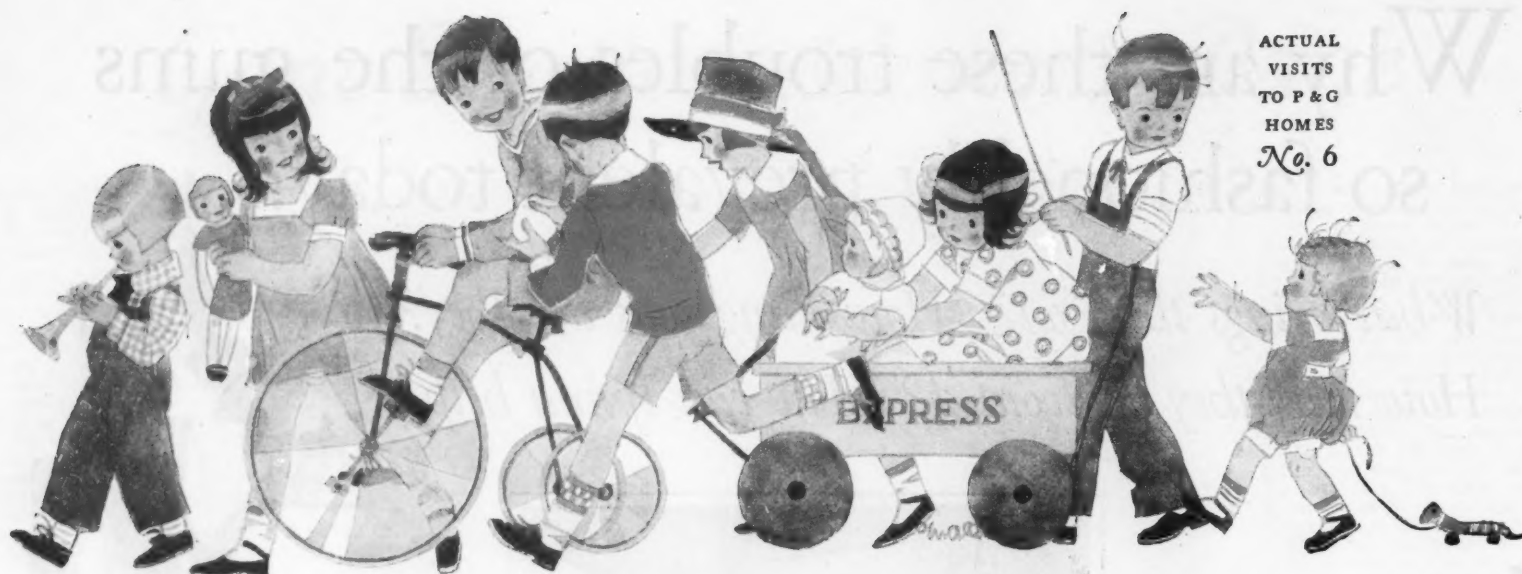
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926



ACTUAL
VISITS
TO P & G
HOMES
No. 6

When two-year-old Bunny keeps up with the "regular fellows"

NINE children! We counted them. One on a velocipede, two in a wagon and the rest on active little feet, swarming around a pleasant house in a Boston suburb one bright morning not so long ago.

"Surely this is a good place to inquire about laundry soap," we thought. "Mothers always know more about washing than anyone else."

Mrs. Martin smiled a young, cheerful smile when we told her why we had called. "Mercy, only three of these are *my* children," she said, "that two-year-old in rompers and those two boys."

"But three children make a great deal of washing," she went on. "I think I must have tried nearly every soap on the market to find one that saved work. And I certainly found it in P and G. I hardly rub at all now. I never feel that it is necessary to boil my clothes. I soak them only a few minutes, and P and G takes the dirt right out."

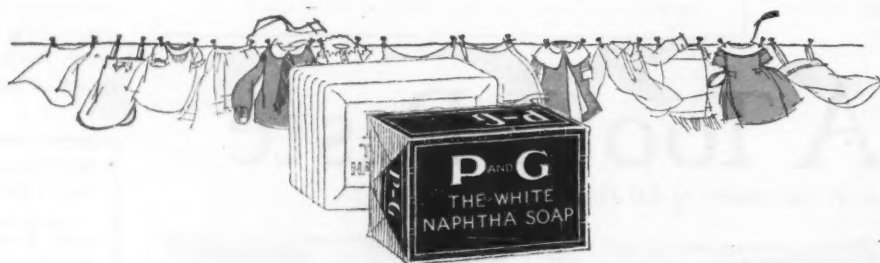


"I notice too how fresh it keeps the color. I wash out a pair or two of rompers for two-year-old Bunny every day, now that he tries to toddle around after his brothers and the rest of these youngsters. You can imagine how dirty he gets his clothes, too. Yet with P and G they come out as bright and fresh and clean as ever."

"I like the way P and G rinses out and the way it works in either hot or cold water. And I love the nice fresh smell of the clothes afterwards."

Millions of women now use P and G for the same reasons that Mrs. Martin does. It is a good soap. It gets the clothes clean without injuring colors or fabrics. Whether you boil them or not, white things come out dazzling white and as fresh and sweet and clean as though they had been aired and sunned a whole day. No wonder P and G is the largest-selling soap in America. Don't you think it should be helping you too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE



The largest-selling laundry soap in America—that is why it costs so little

Compare P and G with the laundry soap you now use—price, weight, quality. Then you'll see P and G's astonishing value.

Laundry hint from Mrs. Martin

"I have found that it saves considerable time and confusion in the kitchen to sprinkle the clothes before taking them off the line. I simply take a pail of water and whisk broom and sprinkle them as they hang. Then I take the articles down, all sweet-smelling and clean from their P and G tubbing, fold them one at a time and put them in the basket."



McCALL'S

FOR
OCTOBER • MCMXXVI



AMARYLLIS," said Nurse Benson, "without exception you are the naughtiest child that God ever made."

Amaryllis sneaked a cake of floating soap from the bath tub, set it on the marble floor under cover of her nightie, pressed a very plump pink foot firmly on it, then skated across the room, coming up with sudden impact against the wash bowl opposite. If Benson wanted to use the soap again, naturally, she must recover it.

Amaryllis turned and made up what was intended to be an ugly face. A side glance in a mirror showed her that it was not nearly so repulsive as she wanted it to be, so by pulling down the corners of her eyes and pulling up the corners of her mouth with her fingers and sticking the tongue slightly farther out, she highly improved the effect she desired to attain.

Then she straightened her face back to its usually lovely lines, looked up at her nurse and calmly explained: "That wasn't for you. I made that one up for God."

Nurse Benson was very properly shocked—but not beyond words. "If you are as naughty as that," she said firmly, "God will let a policeman get you."

To which Amaryllis answered promptly: "I'd lots rather have a policeman get me than God."

Nurse Benson retrieved the soap and cleansed it. "Don't you love God?" she inquired reprovingly.

Then Amaryllis, without the help of lifted mouth corners and down drawn eyes, achieved facial expression so full of rebellion that Nurse Benson was very properly shocked again. Amaryllis fixed covetous eyes on the soap. She loved skating across the floor on wet soap. It was a worthy achievement to make the soap slip on the floor and to keep herself from slipping from the soap.

"No, I just hate God," she said deliberately.

"I am going to tell your father," said Nurse Benson emphatically. "The very first time he comes, I'm going to tell him."

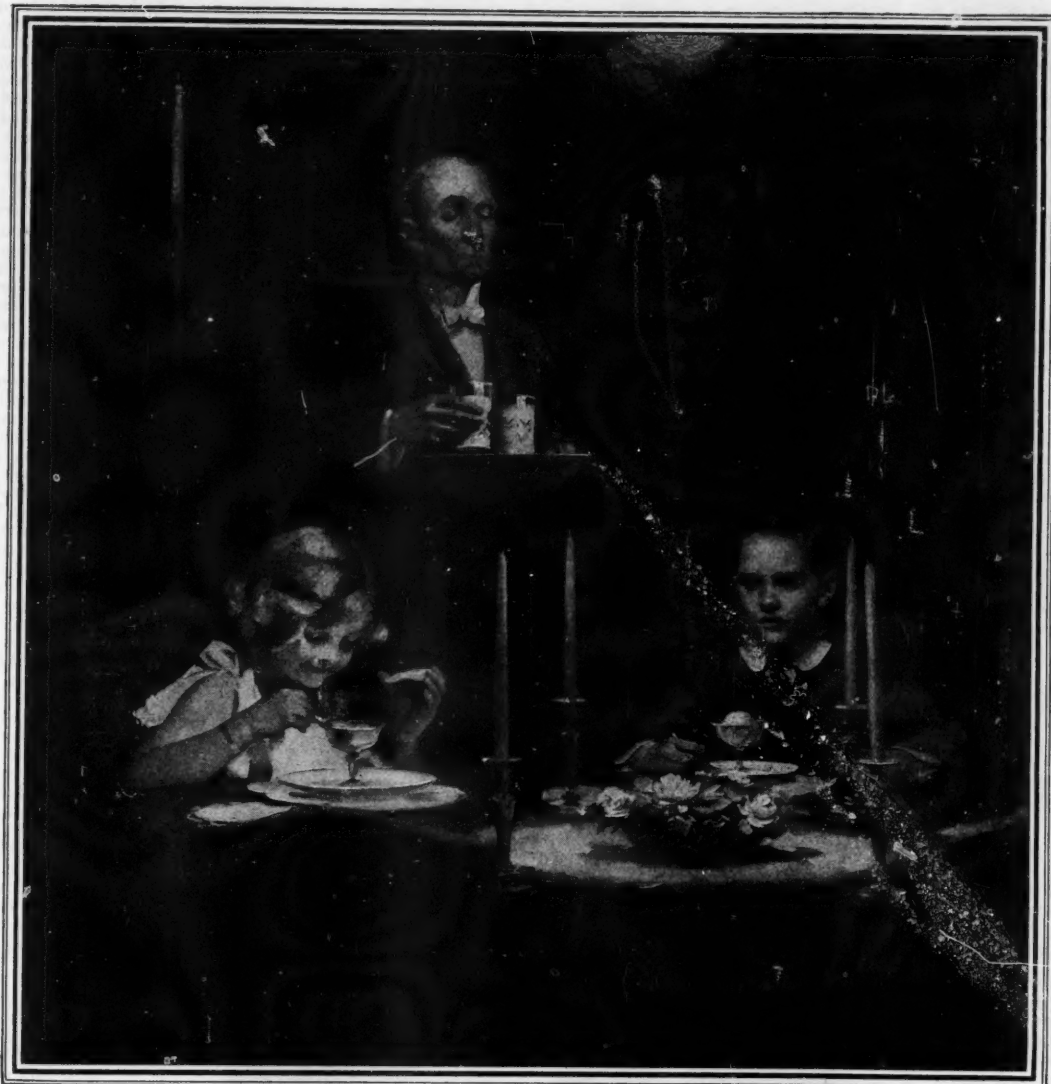
"I wish you would," said Amaryllis. "I just wish you would! I'm going to tell him myself the first time I see him, and I'm going to tell him I hate him worse than I hate God!"

"I am just amazed at you!"

said the nurse. "A beautiful little girl like you, in a lovely home like this, with everything that heart could wish!"

Amaryllis clenched a pair of small hands tight and elevated a small chin, and out of the depths of her heart, tried to the utmost limits of exasperation, she screamed at the top of her voice and screamed, and screamed, and kept on screaming until she was exhausted.

Then she backed against the edge of the bath tub and with distorted face and small hands beating, with small lips



BOTH OF THEM KNEW THAT THEY WERE LONESOME

*Here begins the last novel that will ever come from
the pen of America's best loved woman writer*

The MAGIC GARDEN

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS



quivering, and heart thumpings showing through her night-robe, she shouted: "God is for little girls whose fathers stay at home, and whose mothers love them, and whose big brothers ain't tooked away from 'em! God only loves little girls when their mothers love 'em!"

Nurse Benson shut her mouth tight and walked across the

room. Finally she turned and said patiently: "Please, Amaryllis, won't you let me bathe you now?"

Instantly Amaryllis marched up to her, dropped relaxed hands, lifted her quivering chin and said very politely. "Yes, ma'am."

So there was no more trouble that morning. But there had been trouble previous mornings and there would be trouble mornings to come, and what the end of it was going to be Nurse Benson could not foresee.

A year ago when she had come to take charge of a very beautiful little girl having big, wide open, sky-blue eyes and hair like sunburned gold all tumbling in soft wavy curls over her head, a red mouth and a pink rose-leaf skin, she had thought that very likely her lines had fallen in pleasant places. Then, almost before a cat could wink its eye, Nurse Benson had discovered that she had been very carefully selected and very carefully trained concerning her job so that the child might be placed, so far as her physical welfare was concerned, in her hands alone. For her mental welfare there was a governess who was supposed to teach her English, and another governess who came two hours a day and was certainly supposed to teach her French. There was a housekeeper to see that the big house was always immaculate and shining, and down in the kitchen there was a cook to prepare delicious food. In the front hall there was a man who was a footman when he opened the door and who turned into a butler when he served the food. The double office damaged his feelings considerably, but since there was only one small girl in the family he served, he had to summon all his courage and carry off the damage with as high a head as he could negotiate. The sop to his pride lay in the fact that the double office paid more than he would have had if he had occupied either position instead of both. And there was more sop in the fact that

he was not the only man on the premises who lived in a glass house. There was another man who had to salve wounded feelings, because he was obliged to feed a couple of dogs and curry a pony in addition to performing the duties of a chauffeur.

Naturally, it was beneath the dignity of a chauffeur who drove a Rolls-Royce with a monogram on a door to curry a pony and feed dogs, but there were times when Amaryllis came out on the lawn and played with the dogs, since she had nothing else in the world to play with that was alive; and sometimes she rode the pony, and as there was a bonus added to the customary wages of a chauffeur for the currying and feeding and various other attentions, discreet and silent truce was maintained between the man in the front

hall and the man in the garage. They were so scrupulously polite to each other that if she had listened to them, Amaryllis would not have needed another particle of training on the subject of politeness. They used wonderfully correct speech.

The present arrangement of the household had come up on them, so far as the workers about the house knew, right out of a clear sky. They had thought that Paul Minton was staying at his club and in town a very great deal because he had an unusual rush of business. They had thought that Mrs. Minton was spending most of her time with her dress-makers and in shopping in preparation for the months she spent annually somewhere across the ocean. And then, just like that—they had been informed that Paul Minton was remaining permanently at his club, Mrs. Minton's trunks had been packed and, with a hasty kiss for each of her children, that lady had started for her boat.

So far as the servants could see, and so far as Amaryllis and her little big brother, Peter, could see, the family was split quite evenly as though by a very large, very sharp knife. Peter and everything pertaining to the boy was packed up and carried twenty miles away and set down in a big house—a house as big and even more prosperous than the home that was left for Amaryllis, and in which there were even larger numbers of useless people standing around. Amaryllis was five and Peter was ten. Since they never had been trained to take the slightest interest in each other, it did not make so very much difference to either of them when the day came for their separation.

Peter was informed that he was the property of his father, and that hereafter whatever he wanted he must ask his father about, while all the money, and money, and money that had been left him by his grandfather would be kept for him until he was thirty years of age. In the meantime, he must study hard with his tutors and when he was old enough he might go abroad, and when the time came he could have polo ponies, and yachts, and everything that money can buy.

Peter's house was finer and larger, and he had more people to take care of him than Amaryllis had. Personally, Amaryllis liked her house better than she liked Peter's. From the time she could remember, Peter had been on her landscape, largely to her discomfort. He was rough and stronger than his little sister. He pushed her; he snatched things from her hands if he happened to want anything she was playing with. He liked to frighten the pony she was riding until it reared and threw her. He used to whistle sharply for the dog she was playing with, and he laughed unrestrainedly when she got a hard fall; because he never had been thrown from a horse or the back of a big dog and cracked against the stones himself, he had no idea how it hurt.

Peter was not any worse than any other boy who had lived for ten years in a house with a father and mother and a big flock of helpers, and had never had any of the right kind of mental attention from any of them. Whatever the women who bathed and dressed Peter could succeed in teaching him, whatever the men who were supposed to teach him, whether of sports or of books, could induce him to learn, Peter knew; but he had never been taught anything by his father, he had not gotten the right kind of exercise, nor had the right kind of food, and he had not grown into a big, fine boy with pink cheeks and bright eyes such as his father's son should have been. Peter was a little fellow with a very round head and a prim mouth and chin—not so very much chin—and cheek bones a trifle high. He had learned to speak correct English, but he spoke it slowly. His temper was not bad. The greatest defect there was about Peter was that he had lived for ten years without love. That was what was the matter with Amaryllis. But she had only lived for five years without love.

So when the big knife wielded by the judge of a divorce court came, cutting its way through the Minton family, there were four people left to face life under different conditions. Mr. Minton faced it from a club and from an apartment in the big city near by, to which he sent his personal belongings. He swore by everything holy that never again in all this world could any one induce him to marry, not even an angel right straight down out of Heaven, still clad in white and having feathery wings and a big harp. He said all the angels he had ever seen pictured were women, and none of the women he knew were angels, and if Heaven were full of angels how did they get there? And he was tired of paying for feathers, and as for harping, he'd had enough to last him his life-time if he lived as long as Methuselah.

Mrs. Minton struck for the dock and straight across seas, because there were Lords that she loved to play with in England, and there were Counts in France, and Dukes in Italy, and Spain was full of romance, and there were Shieks across the Mediterranean that really were good sport. And since she had more money than she could spend, and since she was still young, and since she was undeniably beautiful, why in all this world should she not develop her

individuality and amuse herself according to her tastes and the desires of her heart? She asked all her friends "why," and as most of them had done just what she was proposing to do, all of them said: "Why, indeed?" She felt, when her boat left its moorings, that she had done her whole duty. She had tried very particularly to install a capable woman as housekeeper for Amaryllis. She had had a doctor carefully examine the nurse in whose charge she left the child. She had tried the brand of French of the French governess and found it quite as good as her own. She had read a tiresome number of credentials concerning this governess. She knew the house was warm and contained every known luxury. She had given birth to Amaryllis. She found numbers of people anxious to take care of her. Why should she be tied further?

That disposed of two of the Minton family.

It left Number Three, which was Peter. He came next because he was a boy, the elder, and for these excellent reasons he had been bequeathed by his grandfather a million or two more than his little sister. The grandfather who had left him the money had wanted to make sure that Peter should not miss anything. He had been convinced all his days that he himself had missed something. He was not sure what, but whatever it was he was stubbornly set on having little Peter make up in his life what his defrauded grandfather had missed while he earned the millions which constituted the deepest misery of these two helpless children. Grandfather was sure that men needed more money than women; so Amaryllis had heard it said that Peter had more money than she had. Peter, a solemn little figure with a grave face—the last word in dress, but with Heaven only knows what in his heart—ate when it was mealtime, slept when it was bedtime, had his lessons on the schedule laid down by the tutor, and for the remainder of the day devoutly wished that he were dead. This was because Peter was quite the loneliest boy that the big island on which he lived had ever harbored. He was the rich man's son. There were millions in the bank that were his. He had an allowance that he could not spend to save his little soul, because everything he really needed that could be bought in stores and markets was provided for him. Peter did not know what in the world to do with the money that

mother were polite to each other. They had a way of coming down the stairs with their arms around each other. They were very tall, and very handsome, and their son was tall and handsome too. He was a generous boy with a kind heart and he knew all about how lonely little Peter was, and he very obligingly showed him how to spend some of his money. Peter was very happy to spend the money because in return for it he got at that house what he had no place else on earth—a peep into a real home, a vision of real love. He met a man who asked him about his dogs and horses and his cars and treated him as if some day he were going to be a man worth while. He met a woman who asked him about his lessons, and what he had to eat, and what he had to play with, and who made him presents of wonderful games, and who gave him books, perfectly wonderful books full of stories of knights and warriors and great achievements, stories about sailors and soldiers and a big world that Peter thought he really would go out and see when he grew older, if he were not too badly bored to make a start.

But Amaryllis was not so fortunate. She was not big enough to go to visit any of the neighbors alone, and there did not happen to be any neighbors very near who had liked the kind of a woman that Amaryllis' mother had been. They were not her friends. So when she was gone, they were not friendly to the little girl left in the big house. Five years is not very old, and yet there are many things that five years of wide eyes and alert ears can learn. Most of what Amaryllis knew she had gathered from nurses, governesses, chauffeurs, butlers and cooks, and a very large percent of it she had learned by listening—just walking up softly and keeping quiet when people did not know she was around. So Amaryllis knew some very dreadful things that could be said about mothers who would not stay married when they were married to a very fine man who did not do a thing worse than every man of his age and position and wealth was doing, a man who would come home and who would take care of his family, and who would behave himself if he got any encouragement. Amaryllis knew, because of what she had heard the helpers say, that her father had never had any encouragement to do anything except keep away from home. No one in the whole house liked her mother, and every one did like her father. At least, they were afraid of him. They obeyed him and did not deride him when his back was turned.

Amaryllis' case happened to be particularly bad because the big knife that cut through her family put her father and her brother on one side of the family, and left her brother in her father's care, and after a manner, her father did take care of him. At least he was only forty miles away and could come in an hour if he were really needed. That he was really needed every day, he refused to concede. About one day a month was his limit.

On the other side this big knife had put Amaryllis in her mother's care. And the one thing Amaryllis knew above every other thing was that her mother refused to care. Every day of her life the little lonely girl went down to the big bronze gates and sometimes with a dog beside her, stood and looked through the panels locked above her head, that shut her in from the world outside. She watched for cars rolling by with little girls in them, and she could see by looking in her mirror that they did not have half such tumbly, silky curls as she had. Their hair was not nearly so yellow, their eyes were not so big and wide open, their cheeks were not so pretty, and their dresses were not half so fine as hers. But she had seen through the bars of that gate wonderful things happening to other fortunate little girls. Sometimes a little girl rode by with her arms around the neck of a beautiful woman and her face laid against her cheek. The woman's arms would be around the little girl and they would be smiling. Sometimes they would be romping in the car as if it didn't make a particle of difference if hats were crooked and hair ruffled and cheeks and lips sticky with kisses. Sometimes the little people would be asleep and their heads would be laid over against their mother's shoulder, and there would be robes tucked around them and arms to support them and faces to look down at them, faces all aglow and alight with the kind of smiles little children flourish and grow on.

When Amaryllis could not stand the things she saw through the gate any longer, she would slowly go up the wide walk and around the house and back to the garage. Sometimes she would play with the dogs awhile, sometimes she would ride the pony up and down the drive awhile, and at times the chauffeur would tell her a story about when he was a little boy. A few times he had played marbles with her. Sometimes she could coax the gardener to tell her stories about when he lived across the sea in a cold land where they had to work very hard to have even a few flowers and a little fruit in summer. But he would not bring his children to play in the garden while he worked. She had begged him and begged him; she had even ordered him to bring them; but before her orders stood very strict orders from her mother. He was not to carry in mumps and measles and whooping cough and things that Amaryllis thought it would be lovely to have if she could be all tucked up in



WIDE-OPEN, SKY-BLUE EYES AND HAIR LIKE SUNBURNED GOLD



he was expected to spend. He carried it until his pockets got full and some of it he gave to anybody who happened to come his way looking as if they wanted money. Sometimes he rode his horse, or drove in his car to the home of the one other boy who lived within reach and who pitied his loneliness and sometimes asked him to come to his house. At that home Peter really had a good time.

That fortunate boy lived in a house where the father and

bed and have a mother to hold her and put a sympathetic face against her cheek and say little murmuring things to her. She would not have minded having almost anything you could mention if it could have been mitigated only a little bit with love and individual care.

So it is very easy to understand, among the things that Amaryllis saw through the gates and learned at the stables and heard about the house, and taking into account the lack of the things that she was not taught, and taking into account the impersonal manner in which there was imparted to her the things she was taught, it is very easy to realize that there came times when Amaryllis clenched her fists and stuck her chin in the air and screamed at the top of her voice. But the trouble was that, as the days went on, in the absence of any one in real authority, all the helpers in the house began to think more and more about themselves and to pay less and less attention to the little girl. So months passed, and it is very easy to see how the little heart in the body of Amaryllis and the small brain at the base of her skull, were getting very badly warped. Almost anything one could mention connected with home life was going just exactly the way that it should not go if a fine specimen of feminine childhood is to be evolved into a woman who is going to found a home and be able to do something for her family and her neighbors and her country, and maybe something that God up in Heaven would be pleased about as well.

Every one in the house knew that the times when Amaryllis screamed were becoming more and more frequent, and every one in the house knew perfectly well that it was very bad indeed for Amaryllis when her little nerves grew all jangled and her heart rebelled and her brain went chaotic, when her fists gripped and she screamed and screamed until she could not scream any longer.

The helpers talked it over among themselves and said some one should write to her mother and they said some one should tell her father. They all agreed that there should be some one in the house of the child's age for her to play with. But not one of them wrote the letter, or risked losing a place by telling, or found a child to come to play, because another child meant slightly more work for them, and the less work they had to do for Amaryllis and the more time they had to spend on their own concerns, the better they enjoyed themselves. And after all, Amaryllis was not *their* child, and if her father would not come to see her more than once a month, and if her mother went away and left no plans about coming back, why should they shoulder more responsibility and work?

So it came to be the custom when Amaryllis screamed that every one walked away and left her to scream. It was not much fun screaming when there was no one to listen to her and it did not do a particle of good. So gradually Amaryllis stopped screaming and began thinking. The thoughts that worked out of her brain were far too old and too deep and too intricate for five years of childhood. She soon studied out that there was only one day and one way for her to get through the gates. If she watched her chance and found a telephone when no one heard her and called Peter and asked if she might come, and if Peter said that he was at home and that she might, then the big car came before the door at her command and Amaryllis was dressed in her loveliest clothes and rode in state to visit Peter. Sometimes she had dinner with him and did not go home until it was dark. Sometimes he allowed her to play with the new games he had. Sometimes they talked over the manner in which they lived and both of them knew that they were so lonesome, and so hungry for love, and for other children to play with and for the things that all children, really in their hearts, want to do, that neither of them could find words to express exactly what they thought or what they truly felt.

Once Amaryllis said: "Peter, does Father ever take you

to a circus or to a ball game?" Peter shook his head, because he was a man of few words.

"Wouldn't you like just even to sit in his car while he plays polo or golf?" Peter nodded his head.

"Won't he ever take you?" Peter shook his head.

"For goodness sakes!" cried Amaryllis. "Open your mouth, Peter! Open your mouth and say something or I'll begin to scream!"

for a ride, because Peter was cross and he would not play and she did not want to go home until just time for dinner. She spoke bravely but two big tears squeezed out and rolled down her pink cheeks and stained the wide satin ties of her big floppy lace hat. The chauffeur was young and he was mighty sorry for the little girl he served. He thought things over. The time was late June and the roads were like barn floors. He knew the big island from end to end. He

could not see any reason why he should not do as he was told. So as he started the car he said to Amaryllis: "Where do you want to go?"

Amaryllis thought that over.

Then she said: "I'd like to go where it is like a picture that has water running in it and children wading in the water and little woolly sheep on the bank and cows eating daisies in a meadow. I would like to go to a place like that kind of a picture."

Maybe you would not think there was a place like that on the big island, but there were several, and the chauffeur knew about them. So he stepped on the gas and the big car sped away with a soft purring and throbbing in the engine, and it was not so very long until they crossed a bridge and Amaryllis cried excitedly for him to stop. There really was a brook coming through a meadow, a brook in a great hurry, for the water roared under the bridge. It really went away back into a place that looked like a beautiful picture. Not very deep water, but it was eager water, racing and splashing in its hurry. You could see stones through it and little pebbly places. The chauffeur turned around and let down the window so that Amaryllis could stand up at the car door and listen to the water roaring. By and by, she spied a big, clean, nice, inviting, very friendly looking stone beside the brook, and she told the chauffeur that in her purse there was five dollars that her father had given her to buy what she wanted with, and if he would

life her over the fence and set her on that stone and let her sit there for an hour, she would give him the five dollars. He could sit in the car and watch her and see that nothing happened to her.

The chauffeur had a heart; also he wanted the extra five dollars. He thought the proposition over a long time. He

could not see any reason against it. So he opened the door and lifted Amaryllis across the fence and watched her go to the stone and seat herself very demurely and lean over to look down into the water. Then he parked the car as close to the fence as he could get it, and for ten or fifteen minutes watched Amaryllis. Certainly Amaryllis watched him. From under the brim of her lacy big hat she watched him with the sharpest pair of eyes that ever had been trained on him. She sat just as still as still. She did not let herself lean over to look into the water to watch the tiny little fish for fear she might worry him and he might think she would fall. She just sat and watched the little bits of things not much longer than her fingers with little black specks on their noses and little touches of red paint on their sides as they darted around in the quiet places. Bugs came past which had long bodies and wings she could see through. She never dodged, even when she was afraid, because she was keeping so still. Sometimes she turned her head and looked back to see what was behind her. There was not anything there except some nice cows eating grass, and some white sheep. She could see a path along the bank of the brook that had been made by the feet of little children she thought. She studied it closely, and sure enough, just like the print of her foot on a large fat cake of Castile, there was a footprint on the path. How fine! To put bare feet on soft, black, friendly earth. Then through her hat brim she watched the driver and, by and by, a slow smile crept over her face because she saw his head fall forward and then jerk up straight again. He looked quick to see if she was there, and there she sat with her hands folded looking sedately at the water.

[Turn to page 97]



SOMETIMES SHE COULD COAX THE GARDENER TO TELL HER STORIES ABOUT WHEN HE LIVED ACROSS THE SEA



"Scream if you want to," said Peter. "I don't care, I wish you would!"

"For goodness sakes!" said Amaryllis again. "What do you want me to scream for? At my house when I scream everybody goes away and shuts the doors."

Peter thought that over a while and then he said very slowly: "When you scream, something inside of me screams with you and afterward I don't feel quite so tight and hard."

For the third time Amaryllis said it in exasperation.

"For goodness sakes, Peter! Is there a place inside of you that's tight and hard all the time?"

Peter nodded his head slowly.

Amaryllis laid down the engine she was trying to make run and walked over to Peter. She laid her hands on his knees and looked up at him.

"Peter," she said, "we haven't got anything in the world but just each other, have we?"

Then Peter the silent opened his mouth and asked: "How have we got each other? We haven't! There's twenty miles between us and the Court says you've got to stay in your house, and I've got to stay in mine. We haven't got each other. We haven't got anything we want, and I don't know what you wish, but I wish that I was dead!"

Peter arose, pushed Amaryllis away, turned his back and went and stood and looked from a window for a very long time. Amaryllis sat on the floor and tried to make the engine run but she did not know how to work it. Peter would not do anything but stand like a post and glare from the window, so Amaryllis went quietly from the room and the house and climbed in her car. She told her chauffeur to take her

POST GRADUATING *in* PARIS

✂ BY HARRY E. CHARLOT ✂

ILLUSTRATION BY H. R. SUTTER

WHILE she was yet a long way off, I could see that the little woman had a message for her son. She ran up, breathless, and tucked a fat envelope into my hand.

"It's money," she explained, "for John. As you know, he's in Paris. Of course, you'll go there first; every one does. And I do envy you so. John writes that it's wonderful."

And my friend began to describe, with gentle, motherly enthusiasm, John's reaction to Old World culture.

After some minutes I interrupted with a query about the buying power of the franc.

"Oh, John finds it won't buy so much," she replied. "He finds living there not so cheap as we had hoped. But what Big John and I say is: What if we do have to scrimp a little? It's doing our boy so much good. In our time, a trip abroad was an extraordinary event, wasn't it? Whereas, nowadays, you see, it's really part of the college course."

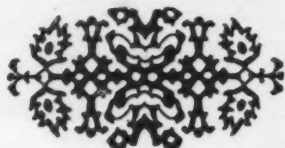
As we parted, she said, rather wistfully: "And you'll let me know how you find my boy, won't you, dear?"

I promised—rashly, as it turned out later—and followed my porter down the long, covered pier, great and dim as the inside of a mountain.

That afternoon I enquired about the passengers of a ship's officer, whom, poor man! several of us were bombarding with land-lubber questions. Weren't we, I suggested, carrying a group from some university, under the guidance, perhaps, of their professors.

The officer laughed. "Say, rather, groups from every university," he replied. "About professors, I can't tell; don't know of any. But at this time of year—oh, the year round for that matter—college people make up a very considerable number of our passengers. This trip there are a good many in the first and second classes, but you'll find two, three, hundred in the third."

Whereupon he led us down to what is known variously as the Students' Quarters, Students' Third Class, and Tourists' Third Class. Gone was the old steerage where Polish



Have you ever wanted to see Paris? And if you have found it impossible to see it yourself, you have doubtless wanted your son or daughter to see it. Parents are like that: where their children are concerned, the joy of sacrifice is as good as, even better than, the thing itself. Yet if parents were to realize the conditions in post-war Paris since prohibition came into effect in America, they would think twice before sending their children there for a course in European culture. Paris has changed. It is no longer the graceful center of culture it once was—at least not for Americans. And Americans—young Americans barely out of school—vacationing in Paris through the sacrifices of parents at home, have made it what it is today.

peasants huddled together mournfully for warmth, ate from tin pails, and slept in long rows of triple-decked iron bunks. Here all equipment was now white with new paint and lustrous with brass polish. There were handsome lounging, smoking and dining rooms; a bar and a library; the

whole given over entirely to American students. A jazz orchestra in the lounge, a hot discussion in the library, and a dozen tables of bridge in the smoker were all going at once and vigorously.

The officer told us all the big liners had made the change. "The steerage is a thing of the past," he said. "So many thousands of Americans want inexpensive passage with congenial surroundings. Now these youngsters, with their afternoon teas and evening dances, have a gay time than any one aboard. Very well handled, too; the girls have one side of the ship, to which they retire at midnight, and the boys the other."

One could not help recalling under what different circumstances the young Pulitzers, Boks and Carnegies had once crossed the Atlantic, and with them, no doubt, many of the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of these very students returning now over the same ocean route with a jazz band and wicker chairs. But that was entirely as it should be, one decided upon further reflection. The way had been hewn out, the rough work done. It was now the problem of the new generations to cultivate their talents and to dress our civilization in the taste and beauty it inherited. So what more natural than that they should go to Paris? From the lecture halls of the *Université de France* they would bring back a serum of new ideas to be injected into the sluggish veins of our educational institutions; from the ateliers of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* would come architects to line our streets with magnificent sky-scrapers, and painters too, to decorate their halls with immortal frescoes; while the great conservatories would return to us musicians, once jazz-crazy perhaps, but now eager to stem that cacophonous tide and lead America back to the

[Turn to page 102]



AMONG THESE HARDENED DÉBAUCHÉS, THE AMERICAN BOYS, WITH CAREFREE LAUGHTER AND FRANK WHOLESOME EYES, APPEAR AS OUT-OF-PLACE AS IN A PENITENTIAL CHAIN-GANG. WAITERS ARE POSTED BY EACH TABLE TO SEE THAT THE WINE IS KEPT FLOWING AND JOY UNRESTRAINED



ALL THE YOUTH OF THE COUNTRY IS MARCHING ALONG THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO THE UNIVERSITY

IS YOUR SON *or* DAUGHTER GOING *to* COLLEGE?

✻ BY RITA S. HALLE ✻

ILLUSTRATION BY H. R. SUTTER

ALL young America is headed for college! Rich or poor, fit or unfit, from the cities and the farms, all the youth of the country is marching along the road that leads to the university. By public highways and private byways, they are pressing on, their eyes on the light of learning ahead. Each one, his eager parents urging him forward, sees in this higher education the sure symbol of success and happiness.

If only it were as easy as that! If only one might arrive at the land of heart's desire by following so plain a path!

But life is not like that. However much we may prate of all men being born equal, we know that it is not true nor will be so long as each of us is the sum total of the dominant traits of each of a varied stream of ancestors stretching in ever-increasing number back to infinity. Until God or science, or God directing science, or whatever we choose to believe, has devised means by which we may all start life with an equal natural equipment, human beings cannot all attain the heights by the same route. To some it is given to work out their life's happiness with their brains, to others with their brawn; to some to reach the goal through the things of the mind,

"Inborn qualities cannot be changed." With this as a premise, Mrs. Halle discusses just why your boy or girl should or should not go to college, what should be made the basis for the choice of a college, and what results may be expected from college training. Mrs. Halle recognizes that education—at least in America—is not suited to all; there are almost unsurmountable barriers before the paths to true culture and to real wisdom and learning.



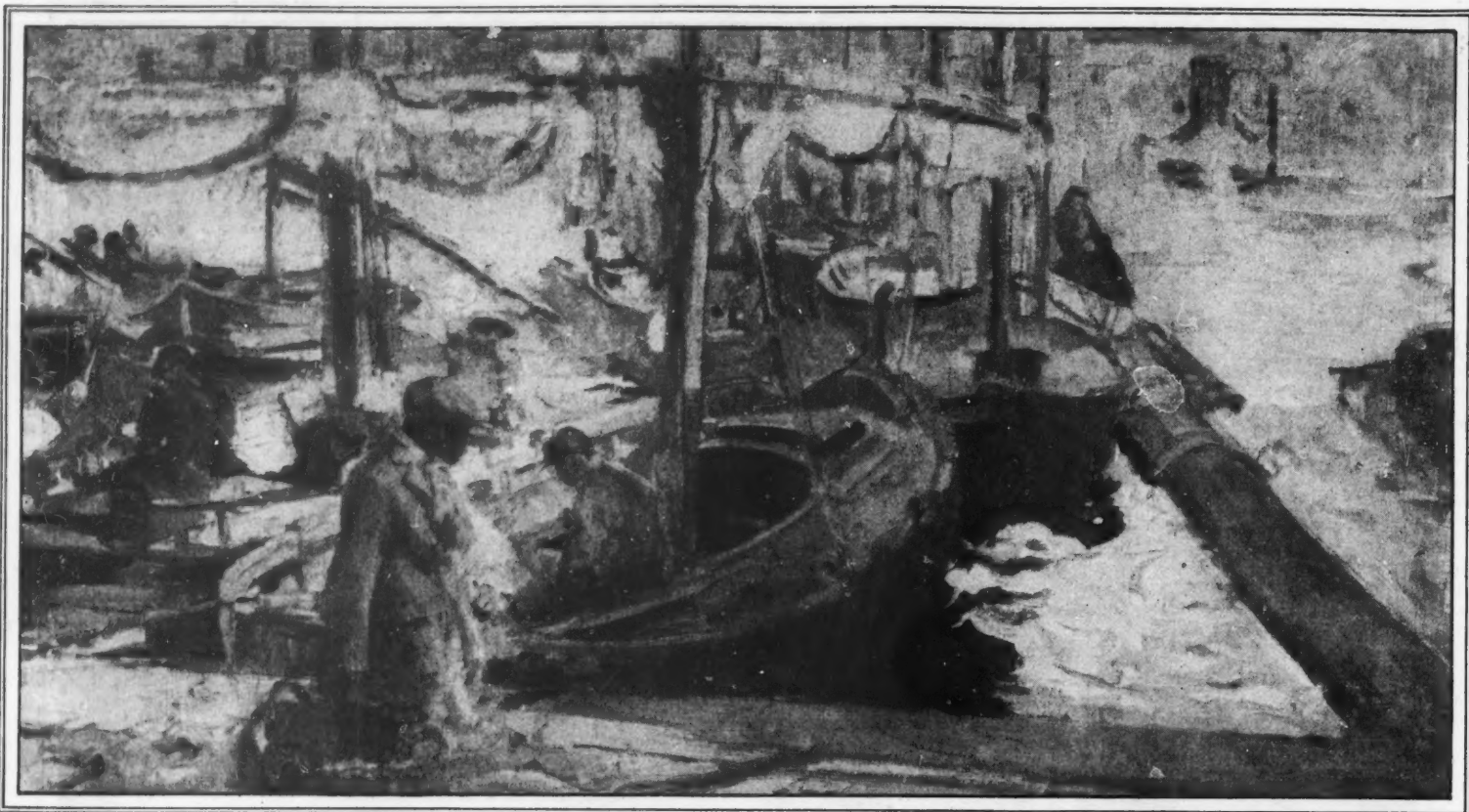
to others through their hands or human contacts. To some, college will be the biggest factor in their success; to others

it will be no less than a real tragedy.

The colleges have much to give. There is also much that they cannot give. To simplify the discussion of what the colleges have, and have not to offer the student, it is necessary to divide them into two general classes, those which specialize in preparing students for their life work, and those which place the emphasis on the cultural side, giving a foundation and a background rather than a definite training for life. This leaves out of the picture, for the moment, the large number of colleges which are doing both things.

The strictly vocational colleges can take boys and girls who know what profession they want to follow and train them for that profession. They can prepare a man to be a farmer or an engineer, or a girl to be a librarian or a secretary or a dietician.

The great advantage that a vocational college has over the strictly cultural college is that its students come to it with a definite objective. If a normally intelligent boy wants to become an engineer and goes to a good engineering college, he will leave it, an engineer; if he wishes to become a pharmacist, he can go to a college which will make him one. Whether he be a good or a bad or an indifferent [Turn to page 111]



HE MOVED ALONG THE BUSY QUAYS OF THE VIEUX PORT

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

✂ BY DONN BYRNE ✂

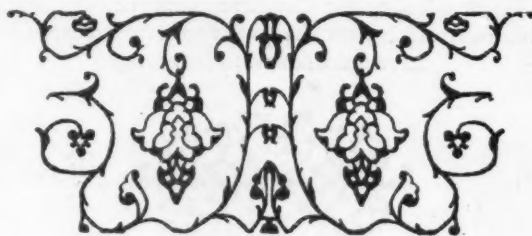
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

SWEETER to me are Albana and Parphar, rivers of Damascus, than all the waters of Israel."

NOW if he had been a white man, with his little spare body, his powerful hands, his light legs and wizened face, you might have taken him for what he was, a jockey. But as he was colored, you would hardly think of that. One is apt to forget the black man's light, strong legs, his beautiful hands for a horse's mouth, his strange caressing way with animals. Besides, one's experience of jockeys is that they are invariably well-dressed in that exaggerated mode that passes for smartness on Broadway and Piccadilly. But this one was dressed in a French suit, baggy trousers with gussets, waisted coat, and shoes that turned up at the toe like a Turk's slippers. His favorite seat was on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, where he sat on a public wooden bench and sunned himself like a cat because there was nothing else for him to do. His name—none remember it now—was Les Armstrong.

Now a negro in Nice is not something to look and wonder at and perhaps shoot, if you have a spare cartridge, as he would be in Ireland. From Martinique, from Madagascar, from Algeria they come and are welcomed as free men and brothers. They dress like the smarter sort of Frenchman, and often are "princes in their own country." But this poor chap, sitting on the smartest promenade in the world, dressed in a suit of cheap French reach-me-downs, was Virginian American, and proud of it. To him a Khan of India or a bey of Algiers was a nigger. He was an American. He did not proclaim it in an arrogant manner, for there was no arrogance in him. As he sat there on the Promenade des Anglais reading his Continental edition of an American paper, picking possible winners at Auteuil, and wondering which of the surreptitious French bookmakers he could trust with his ten or twenty

What is beauty? It is far easier to tell where beauty is than what it is, for beauty is everywhere—in the golden glow of the sunset, in a child's winsome smile, in a mother's love, in a soldier's courage. Not everyone is attuned to perceive beauty everywhere; this is a privilege reserved for the artist and for him alone. For your true artist, whether he employs words or paints or tones, is never at a loss to find beauty; he breathes it, he lives it, and his life transmutes to beauty the ugly, sordid elements in the world about him. Thus we find that Donn Byrne, that well beloved story-teller, in this novelette which marks the apex of his career, has abandoned the gorgeous gold and purple trappings of the East, has relinquished the delightful lore of the fairies of the Emerald Isle, has forsaken obvious haunts of romance and has devoted his finest efforts to—what? To a tiny negro jockey in France, to a poor, homesick little Virginia darkey in Europe. *Donn Byrne has never written a finer, truer story than this. So complete is his triumph that in the end he transforms us all to artists—in that he makes us able to perceive beauty where we never before beheld it.*



iority in the little jockey's: "Nix, guy, nix!" that put him, who was a sheik in his own country, as all Riviera Moors are, into his proper plane of color.

And yet if he had not been so loyally American, as indeed it would have been to his advantage not to be, one could hardly have blamed him. For it was only two afternoons ago that paying his fifty centimes, or half a nickel, he had gone into the Jetty Casino, on the off-chance of picking up a little on *petits chevaux*. The throbbing drum and the moaning bassoon of the band playing the blues had drawn him in curiosity to the dancing floor. There they circled slowly around, English peer and demimondaine, American millionaire and shady countess, professional gambler and his female lure, Egyptian prince and fair post-war Englishwoman, little Provençal shopkeepers who love to dance. And honeymooners from Scotland, or Birmingham perhaps, who are thrilled to the core at being one with the mad, bad life of France; and who will bore their grandchildren with descriptions of how wild grandpa and granny were when young. The little jockey looked on with pathetic face, for he loved dancing. A slim Creole instructress from Martinique, whom he had spoken to once, took pity on him.

"Voulez-vous . . . ?"

"Why, dog-gone, I'd just love to. You sure are one decent girl!"

They had made a half circle when the band stopped. It would go on again in a second or two if the applause warranted. High above the clapping of hands, a woman's voice rang out abruptly.

"Look here, I'm not going on if this thing's allowed."

The little jockey turned around. A hard-faced brittle woman was pointing at him. Les Armstrong didn't know her, but he knew her type. He had often seen it flash from limousine to baccarat rooms in furs and diamonds. He

francs, there was about him the dignity all small gentle people have. A Moor of Tunis in white burnous, with prayer carpets for sale, approached him. There was a quiet super-

flushed and turned to the little instructress.

"You excusez me, mademoiselle. One moment."

He went toward the hard-faced woman, making up a little speech as he went: "Ma'am, if you want me to, I won't dance on this floor again. But, if you don't mind, I'll dance this dance, because this little professional girl asked me to. Ma'am, I'm sorry. I'm real sorry."

But he never got a word of it out, for the woman's escort, a burly man of six feet two, caught him a vicious crack with the right fist on the side of the head. It was a fat man's punch, untimed, all elbow; but it was heavy. It caught the little one-hundred-and-fifteen-pounder on neck and ear and smashed him to the floor as if he had been picked up and hurled. It stunned him. Attendants, detectives, what not, rushed over. In all the commotion Armstrong could hear the fat man's voice say:

"I'm an American, sir! and we don't stand for these guys dancing on the same floor as white women."

The little jockey knew that, American or not, if he had been a French negro, by now the fat man would have been led off by police to be placed in jail, unbailable. The interpreter was bawling in his ear.

"You wish make no complaint? No, you no wish make complaint. No, he make no complaint."

"No," said Armstrong quietly, "I don't want to make no complaint."

He tottered up and away, leaving the little instructress, her blazing eyes filled with tears, her body crisp as a tiger's, without a word of farewell. Somebody pushed his hat into his hand. He slunk past the loud boulevards, and out into the mellow sunset.

"I ain't ever going into that joint never any more."

He walked along the promenade blindly.

"I had no right to dance on that floor nohow . . ."

"Dog-gone, what could I do, when that little girl asked me . . ."

"Them black Frenchmen dance. Nobody says a word. . ."

The worst of it was he had recognized the big man who struck him. He had seen him at the Longchamps races, and later outside Monte Carlo. A year before when the English

hunter, Devon Pride, had won a big race with himself up, the fat man had pushed through the crowd when Armstrong was on his way to the scales with his saddle over his arm. "Attaboy!" he had shouted. "Attaboy! You showed them Frenchies what an American boy can do!"

"He ain't no American . . ."

"Ain't I heard that guy outside the Café de Paris knocking America to a bunch of Englishmen and saying he was so sick of it he couldn't live there any more? Yes, boy, I did."

He stood and looked at the flaming Esterel. There were tears in his eyes. His heart was more hurt than his ear and neck were.

"He ain't no American . . . No American would hit a little guy like me . . ."

THE truth of the matter was that he was ill—more ill than even he knew.

At times his face would take on a brownish gray color and his knees tremble for no reason. But this would pass, and he would feel all right again.

Years of sweating down to keep his weight down had taken the vitality out of him; and homesickness, that thing that gnaws like a rat, had eaten his heart. Because he had never accustomed himself to read anything but newspapers, and because that dingy little room of his in Old Nice was so lonely, his nights would be passed in bars a little more sordid and less artificial than those of Paris.

Hither would come, when the tables of the Casino closed, women in diamonds and men in evening clothes for a cocktail or a dance or a look at the underworld. Once when some of them were present he keeled over.

He came to in a second or so. A burly man with the red face of a butcher, and wearing a white carnation in his dinner jacket, was holding his wrist. Little Armstrong didn't know it, but the beefy citizen was Sir Michael O'Callaghan, the Dublin surgeon known to all Ireland as "Big Mike."

He had come south "to cut the tripe out of some Grand Jook begob!" but the colored jockey was getting for nothing the thought and sympathy that had cost the Romanoff half an emerald mine.

"Boy, you're sick," he roared.

"Yes, sir. I knows."

"Do you? What's wrong with you?"

"No, sir. I don't."

"Why don't you go home?"

"Yes, sir. Why?"

"What do you do? Follow the races?"

"Yes, sir. I follows the races now. I was a good jockey once. Some folks as knew," he added quietly, "said there was none better."

Big Mike thought an instant. Only those who knew him intimately, knew how deeply religious he was, would have caught the meaning of his next remark.

"Well, boy, there's a good time coming soon."

He dug his hand into his pocket where his baccarat winnings were; pulled out a thousand franc note. The little jockey shook his head.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, no sir, but I ain't got as far as that yet. It sure was good of you—"

"Well, you'll have a drink on me," said Big Mike. "Gar-song," he shouted in his abominable French, "apportez un pou brandy quicko!" He patted the colored boy on the shoulder and left him. There was nothing else to do.

"If that big man had been home folks now," the jockey would talk to himself afterwards on his seat on the promenade, "I sure could have taken his money. I couldn't let no stranger say an American boy had taken his money. No, sir. Dog-gone, that guy sure was a white man."

He had been born outside Norfolk, Virginia, and his early days had been happy. His father he remembered as a cheery fat small man, always laughing; his mother had been a raw-boned Louisiana woman. But his father died when he was eleven, and the mother removed to New Orleans. There his mother went bad, taking to drink and a saturnine Jamaican who saw to it that she kept him in the state to which Jamaicans of the better sort are accustomed. The Jamaican, who bore the name of Horatio Wilson Jones, beat little Les on every possible occasion. Hence his dislike of New Orleans and his love for Virginia where he had been happy as a child. The only refuge was the race-track, where he made



AS HE SAT THERE ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS READING HIS CONTINENTAL EDITION OF AN AMERICAN PAPER, PICKING POSSIBLE WINNERS AT AUTEUIL, AND WONDERING WHICH OF THE BOOK-MAKERS HE COULD TRUST WITH HIS TEN OR TWENTY FRANCS, THERE WAS ABOUT HIM THE DIGNITY ALL SMALL, GENTLE PEOPLE HAVE

himself useful, running errands for grooms and handlers. One day, as a joke, he was given a leg-up at exercise on a five-year-old selling plater. He went around the track as if he had been cradled in pigskin.

Now anybody can acquire a good seat on a horse, even—I have it on competent authority—a Knight of the British Empire; but hands are indubitably the gift of God. And hands little Les had. So in the course of a few years he was taken on as apprentice, and later on rose to the dignity of having a black plate with his name on it in white letters—Les Armstrong. Within a couple of years he had won two or three sound races. And then he began "pulling the hat trick," which means winning three races in one day. He did it two or three times a season, so his future was assured.

He went North to New York for the summer season at Empire and Jamaica and Tuxedo, where for various reasons he didn't do so well. There is a great deal more in racing than meets the eye. And wizened white jockeys cannot be blamed, if you look at the matter from the human standpoint, because they are not enthusiastic about a colored jockey winning. In my own most sporting country, in a large field, I should be tremendously surprised to see an English jockey win a race, no matter how good his mount is. But that is for psychologists.

An owner gave him the chance to come to Paris for the season, to ride there and at the seaside courses, at Deauville. Armstrong had heard of the great Paris races, of the fine horses, and the flower of European society, the beautiful midnights, the royalty on the lawn. "Dog-gone, I'll go," he laughed. "I sure wants to see this Paris."

He found out very soon that little interest was attached to the horses. They were an adjunct to the betting machines. For flat racing, few out of the multitude cared. Hurdles and steeplechases were the popular idea of what the racing should be, the jumps being thrown in to make the gambling a little more thrilling, as deuces are made wild in a poker game.

Of how a horse was bred few cared. To whom the horse belonged mattered a lot. And owners' instructions were often very puzzling. One had the impression of them meeting the night before the race, in the Casino. "This poor Gaston," the Alphonses would say, "this poor Gaston, my old, has not won a race at the meeting. Impossible! But I, who speak to you! His pleasure here will be spoiled, utterly spoiled. Also his legitimate will say: 'I told you so! Why didn't you stick to politics?' Gaston must win tomorrow. No! No! Gaston, we insist!" All this may be untrue, but one got the impression. Also, Gaston won.

With the four and five-year-olds over the hurdles Armstrong was singularly successful. He seemed to know to an ounce what a horse could do. Warily, waiting for the exact second he would nurse his mount along, that touch of the nervous muscular hands telling the horse that he knew what he was doing, until the most nervous fractious ill-treated racer knew that it was in the hands of a comrade and a master. Owners might rave, bettors tear their beards and weep, as French bettors will, but until his moment arrived, Les never moved, and then, a touch of the little finger on the reins, a tightening of the knees, and his husky friendly: "Horse, let's go!" and he would sweep along to take his easy win or certain place, as the mount was worth. The sight of the fluttering silk, the black face and black hands pounding up from behind came to be a recognized feature of certain race-courses. "Le noir, il gagne, il gagne encore," they would shout on the lawn, "the black wins, wins again." It was as though he were the color on a roulette wheel. And at steeplechasing too he lifted three or four of the big plumes, and a host of minor ones. For some reason or other the horses took to the colored American jockey. They liked his hand, they liked his confidence, they knew he was a master in his craft.

Then Armstrong's luck turned. He was riding, for a French owner, a big brown gelding called Mistral, a son of Chimney Sweep, a fine fencer and a horse with a great heart; and coming to the last hurdle, he felt that little give in the stride that told him his mount had gone lame.

"Dog-gone!" he said. "This baby's gone and hurt himself." His eyes shifted, pivoted in his still head to the mounts beside him. He noticed the falter, the half-stride lost at the hurdle. From the lawn in front the crowds were shouting

"Mistral! Mistral!" A big English gray beside him began to stretch. He leaned over and showed Mistral the whip. The big dun never quickened his stride.

"Dog-gone," Armstrong said, "he ain't got nothing no more." The shouts came louder. "Tuez-le! Tuez-le! Kill him! Kill him!" And some voice was calling in English: "Beat him up, Les! Beat him up!" Armstrong slackened his reins.

"Another race another day, boy," he said to the big chaser. He was half way across the lawn when the owner accosted him, a huge burly man with a huge curling, black beard like that of an Assyrian king, oiled and perfumed. His black eyes were like snakes' eyes, alive with venom.

"Vat you do?" he shouted. "Vat you do?" "I pulled up your horse, monsoo, because he'd gone lame."

"Vy you pull up, ha? Vy you pull up?"

"I said: because your horse had gone lame."

"Couldn't you get a place, ha? No? Yes, you get a place?"

He leaned over half smothering the little jockey with his exquisite beard. People began to gather, chattering.

"I guess I could have, if I'd killed that horse, but I ain't going to kill no horse for no owner, no, sir."

The Frenchman's fingers contracted, like the claws of a hawk. They suddenly descended on Armstrong's shoulder, ripping the silk jacket from his back, leaving him a ridiculous figure in a sleeveless gray woollen shirt, with black arms like brittle sticks, among the concourse of chic women and men dressed in gray cutaways and black stocks with diamonds in them. The owner waved the torn jacket in the air.

"Ainsi aux cagnins!" he bellowed. "Thus treat rascals." He might have been the chief executioner of an antique commonwealth holding up a bleeding head. "Thus perish traitors!" It was all ridiculous!

"I don't care," Armstrong said. "I ain't going to kill no horse for no man. A win is only a win," he said, "but a horse, well, a horse is a horse."

It was ridiculous, but—

obeying the owner's orders is the chief sin of the racing world, the penalty for which is the chief penalty of the racing world—no mounts.

He may be all right and he may not, say owners; he's a nice fellow, he's a good rider, but this is a hard enough game as it is, without taking extra chances—

All the mounts he got now were rank outsiders with which he was expected to do miracles, but miracles are not done on race-courses unless the stage has been carefully set beforehand. The vanishing favorite of a race-course must be as carefully prepared as the Vanishing Lady in vaudeville. The other mounts he got were horses conditioning up, who hadn't a chance in the race, but were out for exercise. Added to this, his luck had definitely turned. Riderless mounts seemed to like getting in his way in preference to other jockeys'. And three times he took a toss trying to jam through at fences, where, had he had a decent horse, he would have waited his time. Little by little his name disappeared. That thing the French denote as luck, and which we more sensible folk call the phenomenon of the law of average, had left him. And when that thing leaves a man definitely, he is in a bad way.

There is something about French money, too, that lacks power. It hasn't the efficient look of a five dollar bill, nor the crisp solidity of a pound. It has a consumptive appealing look that makes you extremely generous with it, so you part with it saying: after all, it's only francs. It is only when they are gone that one considers that those flimsy notes might not have been so anaemic after all. Also, if there is one person who is more foolish about money than a prize fighter, it is a jockey, for the fighter has usually sense enough not to bet on fights.

So after a while of barren racing and money given into that most heartless of all human contraptions, the totalisator, Armstrong felt himself poor.

"Dog-gone," he said, "I must ride me a winner."

He went South to Pau. The local papers greeted the Parisian jockey with a column of eulogy. But after he had been down the field three consecutive days, the papers were silent, if the public weren't.

"Dog-gone," he puzzled, "I must have passed a funeral, or a cross-eyed woman, or something."

At Marseilles it was the same story. No winners and plunging on the pari-mutual, until he discovered with a shock that he was down to his last thousand-franc note. A thousand francs is roughly fifty dollars; but fifty is a good masculine sum with which much can be done. A thousand francs—well, all you can do with it is spend it.

He had, as all men have, one song he was fond of singing. It was the only song a white man had written for negroes that the negroes love: "Carry me back to old Virginny." That was the song he whistled or sang as he tested girths and leathers:

"Carry me back to old Virginny,
That's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow.
That's where the birds warble sweet in the Springtime,
There's where this darky's heart am long'd to go."

There never had been any one to work for, barring owners for whom one rode, and his only experience of corn-fields was to see them as he passed in trains, but he would sing the little song as though the words translated a life of personal experience:

"There's where I labored so hard for old massa
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn—"

But this he understood—

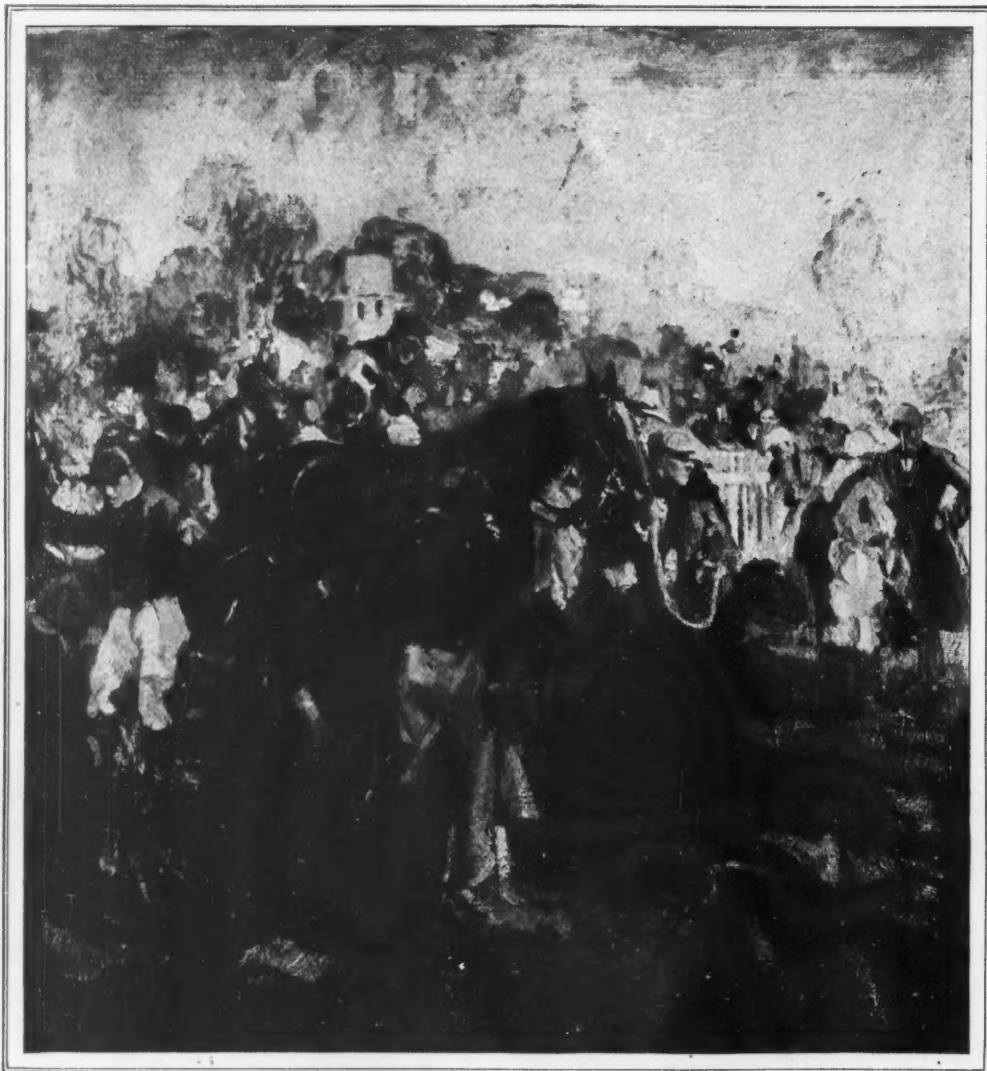
"No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born."

Night would steal over Marseilles, the last rays of the sun bless Notre Dame de la Garde; along the ancient Prado the lights would come up one by one, the Cannebière blaze suddenly, and he would feel that he was in a strange city, stranger than any he had known. Here people were interested in ships, not in horses.

He moved along the quays of the Vieux Port, and like an answer from Heaven to a breathed prayer he saw on the counter of a freighter the name *Elisha Hopkins*, Baltimore.

"Dog-gone," he said, "Baltimore, Maryland."

If it had occurred six weeks before, [Turn to page 85]



"Boy," He Said, "You're A Champeen Horse"



Caesar's wife must be above suspicion, but what must Caesar's jockey be? The cold attitude of that righteousness is terrifying. To pull a horse, to slacken up, all this is right if the owner says it is. But, to be under the suspicion of not



ERMINE DEVEREUX was more modern than the most modern young women of the day—shockingly so, thought her sister Joyce, and Joyce's rather pompous husband Hildebrand Courtenaye, with whom Ermine had made her home upon her return from a trip around the world. Hildebrand wished unaffectedly that she would marry Major Bullivant V.C., the hero of the neighborhood whom Ermine and her chum Peggy called "the Lancelot man"; but in a spirit of mocking rebellion, Ermine continued to snub Major Bullivant in favor of Sam Gregory, nicknamed for his ineffectual appearance and manner "the White Rabbit." On the night of some amateur theatricals Peggy is accidentally burned and only rescued by the quick wittedness of Sam's friend Jack Crofton.

SHE'LL get over it, won't she?" said Jack pathetically. "You're sure she isn't badly hurt."

Both Peggy and Jack had been transported to the doctor's house, and now the former lay in bed still dazed and but dimly conscious of what had happened while the latter submitted his damaged hands and arms for treatment in the surgery.

Jack was suffering considerably more than he would own, and Gillespie expressed grim appreciation of the fact when he had finished. "You're about the finest actor I've ever seen," he said. "Take him home, Gregory, and put him to bed! And don't you stir out of it, Lieutenant Crofton, until I've seen you in the morning!"

Jack caught a glint of kindness in his eyes. He summoned a smile in answer. "I'll take your word for it," he said cheerily. "And I say, you're sure Peggy will get on all right, aren't you?"

"You may leave Peggy to me," said Gillespie.

He took his way to Peggy's room and found his wife and Ermine both watching over her. The latter drew him aside. "She wants me to stay with her," she murmured. "Will it do her any harm?"

"Why should it?" said Gillespie. "Give her anything that'll give her a good night's rest! She isn't really hurt. It's only the shock and a few bruises."

Ermine's face cleared somewhat, and she went to the bedside.

"If I may just hold your hand, I shall be quite all right," Peggy said faintly. "I only want to feel you are there."

"Well, I am here, dear," said Ermine, "and I'm going to be here all night long."

There fell a brief silence during which the hands that clasped Ermine's still trembled. Then: "Ermine!" whispered Peggy.

"What is it, dear?" said Ermine.

Peggy's words came haltingly through the darkness. "Do you remember the other night when we were talking about—about the Devereux Black Knight—your Black Knight, Ermine—and you said—you said—you said—that—Jack—wasn't that kind of man?"

"Well, dear?" said Ermine.

"Well, Ermine,"—Peggy spoke with an effort, but with conviction—"I think you were wrong. I think he is."

"He may be," said Ermine.

"Nothing could have been braver," said Peggy. "He saved my life—and at such a frightful risk."

"I don't suppose he noticed the risk," said Ermine.

A shudder went through Peggy.

"No. He—he would be too brave for that."

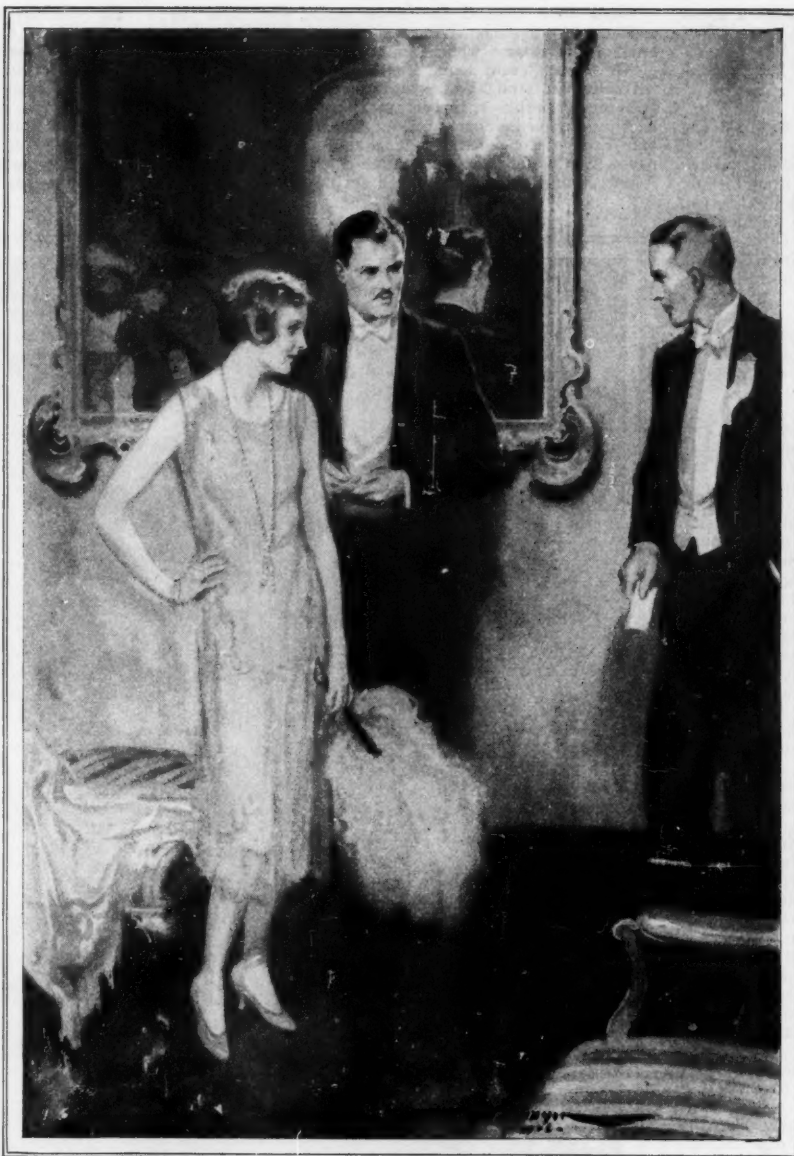
"I don't mean for that reason," said Ermine.

"What do you mean then, Ermine?" There

was a slightly wistful note in Peggy's soft, low voice.

Ermine answered it with a tenderness that was maternal.

"I mean, darling, that he is tremendously in love with you, and he is probably thanking his lucky stars at this moment



SAM WAS BACK AGAIN IN A MOMENT, A CARD IN HIS HANDS

The BLACK KNIGHT

BY ETHEL M. DELL

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES REX," "A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

Modern woman, restless, impatient, eager for new experience and new sensation, yet with unfathomed depths of secret romance in her heart—such is the heroine of this latest and finest novel by England's most popular woman writer. It is a novel which in its power, its intricacy of plot and in the tensivity of its drama recalls at once that great fiction success by the same author, CHARLES REX.



for giving him such a heaven-sent opportunity to aid you." "Oh, Ermine!" The shiver that ran through Peggy this time was not wholly one of distress. "I don't—don't—think quite—tha—"



"I do," said Ermine. "He fell in love with you the first time he saw you, and he's been getting deeper and deeper in ever since."

"Oh, but, Ermine—Ermine—if he really is—like that, what ought I to do?" Peggy's fluttering whisper had a suggestion of pleasurable anticipation about it that was not lost upon Ermine.

She herself smiled in the darkness. "There's only one thing you can do that I can see," she said. "And that is to fall in love with him as soon as possible."

"Ah!" said Peggy on a long-drawn breath.

"Quite impossible?" questioned Ermine, softly jesting.

"Yes, quite, dear." The fluttering quality had gone out of Peggy's voice; it came with the calm steadfastness which was a part of herself. "I can never fall in love again. I have loved him from the very first."

"I knew it," said Ermine. "Peggy dear, I'm so glad."

"Oh, Ermine—darling!" Peggy's head was on her breast. "And what about you? Are you never going to be happy, too?"

"I don't know," Ermine said. "I've given up expecting a terrific lot from life." Her voice sounded bitter.

"It may come to you all the same," said Peggy. "I think it will, dear, if you will only—only take it—when, and as, it comes."

"Marry the White Rabbit instead of waiting any longer for my Black Knight?" suggested Ermine whimsically. "Well, well, perhaps I shall! Who knows? And now good night, Peggy! You've promised to go to sleep, you know."

"Yes, yes, I will," said Peggy. "I feel—almost—as if I could. I'm—very happy, Ermine."

"Good night, darling!" said Ermine, and lightly kissed her. "Pleasant dreams—and may they all come true in the morning!"

The night's rest did much to restore Peggy, and she was allowed to get up after breakfast. She was in fact, beyond some slight scorchs on her arms and neck, very little the worse for her mishap. Her appearance in outdoor clothes at the door of the doctor's surgery just as he was about to set forth on his rounds took her brother-in-law completely by surprise. "Where are you off to?" he asked.

"I am coming with you," she said, "if you will have me."

"Now," said Gillespie, "what is it you're wanting? Tell me straight out, and if I approve, I'll let you come."

She met his look with absolutely clear eyes, though her color slightly heightened. "You needn't take me if you don't want to," she said, in her quiet, unflurried way. "I am going to Chinnery's, and I thought, as you were going too, that perhaps you would take me with you. But—of course—if you don't want to, I can go alone."

"Of course you will do nothing of the kind!" said Gillespie gruffly. They went out together and he put up the hood of the car and tucked her in carefully.

Peggy, nestled in her corner, had nothing to say. If her heart were beating a good deal faster than usual, it certainly held no dismay; and in her eyes there shone a light that gave a radiance to her whole face.

Sam, at work among his poultry-houses, came to them through the slush as they reached the farm. He was carrying a bucket in one hand and a battered can in the other, and looked thoroughly disreputable in his ragged old shooting-jacket and mud-bespattered breeches.

"Hullo!" was his greeting. "Come to see the invalid? You too!" as he caught sight of Peggy. "I say, he will be pleased! How are you feeling this morning? Better?"

He had no hand to offer, but his pale face smiled a warm welcome. He could scarcely have looked more pleased had it been Ermine herself.

Gillespie turned to her. "You'd better wait here a minute," he said.

"Oh no, please!" said Peggy. "I'm coming in."

Sam chuckled. "That's the way. Come along! I'll announce you."

But somehow when they reached the old stone passage that led into Sam's sitting-room, Peggy was in front of him, and he turned back with a comical countenance to Gillespie.

"Look here, old chap! I want you to come and look at my incubator. Do you mind?" He pushed Gillespie out again with the words, and Peggy, without a backward glance, reached the sitting-room door and lightly knocked.

"Hullo!" said Jack's voice within.

She opened the door and entered.

He was sitting on an old settle before a blazing fire of logs. Both his hands and arms were muffled to the elbows in bandages. He was dressed in an ancient dressing-gown from which the sleeves had been removed.

He turned in a flash. "Peggy!"

She came forward swiftly. "Ah, don't get up! You mustn't get up!" she said. "I only came to—oh, Jack!"

She laid her hand very lightly on his knee. "You saved my life," she said. "Did you imagine I didn't know?"

He groaned aloud. "It's a lie, Peggy. Who told you?"

She bent towards him, her sweet face very earnest. "Jack," she said, "you needn't mind my knowing. I'd—I'd much rather you had done it than—than any one else in the world."

Jack jumped as if he had been struck. "Peggy!" he said.

"Peggy!" And then, as her other hand joined the first upon his knee so that they both lay clasped together upon it, "Little girl—darling—you don't really mean that?"

Her eyes looked straight up to his. "I hope you don't mind," she said. "That's what I came to tell you."

"Peggy!" he said again, and stretched out his bandaged arms to take her.

"Don't! Don't!" whispered Peggy. "You'll only hurt them. You needn't hold me—to kiss me, you know. I shan't—run away."

"You priceless darling!" said Jack; and as he scooped to avail himself of this permission, her arm slid round his neck.

So Peggy came into her heritage of love.

The Hunt Ball was held in the neighboring town of Ledwell, and here in the Town Hall that evening assembled all the members of the Courtenaye Hunt. It was considered one of the principal functions of the season, combined with the meet on the following day on the Courtenaye lawn.

Ermine went with her sister and brother-in-law.

It was not Sam who first came to her. Out of the gay throng, instantly detaching himself, came Ronald Bullivant, tall, handsome, and smiling with an old-world courtliness that seemed to place him among the knights of a bye-gone age. Peggy had well-named him "the Lancelot man." Ermine did not turn her head at his approach.

"At last, Miss Devereux!" said Bullivant, as he reached her. "Do you know I almost expected you to melt into thin air before I got to you?"

She uttered a thin laugh that was somehow like the drawing of a sword. "I am sorry I can't fulfil expectations. I fear I am not the melting sort."

"Does that mean that you are an Ice Maiden?" he said. "Will nothing soften you?"

She faced him with a hard smile on her lips. "No, I am quite fire-proof," she said.

"Girt in armour?" he suggested. "A sort of St. Joan? Not too iron-clad to dance, I hope?"

Her card was in her hand. He took it from her quite naturally, without any suggestion of familiarity. The color flamed in her face as he did so, but she made no protest, merely watched with a kind of rigid self-repression as he scribbled his initials against one dance after another.

"I may have those?" he said, his tone scarcely a question. She did not speak immediately, and another voice cut in from behind them. "What about me?" it said.

They turned, Ermine with a curiously cautious movement as though she guarded herself from attack. "Oh, Sambo!" she said. "I've been looking for you. Major Bullivant has spoilt my card. Get me another!"

They were standing by the door. Sam, wearing the badge of a steward, took a long stride to the entrance where a tray of cards was placed. He was back again almost in the same moment, a card in his hand.

She tore the first across and threw it on the ground, then gave him a dazzling smile. "It doesn't really matter about a card, Sam," she said, "as you and I are partners for the evening. I was afraid you hadn't remembered."

"In that case," said Bullivant smoothly, "I won't waste your time."

He bowed and left her. When the dancing began a few seconds later, he had secured his cousin Celia Barnaby for a partner, and it was very soon apparent that they were the most accomplished couple in the room.

"Shall we dance?" said Sam.

Ermine was standing against the wall with a perfectly expressionless countenance. He had to repeat the question before she heard it. Then she looked at him with a somewhat dreary smile.

"You're such an atrocious dancer, aren't you, Sam?" she said.

He laughed. "I'm a tryer, anyway."

"But you'll never be a succeder," said Ermine. "Yes, I'll dance with you, but I'd sooner motor to Brighton and back."

"The old Roarer is quite at your service," said Sam. "We ought to get there by daybreak."

"What a ghastly idea!" said Ermine.

She suffered him to conduct her round the room, but her dancing was lifeless and obviously mechanical.

When they reached the door again, she spoke in a sudden whisper. "Sam, I must get out of this. Can you get hold of the Roarer while I put on my things?"

"Of course!" said Sam.

He led her straight out with the words. There were a good many people in the entrance; a party of late comers had just arrived. Some one—a woman—accosted Ermine, and Ermine flung back a laughing answer but did not pause. She vanished into the cloak-room and Sam went on. A few minutes later she emerged again, clad in a long dark

me you are complete and satisfying, being yourself. So far as I am concerned, nothing matters but that. Whatever you are, I would not have you different."

"You extraordinary person!" said Ermine. "I wonder if you are really as easy-going as all that!"

Again the flippancy of her tone was obvious, and again, with something of the persistence of a dog retrieving a lost ball, he ignored it, choosing to take the matter seriously.

"If I am what you call easy-going," he said, "it is because I have learnt something of the values of life. I know, as



HER EYES WENT TO THE FALLEN TREE AGAINST WHICH SHE HAD RESTED. THE PLACE WAS SHADY. SHE CAME TO THE LONG, DARK TRUNK AND PEERED

fur coat with a shimmering scarf about her head. The careless crowd had drifted away, and only the jangling dance-music filled the empty corridor—that and the whirling of Sam's engine in the street below. She went down to it without a pause, and found him waiting, already seated at the wheel. A small rain was falling and he had put up the hood. The door was open. She slipped in beside him without a word, and immediately they were rattling down the wide street, and the insensate music was left behind.

"Thank heaven for that!" whispered Ermine.

She sat tense, her hands clenched on her fan, while they roared through the old town and out into the open country beyond. Then, realizing that they were slackening speed, she spoke:

"I wonder what they are thinking about us."

Sam made a placid sound which seemed to indicate that the subject was one in which he took not the faintest interest.

"My dear Ermine," he said rather ponderously, "at the risk of offending your sense of what is right and proper, I am bound to tell you that your moral character, good or otherwise, does not come in any way into my calculations. To

well as you do, that circumstance and environment have much more to answer for than any virtue or vice of our own. It is only in certain soils that certain crops can be raised. There is no virtue in being virtuous if there has never been any temptation to be anything else."

"There are very few really virtuous people about at that rate then," remarked Ermine.

"That I don't know," Sam said. "But I do say that no one can honestly lay claim to virtue until they have been tried. I believe most of us get some sort of a chance. It's up to us to seize it and hang on to it when it comes."

"If it comes in time," said Ermine.

"You have got yours now," said Sam, "but you won't take it."

"What! The chance of marrying you, do you mean?" The old derisive note was in her voice, yet was there something besides, almost a note of wistfulness.

"But you won't take it!" Sam repeated.

Ermine leaned slowly forward. "If I did take it," she said, her eyes fixed upon the blur of light cast by the lamps, "I wonder which of us would regret it most."

"I would see to it that it wasn't you," said Sam. She laughed a little without speaking. "It doesn't occur to you," said Ermine, still steadily gazing through the streaming glass as one who seeks to read the future in a crystal ball, "that it might ruin your life to marry some one who doesn't love you? Or that I might actually be unselfish enough to regret it on that account?"

"Ermine!" He made a sharp, involuntary movement, instantly checked. "Is that why you are hanging back—why you always turn me down?"

"Then I'd break it—somehow," said Sam. She moved at last, uttered a sigh and, leaning back, began to grope for another cigarette. "You know I'm only playing with you, don't you?" she said. He relaxed also. It was one of his most fatal characteristics in her eyes that he was always so ready to follow her lead. "Oh yes, I gathered that," he said. "It isn't raining quite so heavily now. Shall we go on?"

"Ermine, why did you do that?" whispered Joyce. "Why shouldn't I?" bantered Ermine. "Trifling again!" sighed Joyce.

During the drive home it became apparent that Ermine was once more in disgrace with her brother-in-law, a state of affairs which she treated with the utmost *insouciance*. She seemed in fact to be in excellent spirits notwithstanding the boredom she had endured, and on arrival at home flitted away to her room with a gay song on her lips. Her attitude did not invite pursuit, and Joyce wisely refrained from attempting it. She looked at her husband instead with a pathetic effort to smile.

"Yes," said Hildebrand grimly, "you may laugh if you think it a laughing matter. I don't."

"She is very wilful," sighed Joyce. "She is worse than that," he returned. "This heartless trifling with Sam Gregory in order to humiliate Bullivant is a plan of action which I will not tolerate. I shall give Gregory a hint."

"Oh, don't!" begged Joyce. "It might do more harm than good. It wouldn't greatly surprise me if she decided to marry Sam Gregory after all."

"She wouldn't be such a fool," said Hildebrand, "with the chance of getting a brilliant man like Bullivant."

"She probably knows best what she wants," said Joyce. He swung on his heel with a sound of contempt. How could any woman know best, he was thinking.

But it was no time for arguing since it was already three o'clock and the Hunt Meet was due on the lawn in a few hours' time. He departed with surly dignity to his room, and Joyce was left with the somewhat doubtful satisfaction of having had the last word.

She did not see Ermine again until the Hunt were assembled on the great lawn in front of the house. She herself was no horsewoman, but as the Master's wife she went out to greet the various members whom she knew.

Sir Burton Tristram was one of them, and with him was his stepson, Major Bullivant. The sight of Sam riding a raw-boned grey and looking peculiarly lanky and ungainly in the process brought Joyce back to the old problem. Could any girl in her sober senses prefer poor Sam Gregory to that handsome, soldierly man whom Peggy had dubbed "Sir Lancelot?"

Perhaps Ermine had taken leave of hers, for she was at Sam's side now, very dainty and upright on her bay mare San Toy, exchanging some careless chaff with him as they walked their animals up the drive.

They drew the woods of Courtenaye and presently found a fox that led them right away over the ridges above the village and into the domain of the Manor Park. Ermine was, as usual, the foremost lady-rider in the field. She was at her best on horseback, as even Hildebrand had to acknowledge. She had the light hands and the sure seat of a born rider, and her bearing was superb, in striking contrast to that of Sam who sat his old hunter like a sack, and bucketed along as if every moment would see him turn a somersault, yet managed in some amazing fashion to be in at the death.

Bullivant, riding like a winged Mercury, made it his business to keep ahead of him, but he accomplished it with difficulty. Sam was a hard goer in spite of all handicaps. Again—was it by chance?—Ermine was with Sam.

"I suppose you are going on?" he said to Ermine as they entered a long brown glade where the ground squelched beneath their horses' feet.

"I am not sure that I shall," she made answer. "Certainly not unless they find pretty soon. And I want to go round and see Peggy. You'll go on of course?"

"Unless I may ride home with you," said Sam.

She made a slight movement of impatience. "I like riding alone."

She glanced over her shoulder with the words. Bullivant, side by side with Hildebrand, was just entering the wood which was beginning to resound with the hubbub of hounds at work. They passed Ermine and Sam, and plunged in under the trees.

"Good-bye!" said Ermine. "I'll get away before they find."

"Take care of yourself!" said Sam.

She laughed a little and was gone, San Toy stepping daintily over the drenched earth and leaving the imprint of her hoofs in oozing mud as she went. There was something of strange magic in the stillness of the winter day, a faint suggestion as of spring and autumn mingling, a sadness that contained a hope. Somewhere hidden, a robin was singing with a small voice of piercing sweetness. She checked San Toy to listen.

The hubbub of the hunt had quite died away. The wood was very still, almost as though a spell had been laid upon it. The little singing bird seemed to be the only other living thing it contained. Ermine sat motionless, as though she waited for a sign. But nothing came to her and presently she rode on again, deeply wrapped in thought.

She came at length to a gate that led into another wood, and here she dismounted and fastened San Toy to a railing. She took her sandwich-case from the saddle and walked away over a carpet of leaves to a fallen tree. The sunlight slanted through the bare branches making a patch of bright gold upon the ground. The place invited her like an empty nest. She sank down into it with a sigh of weariness.

Some minutes later she roused herself to eat her sandwiches. "I shall go to sleep if I stay here," she said. But it was still early and the impulse to move was lacking. She leaned back against the fallen trunk when the meal was ended and closed her eyes.

Her thoughts had begun to wander down the vague valley that leads to slumber when San Toy suddenly stamped and whinnied. Sharply she sat upright, and then in a flash was on her feet. A horseman had come into view, pacing quietly up the ride that she herself had travelled [Turn to page 92]



OVER—SAM WAS LYING ON THE OTHER SIDE. HE DID NOT SEEM TO HEAR HER. ONLY AT THE TOUCH OF HER HAND UPON HIS SHOULDER DID HE STIR

"It's a fairly substantial reason, isn't it?" she said, still searching the future.

"You would never ruin my life," said Sam with conviction. "I might break your heart," she said.

"No," said Sam stoutly.

"Not if I one day met—some one I love better?" she said, her voice sunk to a whisper.

"Is there some one?" he said.

She raised her shoulders slightly. "There—may be."

He stooped slightly towards her, seeking to read her set, intent face. "Who is it?" he said. "Some dream-knight of your girlhood who may never cross your path again?"

She nodded slowly, gravely, without turning. "A dream-knight, yes. And he may never cross my path again. But if he did—I should go to him, Sam—I should have to go—just as the needle goes to the magnet."

There was a short silence. Sam was closely watching the still profile. He spoke, rather abruptly for him.

"Ermine, if that happened—do you think I would stand in your way?"

"You couldn't untie the knot," she said.

They went on, but the brief intimacy was over and returned no more. Half-scornfully she told herself that he had missed his chance yet again, and always would. She might go further with him than with any other man she knew, but he would never even realize it, far less attempt to improve his position thereby.

When the dancers returned to the ballroom after supper, Ermine and her partner were sitting in an alcove in full view of the company, and this position they occupied during most of the remainder of the evening. They danced two or three times, but with a solemnity even greater than the occasion seemed to demand, and when Joyce came at length to Ermine with the suggestion that they might begin to think of going home, it was received with alacrity.

She bade Sam a casual farewell, and left the room with her sister.

Joyce stole one or two glances at her as they crossed the hall, but Ermine's expression was completely normal, save that she paused to throw a very gracious smile to Bullivant who was lounging against the wall with a cigarette. He stood up and bowed punctiliously in reply as they passed on.



SO WE GOT OUT, AND SURE ENOUGH, I FOUND SOME MAY PINKS DOWN AMONG THE MOSS

The LAVENDER-FLOWERED CRIME

BY ISABEL JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

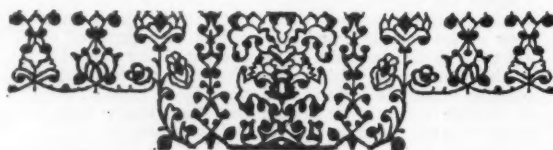
TOMORROW I am going to the electric chair. I—Hattie Smith—the little old maid that nobody ever noticed. Hattie Smith, convicted of murder! Hattie Smith, who washed dirty plates at church fairs while other folks sold flowers! Hattie Smith, who wasn't good enough to do the fancy sewing on the bridal gowns! I done the plain sewing, cheap, for the hope chests of West Setauket brides, and never even had no beau myself.

I used to wake up, hours before six, because the house was so kind of quiet. Even the cat ran away. I'd lay in bed, just as I'd laid there every morning for twenty years, hating the ugly old rocker Ma had left me. Wishing I had strength to move the big black walnut dresser that always bumped me in the dark. Wondering if all my life I'd just go a-living on, listening to the locust branches grinding against the house outside.

The Ladies' Aid Meeting was the first I ever heard about the murder. I live by myself, in the brown, two-room house across the creek. It's a long ways round to the Post Office, unless I cut across Israel Tompkins' pasture and his old rickety bridge. But that morning I was so excited and flustered and all, I didn't even go for the mail!

You see, I once bought a lavender, flowered voile. I'd held it up to me often, thinking it made my hair look soft, and figuring if it didn't make my eyes seem sorter blue. Right gay it was. But four o'clock that morning I woke up and just made up my mind to wear it to the Ladies' Aid. I

Each of us carries about, hidden away, perhaps, but ever-present, a sense of the beautiful, a desire for lovely things which many can gratify, but which many more must stifle forever, or else satisfy with makeshifts. Hattie Smith was "just folks," yet, burning high within her was a craving for beauty, which carried her through a remarkable adventure right to the "Land of Heart's Desire." You will smile as you read this poignant tale, but smile with pity and understanding—"the smile that brings the laugh that hides the tear."



counted on making a kind of sensation. Though I hadn't never been hardly noticed before. Having Mrs. Davis allow it didn't look so bad, and Mrs. Waters asking, "The colors is right pretty, Miss Hattie, do you calculate they'll fade?" And maybe Miss Wells, who takes so many fashion books,

asking could she copy it. Then maybe one of them would give me a pretty dress to work on, instead of just plain sewing. Soon I'd be cutting into satins! I was right full of dreams that day.

But nobody even saw the lavender voile when I come in the Christian Endeavor Room. They just kept on talking. I was hurt-like. I sat down, and jerked my needle in and out of one of the towels we was hemming for the heathen. But nobody took no notice.

"Plumb dead," I heard somebody say. I was strange-like, but I didn't seem to care who was dead. I was just going on being a nobody to the end of my days!

"Mrs. Tompkins woke up the hired man, and they was hustling out to get the milking done before the old man could get back and be mad about it's bein' so late, and they found him, in a field, stark dead, with a bullet in his heart," gabby Mrs. Waters was telling.

Everything they said and done stood out sharp in my mind, and me all the time was thinking hard of something startling I could say, too. I'd make them notice me!

"He was shot in his heart with his own gun," says Mrs. Waters again.

"He wasn't shot in the heart. It was his back," fat Mrs. Davis complained.

"I wonder who could have done it," sighed Miss Wells. Oh, why hadn't I stolen out in the early morning when I woke up, and seen. Then I could have told! Then I could

have I
many
it. Fol
mortga
as a s
they'd
unless
one bo
the Ch
quitos
to wor
been t
"Th
body,"
stood
As
wasn't
ugly b
there
I coul
it com
and he
... a
"I k
louder
"I kn
said o
stoppe
at me.
waitin
sound
throat
and th
Nobod
feel m
way. I
new la
I'd hav
"Ha
for the
voice s
pled
that.
good f
right o
straight
iff's h
Wells
The
his b
clams.
living
'count
and n
Ed's a
mild,
and a
ing ab
He ac
catchin
"I ca
better
doin'
plained
jerked
rocker
But
and str
flower
I don'
but I
for all
and he
and r
with t
wet ha
"We
"Well,
knife I
clams,
on his
have t
says.
lumber
I foll
caught
it wou
Back i
mother
went.
It mad
like a
if it l
since
away.
"I w
ain't r
the tab
cleanin
leave. I
like. I
"Ma
just to
"Yes
Whe
his thr
finally
After
and say
if you

have had the floor! But Israel Tompkins was hated by so many people, it was hard to figure out who could have done it. Folks tell how, a real long spell ago, he foreclosed the mortgage on the little Methodist church and built it over as a summer boarding house for city people. He gave out they'd have to move all the bodies from the church cemetery unless folks paid for the lots over again to him. They said one body actually had been dug up. And last summer when the Chautauqua drained the marshes to get rid of the mosquitoes, he threw the dirt back because they had no right to work on his land. The rifle he was killed with must have been the one he fired on trespassers.

"The hired man burst out a-crying when he seen the body," Mrs. Waters went on, so excited that she got up and stood right smack in front of me.

As I looked at her back, I felt my face getting hot. I wasn't even worth telling it to, wasn't I? I stared at the ugly buttons fastening up her black, polka-dot waist, and there was a loose button half-way up that made a gap, and I could hear her cracked voice gabbling on and on. In a rush, it come over me how once I'd been made fun of at school, and how my hands had been in my way . . . all my life . . . and I stood up and shoved her aside and faced them all.

"I know who done it," I said, and I could hear my voice louder than it usually was. "I know who done it," I said over again, as they all stopped talking and looked at me. All their eyes on me, waiting. I swallowed and the sound of it creaked in my throat. "I done it," I said, and they all kept on staring. Nobody said a word. I could feel my hands getting in my way. If I hadn't had on my new lavender flowered voile, I'd have fainted.

"Hain't you better send for the sheriff?" I heard my voice saying. They all crumpled into themselves at that. I seen they weren't good for nothing, so I stalked right out of the meeting and straight down to the sheriff's house. I heard Miss Wells scream as I went.

The sheriff was out on his back stoop opening clams. He digs clams for a living and was made sheriff 'count of being diplomatic and no offense to nobody. Ed's a big sorter man, with mild, lightish brown eyes, and a funny way of not being able to knit his brows. He acted ashamed of me catching him working.

"I can figure out the crime better when my hands are doin' somethin'," he explained. "Have a seat?" He jerked his knife toward the rocker on the stoop.

But I planted myself, stiff and straight, in my lavender flowered dress before him. I don't know what I said, but I must have told him, for all his bulk stood up, and he took off his old hat and rubbed his eyebrow with the back of a dirty, wet hand.

"Well, well," he says, "Well, well." He threw his knife back into the pail of clams, and wiped his hands on his pants. "Guess I'll have to lock you up," he says. "Guess I will." He lumbered up the steps, and I followed after him. He caught the screen door, so's it wouldn't slam in my face. Back into what had been his mother's best bedroom, we went. The dust was thick. It made my heart ache. Just like a bachelor. Looked as if it hadn't seen a broom since his mother passed away.

"I wasn't expectin' to catch the criminal so quick, so I ain't really got the jail red up," he apologized, blowing on the table to chase away the dust. My fingers itched to start cleaning, but I sat myself down, prim, waiting for him to leave. He stopped in the doorway, shuffling around uneasy-like. I tried not to look like I wanted him to go.

"Maybe you could let me have a dust cloth and broom—just to keep busy with?" I says at last.

"Yes, yes." When he come back with them, he still stayed, clearing his throat. "That Israel Tompkins was a mean man," he finally said.

After the door shut behind him, he poked his head in again, and says, "Being's I'm sheriff, I'll have to shove the bolt, but if you want something, just call. I'll be outside, opening

the clams." And then he went away, very softly.

The whole town turned out next morning when we started to drive over to the Riverhead county jail in the sheriff's car. He took his time cranking the car, acting modest and not letting on how big he felt at having caught a criminal. It was the nearest I'd ever been to going out riding with a beau, and having a man proud of me. I was glad, glad, but I sat up straight and stiff in the front seat. I said nothing to nobody. Only bowed kind of haughty when I caught Mrs. Davis' stare out of the corner of my eye. Everybody was quiet, like they was at my dying bed and funeral, all to once. When the engine took hold . . . bang . . . everybody jumped. The sheriff got in, pulled out a blanket from the back seat, dropped it on my knees, and stowed it around my feet with a kick. "Cold morning," he says.

"Yes, it is, for spring," I was so dizzy at having a man care about my comfort I could hardly answer.

"Goodbye, Miss Hattie," shrieked Miss Wells out of the hush.

"Goodbye, goodbye, Miss Hattie," the town yelled after me—awkward at first and then real loud.

"I'll look arter your chickens, if you'll give me the eggs," from Mrs. Davis. I nodded back, bright and pleasant, at all the folks. They waved after me, just like mad.

It might easily have been my wedding trip. The big trees

"Did you?"

"Yep, looked up on crime." He kept himself from looking at my face. All jerky, he rambled on about how he'd read how people had been let off from prison, and how confessing made it almost like the crime had never been. At last, he looked at me sideways, and when he found me smiling and happy, he eased up a bit and seemed right relieved.

"Murder or no murder, you must have had pluck to . . ."

He sighed—"A little woman like you!"

"But you as sheriff has got to have pluck every day," I says—"dealing with criminals."

"Think so?" He smiled slow, and then looked down glum, and sighed quick again. "No . . ." he says. "Why I never even had the pluck to ask a girl to hitch up with me."

I rubbed out a wrinkle in my skirt. "And if I'd have had the pluck to ask her, I'd never 'ud have pluck to marry her!" he gulped. "I'd have run away at the church."

"Who was she . . . you was thinking of?"

"Nobody . . . nobody . . . never got that far," he answered.

"I'm so glad," I said, out loud, before I could catch myself. I was so thankful he hadn't liked anybody else.

"Nowadays women ain't like my Ma used to be," he says, driving over to one side to let another car pass. He was quiet a long while after that, like he was thinking of something else.

"Now you ain't like my Ma . . . But I guess all women can't be the same."

"I guess not." It made me feel discouraged to think what a handy, hard-working woman the sheriff's mother had been, and how she'd been the first during the War to dig up her flowers and plant potatoes in the front yard. Some folks said she kept her son from marrying.

"Ma was a little mite set in her ways, sometimes," he allowed.

"Only a little mite . . . set . . ." I says, trying not to sound too joyful. "Long as the custom got started, it was more sense to raise potatoes in the front yard instead of flowers, even if the War was done."

"A flower garden ain't bad, though. Chickens are right fond of poppy seeds."

"I allus like a flower garden . . . Sweet William and . . ."

He looked at me and gulped in his throat and didn't say no more until we was driving through a bit of woods. "Looks as if there'd be May pinks yonder. Mebbe they'd be a comfort to you . . . smellin' them, when you're . . . at Riverhead . . . Least ways, it 'ud be good for the car to cool off."

So we got out, and sure enough, I found some May pinks down among the moss. Sweet little flowers they was—dainty, and sorter pink like a baby just out of a bath. Plumb covered by the leaves.

"You pick," he says. "You mightn't like the way I allus seem to pull up the roots."

So I picked and the sheriff cut off some elm tree bark and gave it to me to chew, after we'd gotten back in the car.

"Kinda like a picnic, that was," I says.

"But we hadn't got no food," he says, downcast, "ceptin' the elm bark."

"Some picnics don't need no food," I says.

"Think so?" He sighed heavy, but pleased, honked his horn loud, and passed right by another car before he slowed down again. "We'll get there soon enough," he says.

Through my black cotton gloves, the May pinks felt cool, and I breathed deep of their smell, thinking the same as him. Seems like we didn't need to say much after that. We sorter cottoned to each other, like we'd been driving together a long time. Nearest like we was two old folks going to their golden wedding. At Riverhead, he puttered a long time over his burglar-lock before he took me in and gave me up to the jailer.

"Killed Israel Tompkins," he says, casual but proud, jerking his thumb towards me.

If I'd wanted to say I hadn't never, I wouldn't have dared—not with him believing in me so [Turn to page 132]

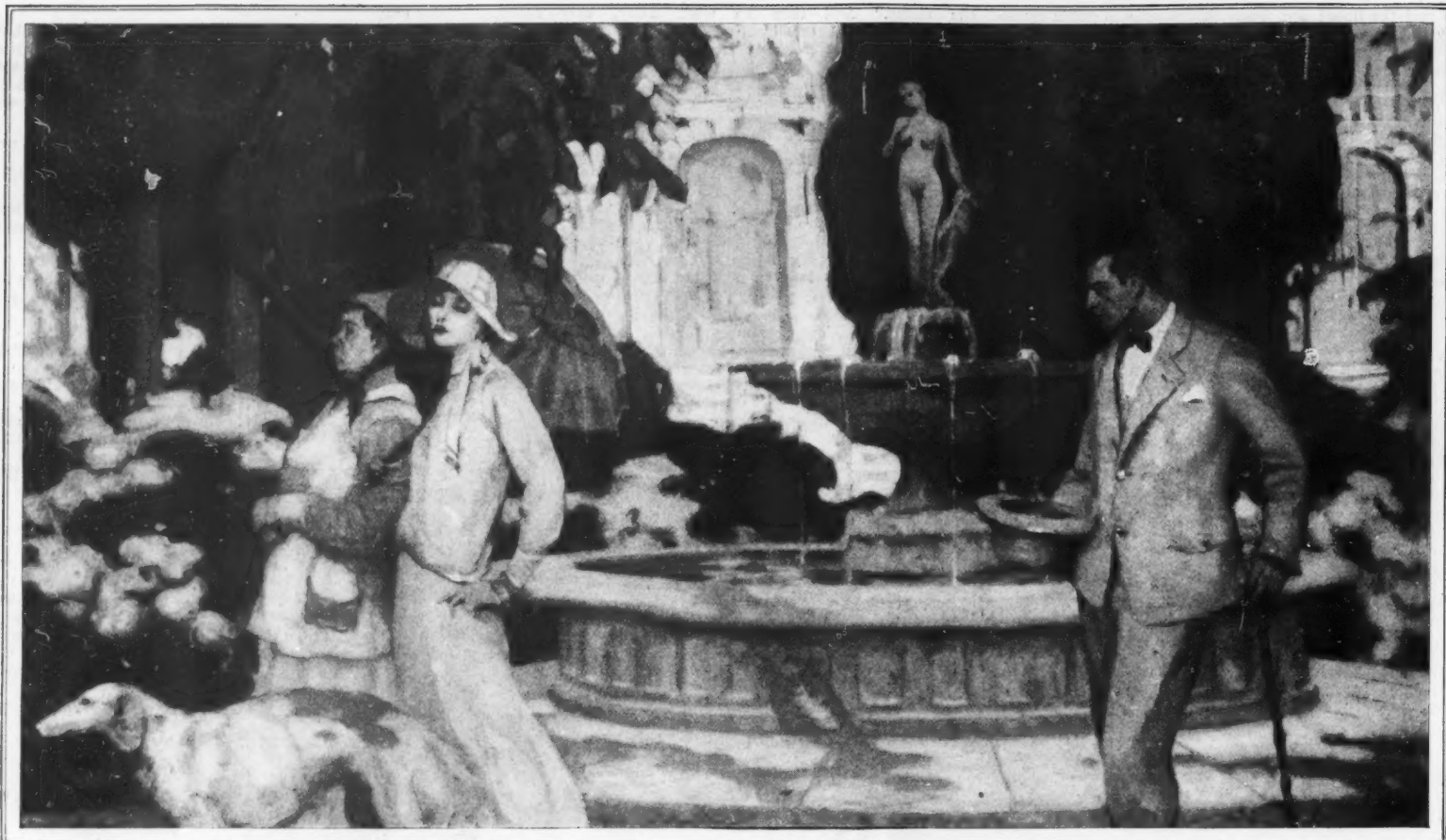


I'D HELD IT UP TO ME OFTEN



was bare, but in the early morning, it reminded you, somehow, that it was spring. The sheriff drove slow, like we was sweethearts out riding. Only he acted kind of miserable and like he was afraid to look at me.

"I stopped in ter the library, last night," he said at last.



SO THOSE TWO PASSED WITH NEITHER PAUSE NOR SPEECH. BUT THE MAN HALTED AND WATCHED TILL THEY VANISHED

THE DEAD RIDE HARD

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

TERROR-STRICKEN Buda-Pest—the Buda-Pest of the mad days of Bolshevik rule which followed the World War—believes that Denise Vay is dead—that she perished with her parents when terrorists sacked their home and tortured her father to force him to reveal the hiding place of the emeralds of St. Stephen. No one mourns her death more sincerely than the dashing young American, Andrew Brull. Nor is she forgotten by the Bolshevik, Tibor Szamuely, who now possesses the emeralds and who had been infatuated with the beautiful Denise.

THEY met again in a dull blue dusk of June. The man was alone with his sadness, tasting the air at aimless saunter, the woman walking rapidly and in company with another. He caught his first sight of the two at some distance, when they were rounding a groomed green shoulder of the Belvedere Gardens. And even then, when the bare glimpse of the truth seemed so fantastic that intelligence straightway rejected it, the sudden stumble of his pulses foretold that life for him at last was to take on a happier complexion. The one glance he spent on her companion rated her precisely that and nothing more, a body who was, so far as she was apt ever to cut any figure in his affair, nobody. But the other—

Unbelievable that two of one generation could have been identical in form and grace of presence! As incredible as that a girl three long months dead should have come back to life, or her dear ghost be walking to his vision there in Vienna, so far from the spot where she had perished. Feature for feature they were one woman; but the mistress of his forlorn romance had been sweet flesh and blood, most warmly human, whereas this lady who passed him by was a being chiselled out of living marble, or her countenance belied her, as cold and hard as she was exquisite; an older woman, too, by many a year, as the hair told whose close bob was not entirely hidden by her hat. What was even more final, she acknowledged his amazement not by so much as the lift of an eyelash. So those two passed with neither pause nor speech. But the man halted and watched till they vanished.

In his bed, that night, but wakeful, the lonely man re-

membered that Denise had more than once mentioned an "Aunt Elena" in Vienna, with whom she had been accustomed to live in the old days when there was still a Court at Schonbrunn and a Queen of Hungary to whom she owed her duty as maid-of-honor. It was midnight, then, but he got up and dressed and went down to the dining-room of his hotel, the Sacher, where he found several acquaintances among the younger bloods of the expatriated Hungarian nobility and gentry lacing their champagne with plots against the Bolshevik régime in Buda-Pest; and before he got back to his room, hours later, had learned that the surviving sister of the Countess Vay was the Countess Elena Apaffy, a widow with a great fortune who had a palace in the Wieden quarter.

He went to sleep, then, persuaded that the lady of the Belvedere Gardens was that aunt of Denise Vay, a belief which plausibly accounted for that startling likeness as well as for the white hair and for the mourning in which the lady had been costumed. But when, the next day, he applied at the Apaffy Palace, it was only to learn from a rusty footman that the Countess had some time since left Vienna for her estates in the Semmering, where she would remain at least till autumn. With which advice the footman shut the door in the stranger's face. He took to haunting the Belvedere Gardens at nightfall after that; but was at pains, whenever they passed, not to let his interest take on any color of importunity; while the woman on her part might have been moving in another world, one in which he had no place whatever.

His was not a nature sanguine by heredity, and he had been very hard hit by his tragic love affair. It was a true torture to him, yet the lyric pain which that daily glimpse distilled came to be something he couldn't do without. And he was in an emotional mood of high potentiality when, one night, the lady of the white bobbed hair turned that same green shoulder which had first introduced her to his ken, just

as he was about to take it in the opposite direction. Both had to halt to avoid a collision. Brull whipped off his hat and stammered an apology. The lady bowed in silence and passed on; but before he could get under way again her voice made him spin in his tracks. An exquisite voice of singularly sweet and at the same time melancholy modulations, it said in French of the purest Parisian inflection: "Pardon monsieur; I must speak to you for one moment."

The lady had dismissed her companion to a point out of earshot, and was awaiting his response with a calm, unsmiling countenance which Brull thought the loveliest he had ever looked upon, likewise the most fatal. "I'm sorry, monsieur," she pursued, tuning her attack to a pitch of considerable decision, "but this cannot go on, it distresses me too much."

Brull thought: "That is not *her* voice. There are echoes in it to wring one's heart; but it is never my love's. Thank God! I know the truth at last—now I need no longer go out of my mind courting a phantom hope." But all he found to say aloud was merely: "I, too, am sorry, madame. I had intended no disrespect."

"You have offered none," she caught him up—"I well know that. But it is necessary that I walk a little every evening; and I am quite sure, if you find it sufficiently repays you to see me this way, almost every day, you are too clever not to find me out, wherever else I might go to take my walks."

"Madame may be sure I would never do that, now I know she has been annoyed—"

"Not so much annoyed, monsieur, as troubled to see you always looking so unhappy, to feel, as you make me feel, I am somehow associated with the cause of your sadness, and—no, please!" The lady gently forbade interruption, and her next words fell in a more measured tempo. "And to know I can do nothing to help you."

"You are most gracious, madame," Brull replied. "And you may be sure I will take every care hereafter to avoid distressing you. If you will permit a word of explanation—he either did not or would not see a sign of prayer—"it is this: You remind me too much of some one I knew not long ago, a lady who died suddenly and under peculiarly

tragic circumstances. The resemblance is nevertheless so strange that I have found it difficult to believe you could be anybody but the lady I have mentioned or, if not, then nearly related to her."

"I quite understand," she replied in a voice studiously even. "But I must ask you to believe you are mistaken."

"Mistaken even in believing madame to be the Countess Apafy?"

"I am not the Countess Apafy," the voice from that shadowed face after a momentary pause declared. "I am, if you must know, monsieur, Madame Gabrielle Nagy."

Now Nagy is no name at all in Hungary; that is to say, it is anybody's, on all fours with Dupont in France and Smith in Anglo-Saxon lands. "Thank you, madame," Brull said with unabated deference. "With permission—my name is Andrew Brull. And it may interest you to know that the lady you so strangely resemble was Denise Vay. I—loved her, madame—I still love her."

At this the self-styled Madame Nagy drew back a pace or two so that her countenance was no more apparent to him than as a blur of pallor. She seemed able to say nothing; and though she did try to repeat that pleading gesture, Brull saw it break this time and flutter into failure. "And now," he quietly pursued, "I am sure you are Denise, even though I do not comprehend how you can be, or what has happened that you should wish to deny me today, whom only yesterday, I know, you loved."

"You are in error, monsieur!" a desperate voice sought to persuade him. "I do beg you to believe me."

"I will, if you will swear to the truth of that statement—in Hungarian."

"Oh!" the woman cried—and that was all.

"Denise," the man brokenly entreated, "tell me what I have done to earn this—"

"Please!" So much pain quavered in that cry, he had no more heart to press her. After a long moment she said, but as before in French: "I cannot continue talking to you like this, monsieur—it is too much. I have been ill—if you will be but a little patient—"

"You can ask nothing I could refuse you."

"Then—come." Seemingly forgetful of her duenna, she swiftly led Brull to the upper tier of the gardens where they

found a neglected bench. It was now full night, and when he had taken the place at her side, she rested for some minutes in silence, her veiled gaze deflected to the glittering mesh of streets that matted the night below like a seine of gold on a still blue sea.

"I was wrong," she told him at last, her lips alone stirring. "I had thought to do you a kindness, but I see now it was cruel and, more than cruel, stupid to imagine I might deceive you. But it did hurt, in spite of everything, Andrew, to see you day after day looking so heartbroken, and I thought perhaps I might by lying a little—since you certainly were not sure I was Denise Vay—be able to lay her poor ghost for you and give your heart some ease. But I reckoned without two things," a brief laugh had a bitter ring, "you and myself."

And, as if he had heard nothing else, Brull repeated: "In spite of everything?"

"Yes, my friend! That is what I must try to make you understand without wounding you too much." A hand dropped to his that lay between them; its touch was fugitive and left a sensation as of a contact that had held no warmth whatever. "I know, and—if I could be Denise Vay to you again—or to myself—in spite of everything, I believe I should try. But I cannot, Andrew, I could never. One thing I told you back there was true, at least: my name is now Gabrielle Nagy. I mean, I had to find another name because I could not keep a dead girl's and do what I have to do. I needed a name, in a sense, a *nom de guerre*. And 'Gabrielle Nagy' sounded non-committal—"

"But 'madame'?"

"Oh! for its protection, naturally."

"I shouldn't say you were lacking in protection."

Brull's nod singled out the symbol of disapproval posing at the distance which, evidently, the duenna had been instructed to keep. "That? Oh, that is a housekeeper from the Apafy Palace. I am stopping there, but in absence of my aunt—"

"I beg your pardon, Denise, I—"

"But I don't blame you, Andrew; you do not understand. Neither am I at all sure I can make you."

"If I may venture a suggestion," Brull said in spite of himself, "the best way to make me understand whatever

may be in your heart for me, Denise, is to begin at the beginning, tell me how you escaped that night."

"I cannot do that—I do not know. What I do recall runs only to a certain point, and is too terrible to bear relating. At that point, a madwoman threw a lamp at the head of a murderer. It exploded and set fire to a stairway. What followed was delirium. When I came back to the world, after weeks of illness, I had no idea who I was, my hair had fallen out and was beginning to come in white, as you see it—I was in the care of some good farmerfolk near Var-Palota. They told me they had found me, three days after the fall of the Republic, wandering in a forest—wearing the rags of a man's suit, out of my head, half-frozen, more than half-starved. I got well very slowly. When memory came back, I sent to the Countess Apafy, and she motored out and took me home. That," the woman concluded, "is all I can tell you that you want to know."

She shared a long silence with him, sitting without the least stir, hands folded in her lap, her profile, beneath the hat that showed a gleaming band of white about her head, cutting a keen stencil of beauty against a sky of many stars, into whose profundities her level gaze searched steadily; a woman lost to him, he began to feel, beyond recall. And the love he bore her like a knife turning in his bosom . . .

"But not," he prompted at length, "all you have to tell me—that I don't want to know."

She bowed a slow assent to that. "Let me try as kindly as I can, Denise Vay," that strange woman said—and Brull heard the beat of a dirge measuring her words—"the girl who loved you is no more. Nothing of her survived that night but a husk of flesh; much as if Nature had reversed its laws for Denise, as if that girl went through the flames and survived them with her soul burned out and her body whole. Nothing of her lives today that has any kinship with the nature you knew and loved, nothing animates her living shell today but one thing which it never knew before—a purpose which is and can be known to nobody but myself."

"Not even to him who loves you, who would lay down his life for you—!"

"But don't you understand?" The woman turned full face to Brull then; and in spite of the gloom that encompassed them, he seemed for the first [Turn to page 135]



THE VILLAGERS, THOUGH STILL IN AWE OF THE VOLKSGEHR RIFLES AND NOT YET WROUGHT UP TO RECKLESS FURY, WERE NONE THE LESS TOO HARD AT HAND



THE MILLION-DOLLAR BUCKWHEATS

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

ELINOR ISBELL was still beautiful enough, but (despite her youth) just a little less slender than formerly. She knew! Hers no longer the free uncorseted figure. The scanty frock of the current mode compressed her still agile body like a straight jacket. Her cheeks, despite a somewhat reassuring mirror, felt puffy.

Her great blue eyes—eyes that with a tiny dab of red grease paint in each corner and the lashes artfully beaded with mascara could be enchanting—gazed mournfully across a corner of the room at her fate. This fate was her mother, a woman no taller than her small self, but weighing two hundred and five pounds.

Mrs. Isbell's toadlike figure filled the narrow office chair and sagged out over the sides. Her round head was set on her shoulders like an egg on a wall. Like a cross egg, with a thin downward arc of a mouth drawn sharply across the wide part, and two beady eyes painted on above. For the task of elevating herself by the slipper straps of a comely daughter from the management of a boarding house in the West Fifties into success, golden success, in musical comedy, seven hundred a week and Elinor's name up in front of the theater (also on all the advertising in letters no smaller than those spelling Brikkert and Behm) had told on the woman. In particular as the daughter, though pliant enough, had turned out a dreamer, altogether too whimsical and too softly feminine. Took after her rather shiftless father's side, unquestionably. Hadn't any sort of idea of fighting for her rights. And you had to fight. In fact once you found yourself fairly perched on that pinnacle of Broadway achievement, the battle was only begun, it appeared. To settle there was impossible. Either you soared higher, on wings of electric light, into stardom, or you fell off. And it is difficult for an overweight girl to fly. Voices could be heard behind the closed door that guarded the suave and almost omnipotent Max Behm from intrusion.

"Who's he got in there?" queried the sharp Mrs. Isbell. Elinor frowned nervously and indicated the dawdling office boy out by the railing.

"We've never had to wait like this before." Thus the woman, in mounting irritation. Then—"It's a girl!" She clamped her thin lips on that. Elinor unhappily studied the autographed picture of Lillian Russell. The name that had popped into both minds was Sue Disston. Indeed it had been almost constantly in their minds of late. Disston had been featured by George Birmingham in "Angels' Wings." She sang like a miniature Bori and danced like a pixy. The morning paper (this very morning) it was, in truth, the occasion of the present call, had mentioned the alarming possibility that this rising young star might shortly leave Birmingham's management to entrust her future to Brikkert and Behm. Could it mean that Max was considering her for the new Viennese operetta which had been promised, as a matter of simple right, to Elinor? Could it mean anything else? Disston was slim as a shepherd lad.

"Boy!" called the woman. "Mother, for Heaven's sake!" "Boy, go in there again and explain that it is Mrs. Isbell. We can't wait here indefinitely!"

"But Mother, if he's busy . . . he didn't know we were coming, and . . ."

"Keep still!" The silence became grim.

At last Mr. Behm appeared; fat, keen, unsmiling. He said, "How do you do?" and shook hands.

"We just looked in to see how things were coming along," said Mrs. Isbell, firmly.

"Oh, first rate, first rate!" "You didn't send the new contract yet."

"It isn't ready yet. I must speak to the lawyers." Mr. Behm was scrutinizing Elinor.

"When do rehearsals begin?"

"Oh, pretty soon. It depends on this director business." He was distraught.

"Well, you won't have to wait about the contract."

"Oh no. I'll send it up to you as soon as it's ready."

"How about a thousand a week this year?"

"Now, Mrs. Isbell, we don't want to hurry things too fast."

"Well, we've got to live. If it stays at seven hundred we ought to have an interest, at least."

"Suppose we just leave all that open. As soon as the



"DO YOU REALLY MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU LET THE LITTLE MATTER OF FOOD STAND BETWEEN YOU AND SUCCESS?"

Elinor Isbell, like most women of today, wanted to stay thin; it was really necessary if she were ever to act again on Broadway. Yet it was difficult to resist all those delectables she loved. How, with the help of Harley Dunham (really almost too handsome!), she kidnapped herself and went into "training," how she lost flesh thereby and gained—but that is Mr. Merwin's story.



contract's ready we'll sit down and talk it all over. You'll have to excuse me now. Sorry. I'll call you up."

They found themselves on Forty-second Street. "Where are you going?" asked Elinor, faintly, as her mother turned toward Broadway.

"To talk with Cohen, of course! (Cohen was her attorney.) We'll never get that contract."

"But Mother, he promised. And—"

"Don't be a fool! We're in a fight, and you needn't think I'm going to be caught flatfooted." This on the corner opposite the Times Building. A tall, reticent-looking young man nearly bumped into them; said, "Sorry," and passed on with a springy step. Elinor's blue eyes strayed after him. He was attractive. And he had looked quickly and closely at her.

"You go straight home," said the mother. "And don't eat anything." With which admonition she waddled resolutely away. Elinor watched her go; then, instead of entering the subway she moved northward with the crowd into Times Square. She wasn't certain that she liked being an actress. It meant hard, unremitting work. She felt like crying. Why hadn't she married that young press agent? Even eloped with him? It was a daring thought. Mother hadn't approved. She never approved. Was always there on guard. Hovered about the dressing room every night and invariably took her home. Never let her see any man. It was a prison life. She passed by a white-front restaurant. An alluring place. A man in white was turning griddle cakes. Buckwheats. She loved buckwheats. She ought, of course, to go back to the subway, but lingered. Inside the wide front of plate glass

the place was full of people happily eating. Of course. It was noon. These people didn't have to worry about their figures. They were regular people, with regular work in the world. She sighed.

A tall young man within there was taking off his overcoat and hanging it up. It was the man who had so nearly bumped into them, and then had looked at her. Perhaps he had recognized her. A great many did. Her picture had been published so often. And she had played nearly all of the past two years on Broadway. He found a vacant table near the window. The man in white was pouring out more batter from a pitcher. Creamy, fat batter. It lay in thick discs on the polished slab and bubbled. He picked up other browner discs and heaped them steaming on a hot-plate. Longing mounted in Elinor's breast. And a joyous recklessness. She glanced back along the street, and then went in. The only vacant seat here near the door was at that young man's table. Well, why not? He was very goodlooking. Stern, she thought, and manly. Athletic shoulders. He was studying the menu, but glanced at her again in that quick, close way as she slid into the opposite chair.

"A poached egg," he said to the waitress, "and boiled spinach."

"Two eggs?"

"One."

Elinor felt something remotely reproving in the young man's way of ordering, as in his choice of food. But she nerved herself, and when the waitress came around the table asked pretty firmly for buckwheats with a double portion of syrup. He heard her, and looked again. Defiance stirred. What business was it of his? He turned away and fingered a spoon. She bent her gaze on the enameled white surface of the table. She couldn't help feeling romantically conscious of him. A breathless, timid sense of adventure was stirring in her breast. She'd had so little life of her own. She knew she wouldn't rebuff him, if he should speak. But he didn't. Time was creeping painfully by. Hours, it seemed. She liked his suit. She could see it by raising her lashes a little. Homespun material, with threads of green, red and yellow flecking the brown tone of the cloth. A green and brown necktie with a single pearl in it. The waitress brought his egg and spinach. "May I trouble you for the salt?" said he.

She started; said, "Certainly," and passed the shaker. Her cakes appeared, smoking hot. And the two little pitchers of syrup. Slowly she buttered the cakes and poured on all the golden syrup. But hesitated then. He was eating small bits of egg and toast, chewing slowly and carefully. That sense of subtle reproof was mounting. She didn't like it. But in a moment her nerves were fluttering again.

She said, "I oughtn't to eat these."

Thoughtfully, unsmiling, he regarded her. His eyes were nice, brown, she thought or a deep hazel, but cool and unresponsive. "Then why do you?" he asked.

She found difficulty in answering that. Cut off a mouthful of the cakes and with her fork pushed it around in the syrup. "Oh, I don't know. Weakness, I suppose. Though Heaven knows I ought to keep my weight down."

"You certainly ought." He had recognized her.

Her lids drooped. She was still pushing that appetizing morsel about in the syrup, but couldn't, at the moment, lift it to her mouth. She couldn't even feel angry at his bluntness. After all, she's invited it. "I've—I felt rather discouraged."

He said nothing to this, but dipped into the spinach. She felt that she had to go on. "Something that happened this morning. Just now." He took another mouthful of spinach.

Tears were welling in her eyes. He saw her brush them away, but merely turned back from spinach to egg. "It looks as if I'd lost a pretty big opportunity."

"Because you're putting on weight?"

She nodded. For a moment she couldn't look up. "You know who I am?"

"Oh yes." Spinach again. Not a word of the familiar

flattery. Not even a smile. She looked right at him in naive amazement.

"I was promised a wonderful part in a new Viennese show. But," tears were close again, "we think now that they're going to give it to another girl. Sue Diston."

"Sue Diston? Oh yes. She's wonderful. I liked her a lot in 'Angels' Wings.' So! The first touch of human responsiveness in the man had been stirred by the mere mention of Diston. Elinor was suddenly angry. And hurt. She ate that first mouthful. He didn't care. Coolly went on with the egg and toast. Finished it.

"It's pretty hard," said she, defensively. "Mother scolds me all the time about eating, but she's an enormous eater herself, and when you have good things around you all day long it's hard to keep from . . ."

"That's nonsense." She laid her fork on the plate and let her hands fall into her lap.

"Was that your mother I saw with you on the corner?" Her head moved downward in assent. "I rather thought so. Hm!" He finished the spinach. "Do you really mean to tell me that you'd let the little matter of food stand between you and success?"

She felt like a child caught at the jam pot. "Of course you know you can weigh what you choose."

"Oh, I know. I'm—I don't know, I suppose Mother and I are stale on each other. She's always stood over me. Dominated me." She mustn't cry.

"I went in some for athletics in college. Wrestling and boxing and all. You see a boxer makes it his business to find out what weight he fights at best and keeps himself there. I don't see why it isn't the same with you. Just a simple matter of business." His logic was pitiless.

"I wish I knew how I could—oh, of course it sounds weak and all that. If I could find some way, somebody. Boxers have trainers, don't they?"

He looked at her now, looked her over so impersonally and thoughtfully that she fidgeted. He didn't even mind that. "Look here," said he, "if I thought you really meant business—and goodness knows you ought to—"

"I don't suppose I've quite realized."

"How old are you?"

She bit her lip. "Twenty-three."

"Wait a minute! Let me think this out. Tell you what. If you do mean business and will put yourself in my hands for three weeks, I'll guarantee to deliver you to your manager in perfect trim. As slim as you choose. But you'd have to do exactly what I tell you. No nonsense."

"Why!" He spoke as if his proposal were the most natural thing in the world to offer to a strange, famous girl; Elinor simply couldn't grasp and arrange her thoughts. "Why, I might ask Mother if . . ."

"No. I have an idea we'd better leave her out of it. Am I wrong in thinking that she's in the habit of running things?"

"Well, yes, she does that."

"I'd have to run this."

He was pretty wonderful. "What could you pay for it?"

Her wits were gone again. "Oh, not much. You see Mother always takes my salary."

"Haven't you anything of your own?"

"Yes, a little bank account. I think there's about six hundred dollars in it."

"I'll do the job for a hundred a week. That's three hundred. And of course the railway fares. Say three hundred and fifty altogether."

"Couldn't I stay home?"

"Certainly not."

"But Mother—"

"I won't have her in it at all." There was a long silence. He thrummed on the table with strong, clean fingers. "This is a business proposal. You can take it or leave it. Yes or no."

"Yes," said Elinor.

"You mean you'll go through—on my terms?"

"Yes."

"Wait a minute." He went to a telephone booth, returning shortly to take down his coat and hat and say, "All right. We'll start now."

"I'll have to pack some things."

"Not necessary."

"I'll telephone Mother."

"No. That's just what you won't do. We'll get a taxi and stop at your bank."

It was escape! Daring, hope, fright and a flutter of romance were jumbled delightfully in her mind. Meekly she went. At the Grand Central Station, however, she balked. "This is awful! I don't even know your name, and—"

"Harley Dunham."

"I can't do such a thing. At least I'll have to let Mother—"

He took her arm and led her firmly to their seats in the train. There he handed her an envelope and a pencil. "Write a telegram to your mother and give it to me."

"I don't even know what address." He named an R. F. D. route in Connecticut and a Mrs. Carmichael there. This was momentarily reassuring. He disappeared with the message. Just as the train was starting he returned. And she found herself whirled helplessly away. Her heart was thumping.

What, what, had she done?

He was speaking. "What salary have you been getting?"

"Why, seven hundred a week."

He whistled softly. Then—"I'm considering making you a further proposition. I see some pretty big possibilities in this step. Our original agreement stands, of course. I'm to deliver you, thin and fit, in three weeks, for three hundred and fifty dollars. But what would you say to this? If I can, within a month, get you a new contract as a star at not less than a thousand a week, will you pay me five hundred dollars additional?"

"Why, why yes, if Mother—"

"What has she to do with it? You're of age."

There was a wholly new thought. Elinor caught her breath. Mother was capable of staging a dramatic scene, but, what of it? "Yes," she said.

"It's a go then! Understand, nobody is to know where you are. Not a soul."

"But Mother, my wire . . ."

the front steps reading his book. A few minutes later Mrs. Carmichael appeared on the steps.

"Harley," she said, quietly, "are you quite sure this is all right?"

"Perfectly, Ma." A dozen generations of college boys had known this woman as "Ma." "Just as I told you over the phone. She pays three hundred, of which half goes to you."

"That's nice, of course. I've been planning to surprise John with a new car. But, it's rather puzzling. She's crying in there, Harley."

"Can't help that. I made her a perfectly straight proposition. She was free to take it or leave it. She took it."

"She's a dear little thing. Lovely."

"If you ask me, I'd say she's Nature's finest specimen of the genus dumbbell. By the way, we'll have to keep newspapers out of the house while she's here. Can you manage that?"

"I suppose I could leave them down in the mail box, but—well, I'll miss the puzzles. I like to do them evenings."

"I'll cut them out and bring them up to you."

"Well," Mrs. Carmichael looked doubtful; but then recalled the girl in the parlor. "You'll admit it's a rather unusual situation, Harley. Hasn't she any folks?"

"Oh yes. A mother. Monstrous person."

"She refuses to change her clothes, Harley. Won't even go up to her room." He rose. "Perhaps you can make her. I can't."

He strode into the parlor. The girl was curled up on the sofa, head on arm, sobbing. He stood over her. "I can't do this!" she moaned. "If you have a spark of the gentleman in you you'll take me straight back to New York."

"Doesn't your word mean anything? Not anything at all?"

The sobbing increased.

"If you weren't game to go through with it, what on earth did you come for?"

"I don't know! I don't know!"

"But my heavens, can't you keep your word two hours running? It takes a little nerve to be anything. Even an actress. If you fail at the first real job you tackle on your own, can't you see that you'll fail at everything that comes after it? Go up and put on those things. We're beginning now." He indicated the middy blouse, bloomers, black cotton stockings and canvas sneakers that were heaped on a nearby chair.

"But they're miles too big. Don't make me look like that!"

"Vanity, eh!" He jerked her to her feet. "Go up and dress." He called to Mrs. Carmichael. The girl went. Dunham appeared, a few minutes later, in overalls and the shirt of a bathing suit. As he led the way to the smaller barn, which proved to be a gymnasium, Elinor stole more than one glance at his splendid chest and arms. It was fascinating to watch the play of his shoulder muscles. Out of his street clothes he was surprisingly bigger.

For two hours then he put her through the most exacting exercises she had experienced since her first painful

months at the ballet school. There was a setting-up drill that searched out every muscle of her body, followed by rope skipping, throwing a light medicine ball, handball, and finally a grueling run round and round the outdoor track until her side ached beyond endurance. He had no slightest regard for her, only what appeared to be contempt. When she lagged he spoke sharply. When she cried he spoke more sharply. When she sulked his voice cut her like a lash. Even a desperately sly smile left him untouched.

Baffled, spent, sore in body and spirit, when, long after six o'clock, he turned her over to that woman, she left him without a word. She was bathed then, and weighed, and laid out on a slab while firm but kindly Mrs. Carmichael's fingers kneaded and eased her aching muscles. Then she was put to bed.

"If only I could understand what it's all about," wailed the girl. The supper that appeared shortly afterward made her indignation flame up anew. For there was nothing on the tray but a slice of mutton, a green vegetable, two pieces of toasted gluten bread, and a dish of stewed prunes. Prunes! No white bread, no butter, no potatoes, no gravy, no tea or coffee, no sweets. Not even cream for the prunes! She'd never been able to abide gluten bread; or for that matter, any sort without butter. To make things worse, a half-grown Airedale pup nosed

[Turn to page 80]



"IF ONLY I COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT," WAILED THE GIRL



"I didn't send it. I'm not going to let you communicate with her at all. No wires, no letters, no telephoning."

"But she won't know where I am!"

"Exactly." Elinor stared, speechless.

"We are going," he went on crisply, "to John Carmichael's farm outside New Haven. John is a physical trainer at Yale. He is in Europe now with one of the Olympic teams, but his wife is going to take care of you. You will be perfectly safe." With that he drew a small leather book from his pocket and settled back to read.

Mrs. Carmichael met them at the New Haven station with a battered old auto and drove them miles into the country to a lonely farm. The house was rambling and comfortable. There were barns, horses and dogs, an athletic field equipped for basket-ball and football and a running track. They left the girl in a dim little parlor while the woman went to see about clothing. The young man sat on

The GREAT LOVE HEROINES of the WORLD



THE reputation of Queen Victoria has varied. When in 1837 she came to the throne as a girl of eighteen, she was greeted joyfully because she was young, because her cheeks were rosy, and especially because she delivered the British people from a long line of kings, George III, George IV, William IV, all of them old, crusty, of none too good reputation.

For some years she charmed. Then, after her marriage, as she fell under the influence of the entirely worthy, of the perhaps over-worthy Prince Consort, as she tried to maintain the autocratic tradition and kept upon politics a hand which the people thought too heavy, the Liberal elements of England came to resent her. Then again, she received sympathy in her widowhood; and little by little gained the vast support of the respectable England of the eighteenth-fifties, because she was a model queen and a model mother. As she grew older she became a legend. She was not so much a great historical figure as a great historical symbol behind which, working with a needle and with an account book, hid a very simple woman, a very good woman, who would have been quite as happy if fate had made her the wife of a comfortable merchant instead of queen of a realm spreading over five continents.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne at the age of eighteen, she was rather short, slightly inclined to plumpness, white-skinned, rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed. She retained this appearance for many years. She had a natural grace of bearing, surprising since she was neither tall nor slim. She held her head in the way that novelists call queenly. She had been brought up with the greatest simplicity and on the lines of a virtuous German girl. She had been taught the household crafts, taught to respect her mother, and educated in the arts. She knew nothing of the world, having been brought up in royal seclusion to prepare her for her great part. Thus, her sudden royalty came upon her with no effect of shock. She did not feel unworthy of it, for she was conscious of her importance, and that at an early age. She was intellectually fitted for the rôle, being well-grounded in divinity, speaking English, French, German, Italian, some Latin; being interested in political economy, and in all that is serious.

But though she had a good intellectual equipment, her temperament was such as to cause conflicts with her ministers and with her people. Victoria wished to assert herself, and all through her life this remained a dominant motive. We shall see in her relations with Prince Albert how dominant it was. She was also very obstinate, not obstinate in an evil and ugly way, but because she considered that she knew what was good for her country, and



SHE TELLS HIM THAT IT WILL MAKE HER TOO HAPPY IF HE WILL MARRY HER

QUEEN VICTORIA

BY W. L. GEORGE

Probably no great Queen in the annals of history was ever more misunderstood by the generation which immediately followed her than Victoria, whom some of us can remember. In this brilliant sketch, written shortly before his untimely death, the late W. L. George makes live again the first Empress of India, not as she has been pictured by malicious satirists, but as she really was. And in tender, delicate fashion he reveals the beautiful love story of the Empress-Queen.



felt it her duty to insist.

When she had reached the age where it became essential that the Queen should marry, since otherwise the succession to the throne would revert to one of the surviving old and unpleasant dukes, the situation was peculiar. Queen Victoria was essentially of her period, and therefore looked upon marriage as a young girl of that time should, namely as one of the cruel necessities which nature has laid upon mankind. She could not think of it, because such a preoccupation was unworthy of a young lady. In principle a marriage should have been arranged for her by her mother; she should have met the young man whom her mother chose, and she should have done her mother's will, not venturing to select her own husband, yet vowing to honor and obey him. We see signs of this in her conversation. She tells Lord Melbourne that her feeling is quite against ever marrying. She describes the idea of marriage as odious; yet she keeps enshrined in her memory the thought of Albert. She had met the young Prince at Coburg some years before; she had found him and his brother Ernest pleasant and good-looking boys, and she had treated them as playfellows. She did not forget Albert, and we find a reference in her diary which shows that three years before her marriage he had made upon her a strong impression. Yet she did not wish to marry.

One may assume that Queen Victoria feared that in a husband she might find a master. She would not be a queen who had to do obedience to a king.

But the necessities of the case and circumstances were against her. The circumstances were resented on one side by Lehzen, on the other by Stockmar. Fraulein Lehzen was the Queen's governess and had remained with her, gaining influence, in fact protecting her at times against the dominating desires of the Queen's mother. Being German, she feared for Victoria an alliance that might not be German. She

knew that Victoria liked Albert; he was a typical and suitable German prince. The alliance would suit the aims of Lehzen. On the other side stood Stockmar, tutor to Prince Albert who, little by little, had acquired power in the little court of Coburg; and who for many years had conceived as a policy of state a marriage between Albert and Victoria. He had practically educated Albert to become the ruler of England.

Thus Victoria was hemmed in, and though she showed aversion, the ground was not ill-prepared. Since she must marry, she might decide to look upon Albert without dislike. She summed up the matter of an interview with Albert as disagreeable, proclaimed that she would not look upon herself as bound, and without graciousness [Turn to page 61]

felt it her duty to insist.
When she had reached the age where it became essential that the Queen should marry, since otherwise the succession to the throne would revert to one of the surviving old and unpleasant dukes, the situation was peculiar. Queen Victoria was essentially of her period, and therefore looked upon marriage as a young girl of that time should, namely as one of the cruel necessities which nature has laid upon mankind. She could not think of it, because such a preoccupation was unworthy of a young lady. In principle a marriage should have been arranged for her by her mother; she should have met the young man whom her mother chose, and she should have done her mother's will, not venturing to select her own husband, yet vowing to honor and obey him. We see signs of this in her conversation. She tells Lord Melbourne that her feeling is quite against ever marrying. She describes the idea of marriage as odious; yet she keeps enshrined in her memory the thought of Albert. She had met the young Prince at Coburg some years before; she had found him and his brother Ernest pleasant and good-looking boys, and she had treated them as playfellows. She did not forget Albert, and we find a reference in her diary which shows that three years before her marriage he had made upon her a strong impression. Yet she did not wish to marry.
One may assume that Queen Victoria feared that in a husband she might find a master. She would not be a queen who had to do obedience to a king.
But the necessities of the case and circumstances were against her. The circumstances were resented on one side by Lehzen, on the other by Stockmar. Fraulein Lehzen was the Queen's governess and had remained with her, gaining influence, in fact protecting her at times against the dominating desires of the Queen's mother. Being German, she feared for Victoria an alliance that might not be German. She knew that Victoria liked Albert; he was a typical and suitable German prince. The alliance would suit the aims of Lehzen. On the other side stood Stockmar, tutor to Prince Albert who, little by little, had acquired power in the little court of Coburg; and who for many years had conceived as a policy of state a marriage between Albert and Victoria. He had practically educated Albert to become the ruler of England.
Thus Victoria was hemmed in, and though she showed aversion, the ground was not ill-prepared. Since she must marry, she might decide to look upon Albert without dislike. She summed up the matter of an interview with Albert as disagreeable, proclaimed that she would not look upon herself as bound, and without graciousness [Turn to page 61]

BIRDS of a FEATHER

BY MARGARET W. JACKSON

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GILL

Are you a snob, or perhaps just a little bit snobbish? Most of us are, it is said, to some extent. We are ashamed of some person, maybe, or of some circumstance in our lives that is not shameful at all, but which possibly does not measure up to the standard we have succeeded

Theremy Tyle's closed car moved southward in the cloudy cold of an afternoon in late December. The roads became poorer as he advanced into Olliver County, but he was scarcely aware of it, driving with mechanical skill, while his thoughts leaped forward. He looked a staid young bachelor, firm and decided of character, stolid of flesh and mentality. Such an impression, however, was not a true one, for in reality he was in a state of nervous excitement that kept him hot and cold, eager and reluctant. The car, the very air, were full of memories, and hopes, anticipation, and resolve, the while his separate thoughts careened madly down the avenue of his desires.

"It'll probably be an old-fashioned colonial house," he said to the dashboard. "There were a few built down here, in Southern Indiana, before the Civil War. I can just see her father—a tall, spare old man, old fashioned, exacting, expecting to be the head of his house even in this modern day. Every time I think of Bernice, I can feel the sharp edge of aristocracy. Her mother too—a woman that could keep a girl dressed as simply and in such taste—and all her gracious, gentle little ways will probably be shown to come from her mother."

He dreamed on, building pictures of the home and background of the young girl who had captured his imagination, and whose home he was to visit for the first time. The roads, however, became so bad that he was compelled to give his thoughts to his driving, only letting that part of him that would not stop, go back, step by step, since the night they met, through their brief acquaintance, and romance.

The affair had really begun in October, at a big party given for the new governor and his wife at Halcroft House, in West City. Halcroft House stood on the peak of "The Hill," that hill which needed no other name for the initiated. There had been Halcrofts on that hill when George Washington fought the British mercenaries. West City had grown about that house, and the shrewd minds that sprang from it.

The present mansion had been built by the last Halcroft who had been a governor. It was a big place, so perfect in appointment and arrangement, as to be almost dull. But the Halcrofts loved it, and West City loved it, and the State itself felt its peculiar pride. So secure was the family, that an invitation to one of these great parties was a guaranty of social integrity. There was no door, beyond, that might be closed.

It was a mixed party, mixed, that is, as to age and sex, for only the bluest blood ran here. Upstairs the older men played billiards, and found consolation for the fact that they could no longer dance. On the balcony around the ball room, and in the parlor, were bridge tables. But the main business of the evening was dancing. A famous band had been imported, at an expense it would have been vulgar to mention. A dozen darkies, with gleaming instruments of brass and silver, with drum and fiddle, and piano, made music that, to quote Bess Halcroft herself, "burned holes in the floor."

Theremy Tyle stood with a group of young "stags," gathered about the punch bowl at one end of the room. He was distinctive among these leekadalsical youths. His unusual fairness held no suggestion of femininity. His eyes, under the straight brows, were cold and proud; his face was rugged, square, beneath the fine, white skin. Although courteous, and amiable, he was self-assured, and his manners were almost old fashioned in their punctiliousness. He looked like a man in whom some quality of character had hardened prematurely, setting him apart from his fellows.

It was in a pause in the music, in the rattle of handclapping, that he first saw Bernice. She looked up and greeted some one in the balcony with a lift of her green feather fan. The gesture was so graceful, so poignant with youthful loveliness that Tyle caught his breath sharply, and stared. The very lights seemed for a moment dimmed. She was so young, so tall, so vivid! Her hair was red—there was no other name for it—and it was cut sharply about the pure curve of her skull, each thread a golden spinning. Her skin was as white as milk. Her mouth was soft, her eyes were jade. She was perfect.



Almost her beauty had been too flamboyant, but it was caught and held to elegance by the dull green simplicity of her gown, by the matching small fan, by the plain silver slippers and stockings. There was not a jewel, nor an ornament visible, no flare to the simple sheaf of green.

The dancing began again, and Theremy watched her. She passed very close to him, silent, absorbed in her dancing, a slight flush on her smooth cheeks.

"Who is she?" Theremy asked of young Todd Wilkins.

Todd knew whom he meant without looking. He grinned derisively at Theremy. "No chance, old man," he said. "She likes 'em young. Name's Bernice—Bernice Slocum. Comes from down state somewhere, I believe. She's a sorority sister of Bess Halcroft, and just got here with the bunch that came from the University. She's the girl they invented the word 'siren' for."

Theremy saw that some one else had cut in, and he edged closer to the floor, to do likewise. "She's a real little patrician," he told himself with some complacency. He found the youth who was dancing with her a bit obstinate, but

in adopting as our own in worldly matters. And then, perhaps, when we think it over later, we are ashamed of having been ashamed, of having been so petty-minded. This was the case with Bernice, whose thrilling story is set down here in fascinating style.

he swung her deftly out of the way of a contriving youngster along the edge of the floor, and kept her to himself in the thick of it until the music ended. "You don't know me," he said, and she smiled at him.

"Sorry," she murmured. Her voice was the voice of a tired child. Its tenderness completed the havoc she had wrought in him.

He told her his name, and added, gently, "I want you to come upstairs, and talk with me."

"Oh, but I want to dance," she denied him. "You see, I've not been to many big parties, like this, and I so love to dance—don't you think the music is marvelous? 'Lo, Bert. Yes, I know this is yours. Excuse me, Mr. Tyle. So sorry—"

She was gone. But Tyle had learned patience in an old school. Before the orchestra resolutely packed its instruments, he had danced a part of four different dances with her, and had gained a promise for lunch the next day.

"Take me along, I've got to go to the dentist," Bess Halcroft told him the next noon, presenting herself with Bernice. They all piled into the taxi he had waiting, and Bess rattled on, while Bernice said nothing, but laughed at everything.

"This is my mother's idea of the way to spend a holiday. Watch out for Bennie, Mr. Tyle. She'll have your watch and pocket book before the meal's over. And she's a terrible eater! We only just got up. It's wonderful to sleep in the morning. Seven o'clock every day in the week, at school, and our chaperone digs us out and drives us to church on Sundays. I can sleep through anything with my eyes open, but it's more comfortable in bed."

Bernice laughed. A flame of joy and youth leaped in the stolid Theremy. He could have kissed her, then and there, for the lovely thing she was. She wore a straight little brown coat, with a soft roll collar. A brown dress hung beneath it, and her half length gloves, her pumps and stockings matched it in color. A brown felt hat, made like a small helmet, was pulled over her head, showing only a tuft of hair on each cheek. Her eyes seemed flecked with brown, and her simplicity made her younger than ever.

They dropped Bess at her dentist's, and he turned seriously to Bernice. "Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"All I want is a cup of cocoa, and some toast and marmalade. It seemed a shame to go out and order such a little, doesn't it?"

"Not at all. You can have beans and fish-cakes if you want. I'm from Boston, and every Sunday morning there—" He took her to the hotel coffee-room.

Over the silver and china service, the girl attended gravely, practically to her wants, before she offered friendship. "You must have thought me very frivolous last night," she told him, making soft apology, "because I wouldn't talk with you, but you can't dream how I love to dance."

"Of course. It was selfish of me to think of your stopping. You said last night you'd not been to many big parties. Are you as young as all that?"

"How old do you think me?"

"Eighteen."

"I'm twenty-one," she told him severely. "I'm a senior at the University. Now, sir, will you be respectful?"

"I'm impressed, but, pardon me, incredulous. Most girls at twenty-one are blasé, these days."

"I see you read the papers," she told him, and added "pooh!" He was delighted, and listened eagerly as she talked to him. "I wish somebody would print the truth once in a while. I'll wager there are a million girls in this country who haven't ever smoked, or had a drink from a flask, or gone on a petting party. I'll admit they are probably all yearning to do those things only because they read so much about them. But there are a lot of old fashioned families scattered around in forgotten places. Take me, for instance. My father doesn't approve of a girl going to the University, and since my freshman year I've had to make three A's, and nothing below a B, to justify my staying in school. That automatically puts [Turn to page 106]



SHE LOOKED UP AND GREETED SOMEONE IN THE BALCONY

Theremy put him aside in a masterful way and had the young beauty on his own arm. "Where you belong!" he told her, and she smiled faintly, and looked back regretfully at her young partner.

"Surely you'd just as soon dance with me," he coaxed and

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH THE COCOANUTS

BY
GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
AND IRVING BERLIN



AS FUNNY AS THEIR NAMES: CHICO, ZEPPU, GROUCHO, HARPO

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

THERE is something of a story to "The Cocoanuts," though it is charmed almost away by the Marx brothers themselves and buried beneath the gay clouds of music and dancing. In a Florida hotel, built in fancy and run on boosting and lyrics and choruses of girls and boys, there is a proud Mrs. Potter, whose daughter Polly is in love with the hotel clerk, who is not forever a clerk but a young architect paying his way till fortune favors him. Mrs. Potter objects to the marriage and wants her daughter to marry a dashing young gentleman in the hotel. He in his turn is in league with an adventuress and their game is to steal the diamond necklace that Mrs. Potter leaves about carelessly in her room.

Meanwhile there have arrived at the hotel with an empty suitcase but nimble fingers and full pockets, two odd beings named Willie the Wop and Silent Sam. They and the comical manager of the hotel hit off some sort of arrangement and a fresh career begins for them among the guests, complicated by the presence of a detective who is on the trail of this suspicious pair. The necklace is stolen, hidden in a tree, found by Silent Sam, restored to the lady. The young lover is falsely accused. He is taken off to jail, his bond is two thousand dollars. Silent Sam raises the sum for the despairing Polly with the thousand dollar reward that Mrs. Potter has given him for returning the necklace to her and by adding to the thousand the reward he gets for returning the lady her purse, which he has just stolen from her wrist and which a moment later he steals again.

Mrs. Potter gives a wedding party for her daughter and the man that she has forced her daughter to accept. The scene is Spanish, there are Mexican musicians, the guests arrive in Andalusian hats, in velvet breeches and in shawls, mantillas and flounced skirts. There are speeches, supper is near. But the young architect arrives, shows the paper on which the villain has written directions for finding the hollow tree where

the necklace was buried, and wins Polly at last. The detective, whose shirt had been stolen off his back earlier in the day by Silent Sam, gets it back at last. Every one is happy.

The words of the play are by George S. Kaufman, the author of "The Butter and Egg Man" and, together with Marc Connelly, of "Beggar on Horseback" and "Dulcy." But to these words the incorrigible four brothers have doubtless added so much of their own—jokes, gags, hokum and tricks—that Mr. Kaufman must hardly know his own child. The music and the lyrics are by Irving Berlin. The dancers include Frances Williams of the Charleston fame, who does her Charleston to much applause, and the delightful Antonio and Nina de Marco. But the part of the entertainment that has made "The Cocoanuts" such a success and that brings such a ceaseless crackle of laughter and applause from the audience, is the quartette of Marx brothers, one of whom at least is on the stage all the time.

Of these brothers, Groucho Marx, is the hotel manager; his business is to be everywhere over the place, and to keep up a steady fire of wise-cracks, puns, insuppressible gags and nonsense. Zeppo Marx appears to be the youngest, the petted little brother of the family so to speak; he is kept to a straight rôle, the agreeable young man, not funny or absurd. The two other brothers are Willie and Sam, the Wop and the Silent, for Sam never speaks during the play. They come nearer to clowning; they are Chico and Harpo Marx.

It is Harpo Marx who is head and shoulders more talented and diverting and lovable than the other three. This figure of Sam the Silent, with his red hair, his wandering eyes, his great loose mouth and his delicate hands, stands out above all the play and is most followed by the audience. He is your

born clown, winning from us the affectionate laughter that the true clown gets; and to this he adds a remarkable sense of the stage and no little musical skill, on the piano and the harp, with which last goes that name of his, already so beloved on Broadway.

The NEWS EVENT of the MONTH of INTEREST to WOMEN

HISTORY IN THE SCHOOLS

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING, PH. D.

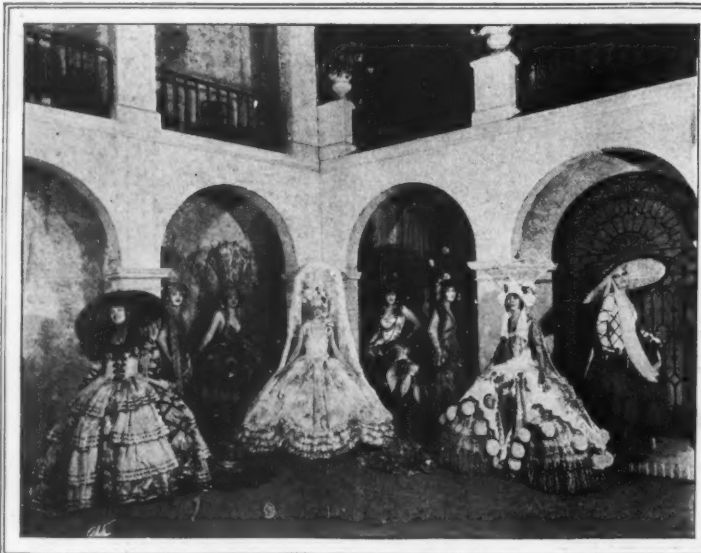
DEAN OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1926

A LITTLE while ago a group of men and women met in Philadelphia to discuss the best methods of teaching history to children. They met under the auspices of one of the women's organizations working for international peace and the problem with which they dealt was how history could best be taught so as to further the interests of peace rather than war.

Two reproaches can with justice be brought against the teachers and textbooks of history in the past. One is that the story of wars has occupied a number of pages out of proportion to the space devoted to the other activities of mankind.

Boys and girls studying history have often gained the impression that there was nothing to learn except a dreary succession of kings and the wars which each king made on his neighbors. Such historical narrative soon becomes monotonous, and while it may not and probably will not give children any great enthusiasm for war, it [Turn to page 134]



ABOVE—GIRLS WHO ADD THEIR CHARM TO "THE COCOANUTS"
LEFT—MAE MURRAY, A FOIL FOR THE MARX BROTHERS
RIGHT—GRACE BRINKLEY, A STAR IN THE MARX SKY

Photos by White Studio





Fine tomatoes, yes-but only Campbell's chefs can make them taste so good!

Broad, sunbathed fields of luxuriant vines, laden with choice tomatoes. Thousands and thousands of acres under strict cultivation, yielding their harvests to make the most famous tomato soup in the world.

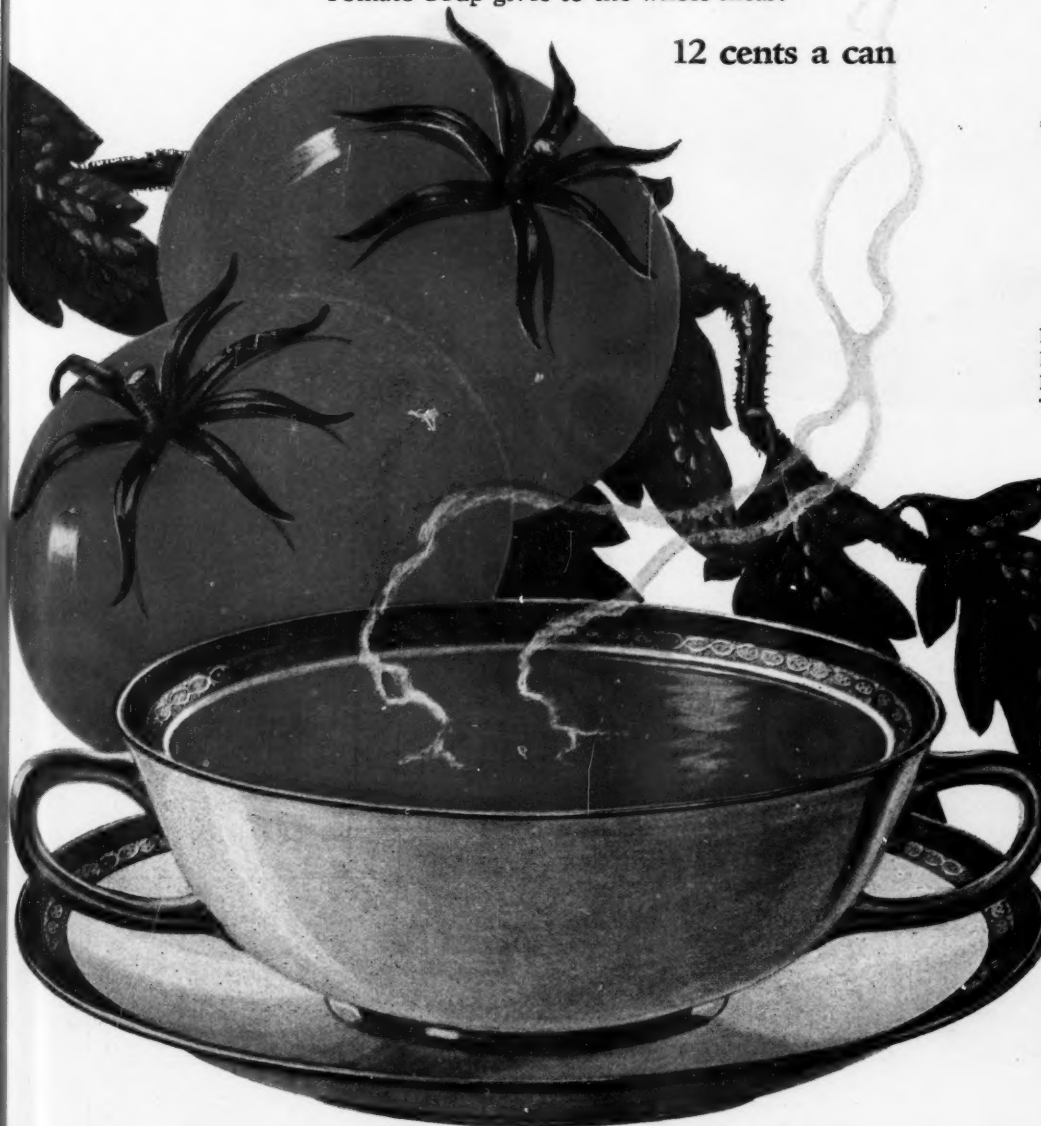
Never before has the tomato been nursed and developed to such perfection. Yet with all this care to obtain the tempting quality from the fields, your favorite tomato soup would not have the flavor you like so much, unless it was blended with all the skill and deftness of Campbell's French chefs.

What tonic, appetizing flavor! What glow and brightness Campbell's Tomato Soup gives to the whole meal!

12 cents a can



Every artist will advise
Healthy people take the prize.
First eat Campbell's for your dinner
Then I'll paint you as the winner!



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DIET!

Now—one "kitchen-tested" flour for all your baking

Half your baking success depends upon how your flour acts in the oven—this "kitchen-test" gives you a flour that always acts the same

Gold Medal Sour Cream Cookies—One of the many delightful recipes constantly created in the Gold Medal Kitchen. Read our special offer.



NOW you can bake simple breads, or the most difficult cakes and pastries—with the same confidence they will always come out right. This "Kitchen-tested" flour takes guesswork out of your baking. This is why:

Half your baking "luck" depends upon how your flour acts in the oven. Two batches of the same brand of flour may seem identical by every possible scientific test. Yet—in your baking—they often give different results. This is half the cause of all baking failures.

Countless experiments have proved to us that there is only one positive way to tell how a flour will act for you. That is, to bake with samples of every batch ourselves.

That is the famous "Kitchen-test" all Gold Medal Flour must pass. Before it can go to you, every batch must prove—by actual baking results—that it will act the same perfect

way in your oven. This rigid baking test of ours now does away with half the cause of all baking failures. It is your assurance of perfect results. Read our guarantee.

Trial bakes in our kitchen

Each morning the Gold Medal Kitchen (a kitchen just like yours) receives samples from every batch of Gold Medal Flour milled the day before.

All day long Miss Betty Crocker and other experienced women bake with them—breads, pastries, cakes—everything.

Last year we held back more than 5 million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Chemically, it was perfect. But our "Kitchen-test" proved it varied slightly in the way

it acted in the oven. It could not carry the Gold Medal label.

So, at last, in Gold Medal you have a flour that you know will always act the same way in your oven. Tested for every kind of recipe. This means one flour for all your baking. There is no better flour for cakes or pastries. Why pay more?

Money-back guarantee

If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you most uniformly good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer. He'll pay you back full purchase price. We'll repay him. So make this trial. Order a sack today.

Special—for the South: Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.



Special Offer—

"Kitchen-tested" Recipes—relieve baking monotony and offer new delights

As we test all Gold Medal Flour in our kitchen we also create and test delightful new recipes. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes, handy for your kitchen.

We will be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only \$1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will be glad to send you selected samples free. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you
MISS BETTY CROCKER
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.
Dept. 183, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Gold Medal Flour recipes. (It is understood I may send for new recipes free.)
FREE: Send me free selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" recipes.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WABURN CROSBY COMPANY: GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL.

Kitchen-tested

♦ WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD ♦

THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

SIDELIGHTS ON HISTORY

BY
THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G.
COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1926

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

IOLANTHE

BY GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

FRANCE VICTORIOUS BUT DEFEATED

BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

I HAVE just been looking through a recently published volume which no library, whether in England or America, however modest may be its proportions, should be without. It is a History of England in one volume by perhaps the most accomplished of our younger historians, Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan. It contains (with maps and indices) little more than 700 well printed pages, and yet the reader will soon satisfy himself that no phase in the life-story of the English nation has been either omitted or superficially treated. Nor is it in any sense one of those colorless and carefully balanced surveys which the school of Stubbs endeavored by example as well as by precept to set up as a corrective of the animated rhetoric of Macaulay and the picturesque perversities of Froude. As a matter of fact both these great writers were masters not only of style but of research and it is one of the most superficial of fallacies that in the writing of history a drab pedestrian method is to be hailed as the hall-mark either of learning or of judgment.

One of the reflections which is suggested to a reader of Mr. Trevelyan's book with its admirable sense of perspective, is the shortness and capriciousness of men's memories. The amazing thing about those who take up the task of chronicling the doings and sayings, and more particularly the sayings of our race, is not how much they contrive to recall but how much they find it possible to forget. And this is as true of the actors themselves as of those whose activities they narrate.

Few things, for instance, can be more seemingly haphazard than the vicissitudes of fortune which have befallen phrases and sentences, equally striking and equally arresting in themselves. Some of them have perished without leaving so much as an echo behind, while others have been blazoned on the banners of mighty hosts or become the rallying cries of great causes or have passed into the common currency of mankind—Burke's "Thousand swords leaping from their scabbards," the Hungarian nobles' cry, "*Moriatur pro rege nostro*," Maria Theresa's "bright angel of death hovering over the stricken homes of a war-worn people," Lincoln's "Government of the people, by the people, for the people," Italy's "*Fara da se*," Danton's "Que mon nom soit flétri que la France soit libre," Jefferson's "That government is best which governs least," and the Elder Pitt's scornful rebuke to his cringing partner, Newcastle, is one of the greatest adventures in our annals—"Fewer words, my lord, for your words have long lost all weight with me"—All these come from an anthology which will never be exhausted so long as men can breathe or eyes can see.

But there are words spoken or written equally worthy of remembrance, some of them almost wholly forgotten, others serving in a mutilated shape which are among the most to be deplored of the lost fragmentary treasures of History.

Let us take one or two illustrations. What can be finer or more moving than the scene when only [Turn to page 32]



Florence Vandamm

♦ ADELE SANDERSON AS IOLANTHE AND
ERNEST LAWFORD AS THE LORD CHANCELLOR ♦

GILBERT and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" is forty-four years old, and it would hardly seem possible that a production of it that took place this year could be deserving of the term "novelty." Yet in Winthrop Ames's recent revival of this operetta there are certain qualities so rarely seen upon the American stage that one leaves the performance feeling that one has never really seen and heard Gilbert and Sullivan before.

It is obvious that music and the drama, unlike painting, sculpture, and literature, can reach us in their complete form only through the medium of interpreters. Music must be played and plays acted. But few lay theatre-goers realize how completely a play, particularly a musical play, is at the mercy, not only of its actors, but of its producer. The fact that play producing is partly a business stands in the way of any widespread appreciation of the fact that it is also an art, and a very difficult and subtle art at that. Any body, of course, who has the money (his own, or preferably somebody else's) can procure a play, buy scenery, hire a company of actors, and rent a theatre. But if merely doing these four things were all there is to producing there would be many more successful theatrical managers than there actually are. It is the way in which the four ingredients are combined that makes the difference between a good and a bad theatrical production.

We all say that we go to the theatre to be entertained; but whether we admit it or not, we go first of all to be fooled. We want to be made to feel that the characters in the play are real, and that the story is something that is actually happening. Granted good acting and [Turn to page 32]



White Studio

♦ NOT A SMILE MARS THE DELICIOUS GRAVITY
OF THIS PROCESSION OF PEERS ♦

OF all the statesmen charged with the responsibility of office during the World War, Woodrow Wilson was perhaps the only one who had the vision to see that the conflict was on such an immeasurable scale that even the victorious nations must finally admit defeat.

That truth has at last sunken deep into the consciousness of all the belligerents, Allies and Central Powers alike. Even as creeping paralysis it has come slowly but surely, and today it is an acknowledged fact. The Americans were charged with a lack of sympathy for their European brothers who were battling fiercely and were distraught with the suffering the war entailed. Be that as it may, the Americans had a clearer conception of the issues at stake and of the final outcome than those more intimately involved in the gigantic struggle. Even after the United States entered the war our viewpoint was more detached than that of our fellow Allies. The battlefield was some four thousand miles over land and sea from our eastern shore line, and there was never a moment when our homes were endangered. No matter how the war terminated we were secure, therefore we could not feel the poignant anxiety that was never absent from the hearts of the French people.

Once before many of the present generation of Frenchmen had heard the roar of German guns at the gates of Paris, and had felt the misery of war and defeat. And so they struggled on, hopelessly at times, but always with grim determination, for to them it seemed that the alternative to victory was annihilation.

When the overtures for an armistice came, the end of their troubles seemed near and certain. It was my fortune to represent the President of the United States at the making of that memorable document. He has been charged by those unfriendly to him in both Europe and America as being solely responsible for making a too early peace. Peace, it is said, would have been made in Berlin had it not been for President Wilson. This belief is so fastened in the minds of most Europeans that even a statement of the facts fails to convince.

The Armistice terms were agreed to by all the Allies and their naval and military advisers, and the military section was prepared under the direction of Marechal Foch. I asked Marechal Foch, during the discussions, whether from a purely military viewpoint he approved an immediate armistice. He replied that since the terms we were making were the same which we would make were the Allied armies in Berlin, he did not believe another life should be sacrificed. That reply will forever add luster to his fame.

After the Armistice, there came a natural, though unwarranted elation. Victory seemed securely perched upon the Allied banners, and Germany was to be forced to pay the entire cost of the war. Then after the making of the Versailles Treaty, came the refusal of the United States Senate to agree to certain clauses without reservations—reservations which have always seemed to me timid [Turn to page 39]



Florence Vandamm

♦ EQUALLY DIGNIFIED AND STATELY IS THIS
ENTRANCE OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR ♦



White Studio

♦ WM. C. WILLIAMS (STREPHON) AND LOIS BENNETT
(PHYLIS) REBUKED BY THE LORD CHANCELLOR ♦

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE SILVER SPOON

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

REVIEWED BY
LAURENCE STALLINGS

A dozen years ago the great triumvirate of English novelists comprised Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy. Of those three, Mr. Galsworthy alone has remained the artist. He did not have, perhaps, the ruddy vein of genius that animated the other two. Perhaps this lack of restless creative energy kept him at his bench where his colleagues went jaunting about through a war-mad world. While Mr. Wells hailed each new move of Moscow with triumph, Mr. Galsworthy continued his study of English society. Mr. Bennett became occupied with the newer psychology of pretty ladies. Mr. Galsworthy continued his survey of English morals, all in a superb novelist's style.

As a result, he stands as the first of the English novelists writing today, though he may never have done as rich a work as Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" or Wells' "Mr. Polly." But his work hangs together and adheres to a definite, artist's plan. His first fine book was concerned with the Forsyte family. It was "A Man of Property." His latest book still follows the fortunes of that family. It is called "The Silver Spoon." Somewhere between these two he has bound three of his books on this family into a volume called "The Forsyte Saga," which is a beautifully done, ironic history of the English governing class. "The Forsyte Saga" is, I believe, generally regarded as one of the great works of English fiction.

In "The Silver Spoon" Mr. Galsworthy nears the end of this family. He elected in "A Man of Property" to write of those people born with a silver spoon in their mouths. All the world knows that silver spoons are becoming rare at the births of new heirs to English society. A disastrous war, a jazz-mad world, a new alignment of peoples, debts, releases, and all the whole stock in trade of the newer sensations have pretty well beaten down the ruddy old ease of those Forsytes, first met with in "A Man of Property."

"The Silver Spoon" is Mr. Galsworthy's essay into the post-war world of bread lines, working-man's doles, general strikes and social disintegration. The chief figure in his new novel is Fleur Forsyte, and the chief importance of her is a damage suit between two women. The novelist, always aristocratic, is too well bred to sneer over the change from Victorian manners to those of the present Prince of Wales. But he challenges comparison with those earlier Forsytes in every line of his novel. Here, done with gentle grace and skill, is the best arraignment of the younger world that we have found in fiction.

As a rule, the prophets who cry against the whims and fancies of modernity do it with such intolerance and such irascibility that none listens to them. The modernists are too clever, too entertaining, to be met by them. But Galsworthy, when he gives the modern world a talking to, does it with the dignity and ease of an artist. "The Silver Spoon" is no great shakes as a story. It is more a cap to the whole edifice he has erected in his history of the Forsyte family, and a cap that seems imminently in danger of falling and destroying the house.

I cannot think of a better book for the conservative readers of McCall's to study in their clubs. Here is the master of their defense of old proprieties, older manners and the ancient dignities; and in "The Silver Spoon" will be found all the conviction of a serious, purposeful novelist, a man of great ease and culture, who will agree that the world is going to the dogs at a great rate, and that nothing seems likely to stop the destruction. That the chief agent of destruction in "The Silver Spoon" is the woman, Fleur Forsyte, may seem unfair; but Mr. Galsworthy, always the most level-headed of the novelists, levels off by showing clearly that her husband's world is hardly worth the wrecking at that. Too, there seems to be [Turn to page 79]



EMIL JANNINGS AND LYA DE PUTTI IN THE REMARKABLE GERMAN PICTURE "VARIETY"

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

OUR RELIGIOUS UNREST

By RABBI LEON HARRISON; TEMPLE ISRAEL, ST. LOUIS

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.



Strauss Studio

RABBI LEON HARRISON

FOR thirty-five years Dr. Harrison has been Rabbi of Temple Israel in St. Louis, refusing many invitations to go to other cities. As a result of brilliant gifts and long labor he has a place of leadership and influence in his city unique in the annals of the pulpit. In the meantime, Temple Israel has grown to be one of the most influential congregations in the country, and many benign activities are associated with it.

Born in Liverpool in 1866, Dr. Harrison graduated as first honor student of the schools of New York, ranking the entire city. He was also an honor man in Columbia University. At the age of twenty-one he delivered an oration at the funeral services of Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn in behalf of the Jewish Community. Temple Israel has been his only parish, and as an orator he has no one to surpass him in America. One wishes that he might be heard in every Theological Seminary in the country, if only to teach young preachers the tonal richness of the English tongue.

In this sermon he surveys the profound spiritual unrest of our age, taking as his text the words of Jeremiah: "There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be [Turn to page 79]"



EMIL JANNINGS AS THAT MUCH DISCUSSED FILM ACTOR LOOKS IN REAL LIFE

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

VARIETY

FEATURING EMIL JANNINGS

REVIEWED BY
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

AFTER the bitterness generated by the war had abated sufficiently, moving pictures made in Germany were imported to this country, and exercised a profound and beneficent influence on the artistic progress of the silent drama. Among these pictures were "Passion," "Deception," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Last Laugh." Among the directors and stars who were introduced, through them, to American audiences, were Ernst Lubitsch, Pola Negri, Werner Krauss, F. W. Murnau and Emil Jannings.

Although the German films were enthusiastically hailed by critics, and carefully studied and imitated by American directors, most of them failed signally to find favor with the public at large. They were either too grim in theme, or too radical in treatment, to be relished by the average movie fan.

Now comes a production from Germany—"Variety"—which is as emphatic an artistic success as its predecessors and at the same time, in the language of the trade, a box-office knockout. For some reason, it contains the elements of popular appeal which "The Last Laugh" lacked.

"Variety" is the story of a man and his wife, formerly star trapeze performers, who have sunk to the level of a cheap side show in a Hamburg amusement park. The husband dreams of their former glory, but he knows that there is small chance that they can ever regain it. His wife has grown too heavy to perform any death defying stunts above the heads of the crowd.

Suddenly, his secret ambitions are realized. He returns to the heights of fame and fortune as a member of the most celebrated team of trapeze artists in Europe. The cheers of the Berlin audiences ring in his ears . . . while the wife remains miserably in Hamburg, forgotten and alone.

Then comes the climax in the life of this strange character—and a terrific, devastating climax it is. To describe it here would be to deprive the reader of one of the greatest thrills that the screen has ever known.

The trapeze performer in "Variety" is played by that splendid, robust actor, Emil Jannings, whose characterizations of Henry VIII, Louis XV and the old porter in "The Last Laugh" rank high among the fine performances of movie history. Mr. Jannings adds materially to his laurels in this picture. He proves again that he is as genuinely sensitive an actor, in an entirely different manner, as is Charlie Chaplin; he gets under the skin of humanity and identifies his characters as living, breathing, warm-blooded, fallible mortals.

The two other principal players are Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward, both of whom are completely overshadowed by the mastery of Mr. Jannings' performance.

"Variety" was directed by E. A. Dupont, whose previous work (if any) has not been seen in America. Mr. Dupont has the same vivid imagination, the same lack of respect for movie tradition, that distinguished such films as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Last Laugh." When he wishes to convey the idea that one of his characters is utterly bewildered, utterly stupefied, Mr. Dupont doesn't hesitate to twist his scenery into weird shapes, to whirl entire scenes around before the camera, so that the audience will feel, for itself, the frightful turbulence of emotion which is going on.

It is by use of such extraordinary photographic effects as this that the motion picture can reach its heights as a medium of expression. You can show a close-up of a character immersed in thought, and explain in a sub-title, "This man is thinking"; but the audience won't understand his psychological processes unless they can actually see these things through his eyes.

That is what the German directors [Turn to page 79]



A MOMENT TENSE FOR ALL THE APPARENT CASUALNESS OF THE PARTICIPANTS

To Be Lovely

let this two-purpose cold cream
keep your skin thoroughly clean
and dispel every trace of
Facial Fatigue

By MADAME JEANNETTE de CORDET

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

THERE is one thing Nature will not tolerate—she will not tolerate neglect. Neglect her laws of health and she turns quickly against you; neglect her laws of beauty and your natural loveliness will soon be but a memory.

Nature's first law is cleanliness. Your skin, to be lovely, must be clean. Too, it must have that fresh, youthful look. It must show no trace of that dreaded modern condition—Facial Fatigue.

Pompeian Night Cream is a two-purpose cold cream. It cleanses perfectly, in its own special way. It overcomes Facial Fatigue. My special treatment smoothes out the tired lines and wrinkles which, to the active young woman of today, are so annoying—and now, so unnecessary.

Every woman knows Facial Fatigue, and every woman will welcome this scientific treatment to dispel it.

Madame Jeannette's Night Cream Treatment

Before retiring, dip your fingers in a jar of smooth, cool Pompeian Night Cream. Spread it generously over the face, neck and shoulders—and your arms and hands too, if you want to keep them lovely. Rub gently, with a circular movement, in order to loosen stubborn dirt. As the cleansing oils penetrate each pore, they will soften and remove unseen dirt, leaving your skin with that exquisite translucency which results from perfect cleansing.

Smooth the cream into the neglected little crevices around the eyes where dirt may lodge and wrinkles first begin to show. Rub it into your vexatious chin. Rub it across the fretful lines of the forehead and into the wings of your nose. And don't forget the needs of your throat! Always touch your skin with gentle finger tips to encourage its remaining smooth and unlined. Then gently wipe away the superfluous cream with a soft, clean cloth.



Apply the cream with finger tips, working upward and outward with circular movements from chin up to temple, and from the corners of the mouth upward and outward. Remove excess cream with soft cloth. In applying the Night Cream to your skin, use the soft cushions of your finger tips and rub with a very light touch.



Try this treatment every night for several weeks and watch the improvement in your complexion. All drug stores and toilet counters have Pompeian Night Cream in 60c or \$1.00 jars—the \$1.00 jar holds almost three times as much cream. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Jeannette de Cordet
Specialiste en Beauté



Send 10¢ for liberal sample

No doubt you are saying to yourself that you would like to try this cream. I want you to try it, want you to cleanse your own skin and dispel that insidious Facial Fatigue. To make this trial easy, I have persuaded The Pompeian Laboratories to make this offer: Send me a dime and the coupon. I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Night Cream and a generous sample of Pompeian Day Cream (for protection from the weather.) Tear off, fill in and mail the coupon now—today. You cannot begin too soon to give your skin the benefit of this wonderful cleansing cream.

Madame Jeannette de Cordet,
The Pompeian Laboratories, 3413 Payne Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Madame: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Pompeian Night Cream and Day Cream.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Where Attacks Start

Nasal catarrh spells trouble, the source of which should be located at once. Yet few persons realize the danger and neglect catarrh because they believe it to be the inevitable result of the climate in which they live. Some kinds of catarrh are affected by climate, others are not. But the point to remember is that catarrh is not a disease. It is a symptom of disease which is often curable when properly treated.

NO one will gainsay the desirability of toppling off the body with a head. From the esthetic point of view it makes a symmetrical and sometimes attractive finish to the body. But heads must be considered from another angle. The head is like the main office of a great business corporation. Orders originate there which are sent throughout the body. Located within close range of each other are the organs of sight, hearing, smell and taste.

When things begin to go wrong with the head, disturbances may be expected in remote parts of the body. An apparently slight local infection in the head may cause grave physical damage—even death.

Myriads of germs live in infected noses and tonsils and adenoids, and at the roots of diseased teeth. These germs often pack up their families and travel to adjoining sinuses—the cavities in the bones of the face and forehead. Some journey to the ears and set up housekeeping.

Eventually these germs get into the blood and embark on a cruise of the body. Some get off in the joints, others in the heart, and still others select the kidneys. Heart disease, arthritis, deafness, failing eyesight, neuritis, anemia, rheumatism and even appendicitis may be traced to head infections.

A famous authority states that thousands of deaths annually, among those of working age, are caused by organic conditions largely due to what the doctors call focal infections. In plain words, this means the diseased spots where germs lodge and multiply and start spreading their campaigns of trouble. Most cases of focal infections are located in the head—teeth, tonsils and sinuses.

Authorities agree that infections of the head and nose in the early autumn frequently lead to attacks of pneumonia, which with appalling regularity appear in January, February and March.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail you, without cost, two valuable and helpful booklets—"Common Colds" and "Care of the Teeth".

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

MONSIEUR of the RAINBOW

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL CONTENT



THEY had stolen from John Buchanan the one possession left to him—the one thing in which he could put his faith, knowing that love would be returned. This was Palermine the superb yellow stallion which he himself had tamed. And now they were trying him for the murder of the movie star, Ensalez; merely because they knew that Buchanan had harbored a terrible hatred for that one, suspecting him to be in some way responsible for the theft of the horse. Then came the startling confession of Monsieur Bon Coeur—Vagabond Nobleman—confusing the court until the noose of suspicion hung puzzlingly above the heads of both men.

AND so came another day, another packed throng in the court-room; the judge upon his dais and the hounds of the law barking on another trail, seeking for motive beyond the simple statement of the new prisoner. Our friends were there, Mara Thail and Justin Sellard, and many others. And this was wonderful, this thing which was going forward, for the little old man with the eager eyes so blue and bright, was as elegant as a Petronius, as sure as Socrates.

Sure, serene, untroubled, he answered readily all questions, and he told one tale and none other, steadily, simply, incriminating himself completely. So sane and quiet was he about it all that by three o'clock he had convinced his hearers to a man. Judge and jury looked upon him as a monster, cold, pitiless; a monster who had killed a man for so small a reason as the unreasoning hatred of pique. To a man, did I say?

There were two under the sound of his voice who did not believe. Justin Sellard, leaning forward, his wise face alight with admiration, and Brown-the-Chauffeur.

"Great Glory!" thought the former, "he's lying—lying beautifully!—and what an actor he is! Oh, what an actor!"

The latter was seeing once again a willow thicket beside a shining road, hearing a lilting old voice saying—"yo'ng feet on ze field of honor. I am old, M'sieu—I give to you ze hills an' ze valleys, ze stars at night—" Brown felt the sting of tears beneath his lids. What Monsieur Bon Coeur had done for him in little, he was trying to do now for another to the last great limit. Aces, and heroes, and that Good God above who would make allowance for the hindering flesh. Little old Monsieur with his tatters, his pride, his piteous weakness for the hospitable wine vats, his playing on the little faded box with its windy soul—oh, little old Prince of the tribe of Failures!

Hudson Brown, alias the Gasoline Guy, could stand no more. With the packed room swimming to his vision he got up to leave. Monsieur Bon Coeur, sitting in his tragic spot, saw the young form pass and a tender light came in his face. So! It was one of his prized possessions, his, Monsieur's—a young life reclaimed and cleansed. He looked timidly down to that portion of the room a little to the left and back where a woman with a face of dawn sat hanging on his words. He remembered her in oriental costume during the filming of the "Kings of the Khyber." Her beauty had haunted him ever since. Old as M'sieu's heart was, he had felt a wondrous emotion at sight of

her. And now, although Mara Thail was dressed in a more modern garb, he felt that same emotion flooding him again as he saw her face there among the horde of sensation-curious spectators which filled the court-room. *Oui!* If only he, Monsieur, had seen that face—say fifty years ago—in France! How quickly she had said to him from the shadows that night in the mimic city "Bravo, Player! The soul of France, keep it sacred." He felt for the accordion with a gentle hand. It was there beside him where the officer had allowed him to place it, the most precious thing. The time was coming near when he would play it—that thrice sacred tune, the *Marseillaise*. Yes, once, somehow, he would feel the time when he should be worthy of its strains—perhaps the evening of that last day when he should see the stars between the high bars of the window. Of a surety. That would be the time. There would be few to hear—perhaps those other unfortunates. No, rather those unfortunates—along Death Row. He, Monsieur, would not be exactly of their number.

He was dreaming thus, hardly conscious of the voices of lawyers thundering their periods. He fell to thinking of the open roads, the eucalyptus trees waving their million hands in greeting to him, of the wayside fires at twilight with the mulligan steaming in its thousand pots, of the sound of trains roaring over bridges above, of the gossip of a continent passed about like neighborhood news among the drifters. He thought, too, of the sedate old collie, the little shepherd mother and her gangling pup. He wondered if Sarghan would care for them.

And then, just as he had come up that broad aisle with his burden of news to shock the court, so another was coming now. This was an ordinary young man who held in his hand a colored paper and who came quickly forward, spoke in low tones to an attaché of the court and gave over the paper. This was taken to the judge who opened it. That august dignitary dropped his jaw frankly as he read, for this is what he saw:

Radiogram received 2:37 p m Feb 24 1925 evening news from tramp schooner Martha Mead off southern California wish to announce strange happening on board this morning and which I feel will have grave bearing on sensational murder case now being tried in Los Angeles. Clearing yesterday from San Pedro took on last minute new cook one legged negro with strong English accent. Typical Jamaican. Seemed strangely unhappy morose and disturbed. This morning found him weeping in stern of boat. Investigating heard amazing confession witnessed by first and second officer. Says he killed Marculo Ensalez and threw across deck blood stained knife. Says it was because Ensalez had struck his master with a whip. Master's name David Buchanan on trial for crime. Upon completing confession negro rolled over rail and disappeared in sea. Stood by for hour dragging for body but unsuccessful. Will mail knife and officers' sworn statements at first port of call to chief police Los Angeles.

Signed Charles B. Towner Captain. The judge held the fateful radiogram for a long moment in a hand that trembled exceedingly. He looked over the rims of his glasses at [Turn to page 55]



HE REMEMBERED HER IN ORIENTAL COSTUME



Why haven't you told the women of America these facts about condensed milk before?

asked Mildred Maddocks Bentley

"We have always thought women were quite familiar with condensed milk," we argued.

"From what they say in their letters to you, apparently most women are familiar with Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as an infant food," she replied. "But I am sure there are thousands—yes, millions—who do not yet know what a special place it fills in everyday family cooking. They'll feel grateful to you for telling them of all these other new uses for condensed milk and will want to try them too."



MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY

FORMERLY Director of Good Housekeeping Institute, Mrs. Bentley is today recognized as a leading consultant and authority on cooking and domestic science matters, besides being a practical housekeeper at her home in New Rochelle, N.Y.

So we decided that the broader story of condensed milk and its many uses should be told—and we asked Mrs. Bentley to tell it.

Each month you will have an opportunity to read what she has to say on the advantages of condensed milk for various table and cooking uses.

WHEN I was director of Good Housekeeping Institute my chief source of inspiration and information was the mailbag. The letters women wrote us were a perfect gold-mine of new good ideas that we could pass on for the benefit of others.

I felt the same way recently when I had an opportunity to look over some of the letters that women have written to the Borden Company. Hardly a one but contained some reference to condensed milk. Here a new condensed milk recipe—there a suggestion for serving condensed milk in coffee. Eager questions by the dozen—requests, and more requests, for new recipes made with condensed milk.

That very day I bought several cans of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, determined to find out more about it. I've made scores of tests with it, tried other women's recipes, worked out many of my own, and satisfied myself that condensed milk has a very real place in the average family diet.

In this month's article I want to explain what condensed milk is and touch on just a few of its outstanding advantages.

First of all—condensed milk is in no sense a milk substitute. It is milk—the finest, freshest obtainable—blended with sugar. Do not confuse it with evaporated milk which contains no sugar. Both are pure full-cream milk with part of the water removed. The main difference between the two is that condensed milk is sweetened while evaporated milk

is unsweetened. I want to be sure that point of difference is perfectly clear.

Having the milk and sugar already blended is a great advantage in any cooking that requires both milk and sugar. Aside from saving sugar—and the trouble of mixing—I actually get better results in many dishes by using condensed milk. I believe it's largely because the milk and sugar are so perfectly blended—pre-cooked, you might say—that condensed milk combines so quickly and easily with all the other ingredients—binds them closer together—gives a smoother texture to the finished dish.

But my advice is to try it first in your coffee. Most women, I find, have become acquainted with it through that use. A spoonful or two of condensed milk in your cup, then add the coffee. No sugar needed. See the rich golden color it gives—taste the velvety creaminess that comes from the blended quality of the milk and sugar. A flavor you can get in no

other way. Then compare it with the cost of cream for every morning in the year! Probably over a million people are using it in that way every day.

And the convenience of it. You can keep several cans on hand (without taking up valuable ice-box space, either.) No matter when you open it—today, tomorrow, next week—you know you are getting milk that is just as clean and rich and fresh as when it left the dairy. No running out of milk at the last moment. No upsetting discovery that the milk has an "off taste."

THE most attractive way to serve condensed milk for your coffee is from a covered container (a marmalade or jam jar). Replenish from time to time and keep covered when not in use.



Once you have Borden's Condensed Milk in your home for coffee, you'll want to try it in cooking, too. I am planning to cover many of these cooking uses (with recipes) in future articles. Meanwhile let me suggest that you send to the Borden Company for their new book, which I have prepared, *Milk and Its Place in Good Cookery*.

This book tells all about milk and its different forms—why it is such a valuable food for all ages—the important part it plays in everyday eating—the most effective ways to use it in cooking—how to care for it—facts that will be most helpful in planning and cooking well balanced meals. It contains over 200 practical tested recipes for all kinds of milk dishes. I have tried to make this book both comprehensive and practical—a book that will prove of real value in every woman's kitchen library. If you will forward your name and address, the Borden Company will gladly send you a free copy.

After you have read the book, if you have any questions or comments to make, I shall be delighted to hear from you and to give any advice I can in the light of my own experience with these forms of milk.

Meanwhile I want you to try Borden's Condensed Milk in your coffee. I know you'll like the distinctive flavor it gives. You'll find Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk (one of the several Borden brands) on sale at any grocery store. And always remember—condensed milk is pre-sweetened while evaporated milk is unsweetened."

Mildred Maddocks Bentley

Borden's MILK

always the right MILK for the right purpose

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
(sweetened)

The original and finest grade of condensed milk. Famous as an infant food since 1857. A wonderful upbuilder for malnourished children. Full-cream cow's milk—exceptionally rich in butter fat, energizing elements and all the vitamins of fresh milk. Use in coffee and all kinds of sweetened dishes.

Borden's
OTHER BRANDS
CONDENSED MILK
(sweetened)

Not so rich as Eagle Brand and packed in smaller sized cans, are on sale in many markets.
Magnolia
Challenge
Standard
Peninsular

Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK
(unsweetened)

For all kinds of cooking in which sugar is not needed. Pure, rich milk—with part of the natural water content removed and nothing added.
Canned fresh—and kept that way until you need it. Packed in large and small cans for your convenience.

Borden's
MALTED MILK
(Plain
or chocolate flavor)

An ideal food-beverage for all ages. Delicious, highly nourishing, digestible—and easy to prepare. Its uses are endless—for light lunches, between meals or at bedtime—for picnics and motor trips.
Ask for a Borden Special at your favorite fountain.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
413 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me a free copy of Mildred Maddocks Bentley's new book, *Milk and Its Place in Good Cookery*.

Name _____

Address _____



Science has important contributions to make to the home, but they are of little practical value until the spirit of the home has touched them

Our Laboratory, at the Eastern end of McCall Street, scientifically ministers to the well-being and happiness of the homes of our readers

COME TO OUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY!

Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



WILL A SENSE OF DUTY KEEP LOVE ALIVE?

WITHIN the last month three different friends have come to me lamenting their disappointments in love. Margaret, who married Jim because she thought his quick sympathies and sense of humor appealed to her, is embittered at discovering that he will never be a big money-maker. "I had such confidence in his ability," she complained, "and here he is at the end of ten years still content to be poor though he knows I can't bear it! I've thrown my love away on a failure!" All the time she talked I kept thinking, "Poor Jim, even his loyalty and love won't stand up forever under constant nagging and when it snaps how amazed and outraged she'll be!" It will be too late then for Margaret to decide that a simple home and a cheap car and a loyal devotion were hardly worth sacrificing for an unattainable Rolls-Royce and an estate on Long Island. The second person to confide in me was the mother of one of my business friends. "Elinor is breaking my heart because she cares more about her work than about her family. She spends just as little time with us as she can," she wept. "And she knows how I love her!" She passed over the years Elinor had devoted to her, the sacrifice she had made of her youth. What has a love, such as this mother's to offer? My third confidante was a girl, the younger of two sisters, just starting out on a promising career. "Mildred doesn't care a rap for me," she complained of her sister. "She is leaving me, to live with a friend when she knows how much I need her!" Not a thought for Mildred's happiness; her own was all that mattered. Yet Mildred had put her sister through college and now at last was to have her first chance for freedom and congenial companionship. A sense of duty cannot keep love—real love—alive. Only tolerance, consideration and a similarity of interests can hold two persons together happily.—SARAH FIELD SPLINT

piece have a pumpkin jack-o-lantern with a candle burning inside. Cut faces on two sides of it so all the children can enjoy its wicked grin. This can sit on a bed of autumn leaves or be surrounded by apples and oranges. Or if you prefer, you can have a Jack Horner pie of orange crêpe paper, filled with favors.

MENU FOR A CHILDREN'S PARTY

Fruit Cup in Apple Hobgoblins*
Egg and Celery Sandwiches*
Animal or Zoo Sandwiches*
Milk or Cocoa with Whipped Cream
Ice Cream and Cookies
Popcorn Witches*

FRUIT CUP IN APPLE HOBGOBLINS

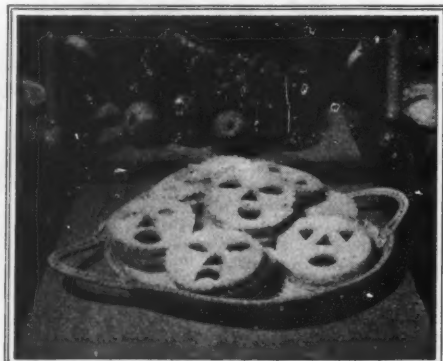
Take as many large red apples as there are to be guests. Cut a slice from stem end of each apple and cut grotesque features on side of apple with small sharp knife, taking care to cut no deeper than peel. Remove bits of peel to let white of apple show through. Sprinkle lemon juice in each opening, if desired, to keep apple from turning dark. Remove cores and most of pulp of apple, being careful not to break skins. Chop apple pulp very fine and add to it pulp of half as many oranges as you have apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped maraschino cherries and 1 to 2 bananas, cut fine. Mix fruits well together, sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar, drain and fill apples with mixture. Replace top of apples, if desired, and keep in cool place until ready to serve.

EGG AND CELERY SANDWICHES

Chop 6 hard-cooked eggs very fine. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup celery, chopped as fine as possible, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and enough melted butter to make of spreading consistency. Spread between slices of white or whole-wheat bread. Cut sandwiches in rounds or diamonds with cookie cutter. [Turn to page 36]



A Popcorn Witch for the Children



Hallowe'en Sandwiches—easily made



A Mock Pumpkin Salad is good

Indiana physician puts an end to costly floor repairs

For his new home, Dr. Carl B. Sputh selects modern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. These floors can't be scuffed and tracked. Waxing and polishing adds to their beauty. They never need refinishing.

FLOOR ailments—every house-owner knows what they are. Boards warp; cracks open up; the floor splinters, becomes tracked, stained, discolored. And you go through a round of floor-refinishing bills.

These common floor afflictions have been permanently ended in the Indianapolis home of Dr. Carl B. Sputh. His remedy? A simple one, and inexpensive, too. First, a lining of builders' deadening felt was cemented in place over the ordinary wood floors. This felt lining does three things. It absorbs the expansion and contraction of the wood; it seals the cracks, adding warmth; it makes walking quieter, easier.

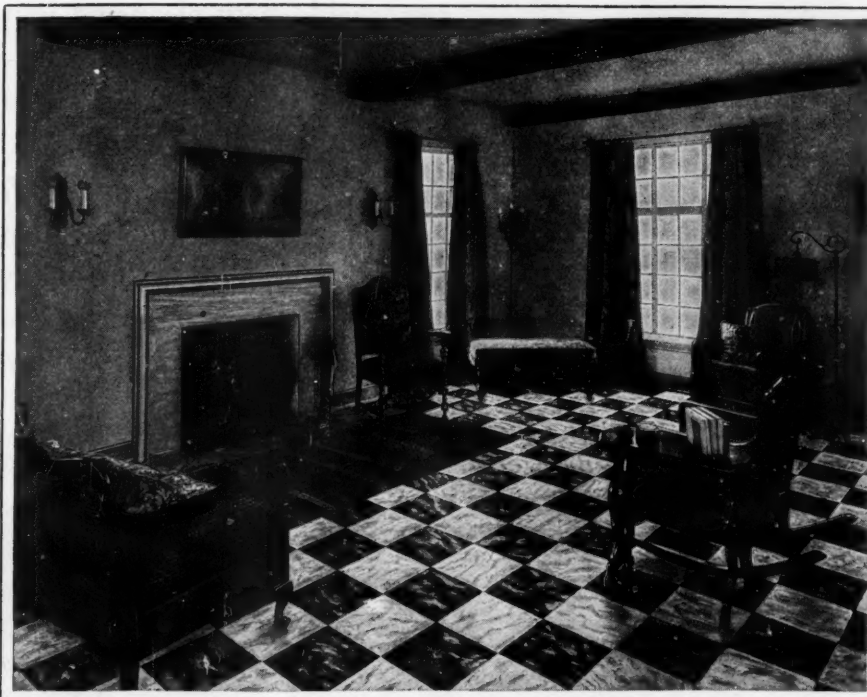
Right over this layer of felt, patterned floors of Armstrong's Linoleum were laid, firmly cemented, sealed at the seams and edges with a water-proofing compound, and then rolled to a table-top smoothness.

As the final step to a perfect floor, the smooth linoleum surface was waxed and polished to a rich, soft sheen.

Never need refinishing

How long will such floors last? Architects say for generations. And this is why. The colors are inlaid clear through to the burlap back. They can't scuff off or fade out. Muddy shoes and dripping umbrellas won't stain these floors, because they are nonabsorbent. Nor will dirt grind into their surface to leave permanent marks where people walk the most. In fact, with just a dry-mopping on cleaning days and a waxing once or twice a year, floors of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum should keep their original beauty for a lifetime of hard service.

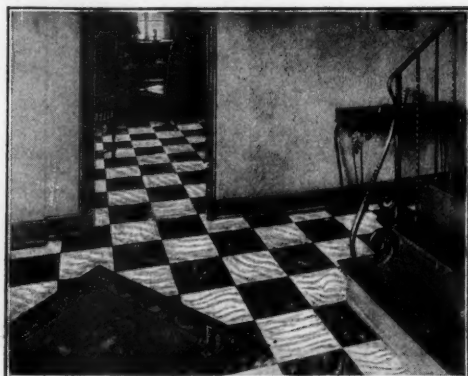
But what is this "original beauty"? Whatever you want your floors to be. In Dr. Sputh's tastefully appointed home, each room has an Armstrong Floor of a design that best carries out the decorative plan.



A floor of Armstrong's Handcraft Tile Inlaid Linoleum in tones of red (Pattern No. 3147) makes this breakfast room of Dr. Carl B. Sputh sunny and bright-looking even on rainy mornings. The beauty of this floor is long lasting, too, for the colors go clear through to the burlap back.

For his living-room, Dr. Sputh chose this natural marble inlaid design in Armstrong's Linoleum (Pattern No. 76) to enliven the decorative treatment. This floor, like all the Armstrong Floors in Dr. Sputh's new home, is permanently cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. It is a smooth, practically one-piece floor with no cracks to catch dust, to admit drafts.

The photographs give but a hint of what these floors of modern design look like. For a true impression, visit your nearest department, furniture, or linoleum store. There you see all the latest Armstrong creations from the new Embossed Inlaid designs to printed figured patterns.



There you can also learn to a penny the very reasonable cost of flooring for the last time any room in your home.

A new book and offer of service

Our interior decorator, Hazel Dell Brown, has written an unusual book called "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." Besides explaining a simple method for planning interior effects, this illustrated book brings you a special "Decorator's Data Sheet," and an offer of Mrs. Brown's service well worth the time it takes to write a letter. This book will be sent anywhere in the United States for 10 cents. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 834 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

View from entrance hall in home of Dr. Sputh. All this Armstrong Floor (Marble Inlaid No. 76) needs to keep it spick-and-span is a regular waxing and a dry-mopping on cleaning days.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back



Armstrong's

for every floor in the house

Linoleum

PLAIN ~ INLAID

JASPÉ ~ PRINTED

Unfortunate but true—

UNFORTUNATE as it may be, it is nevertheless true that as a people we are not as careful about attending to many of the simple daily duties of life as we might be.

Call it pardonable carelessness—or call it outright laziness, if you like—but either way, the fact remains, most of us have that failing.

Particularly about many of the seemingly unimportant things of life—little things that after all may often have a considerable bearing on our well-being.

Take brushing the teeth, for example: even in this simple little job many of us are careless.

At night we're tired; in the morning we're in a hurry.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth.

In short, a tooth paste efficient even in

the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

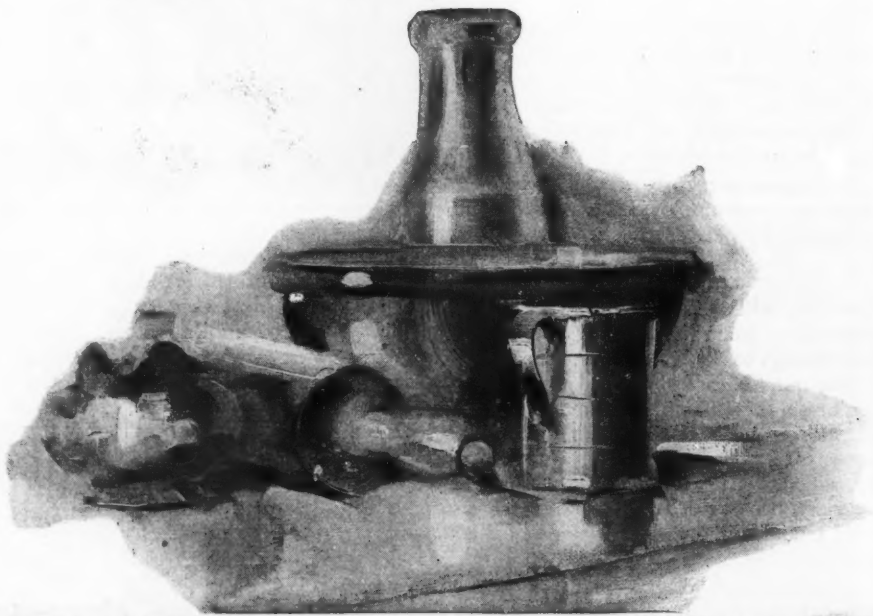
This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.



LISTERINE



"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH · PASTE

— easy to use



Auto-Intoxication - - - - a Twentieth Century Trouble

Self-poisoning—the result of a nervous, sedentary life—takes some part of the physical and mental vigor from nearly everyone

NO generation ever knew the material things which we enjoy today. We do not walk—we ride in motor cars. We press a switch—and, presto!—a task is done.

We are spared physical strain but we drive our brains faster. We live on our nerves—we go short on sleep and rest. We over-eat—we under-exercise.

Ease and comfort we have gained. But we have lost our normal habits of health. All too often, food remains within us for more than 24 hours, fermenting, setting up poisons and causing intestinal toxemia, or Auto-Intoxication.

How Auto-Intoxication robs us of vitality and health

These poisons of Auto-Intoxication are carried through the body by the blood. They cause a feeling of sudden fatigue, of mental dullness, of drowsiness after meals. To these poisons of waste can be traced not only intestinal troubles, but bad secondary effects upon the central

nervous system. They fray the nerves—they make their subject irritable and tired.

"The commonest result of intestinal toxemia (Auto-Intoxication)," writes one authority, "is the so-called neurasthenia, or nervous exhaustion."

To be free from Auto-Intoxication is the exception today. Yet this trouble could not exist if we lived normally, worked outdoors enough, and kept our poison-cleaning apparatus functioning correctly.

Sal Hepatica combats Auto-Intoxication by preventing stoppage and clearing away intestinal poisons. Its use is the correct method, for the best results are accomplished by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effect of salines in solution.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts promptly and directly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—it is indicated in correcting this self-poisoning, where the first step is always to cleanse the intestines thoroughly of these poisons that are at the root of so many of our modern ills. It's

a good rule to keep Sal Hepatica in the house.

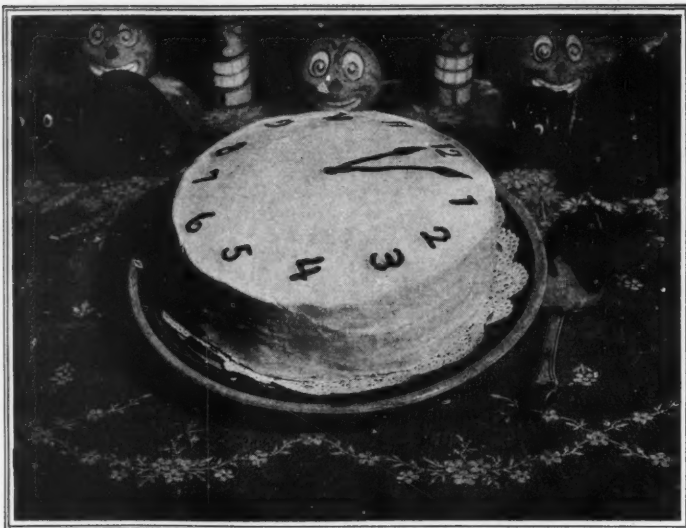
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
New York



Sal Hepatica is pleasant to take and prompts its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.

Sal Hepatica

© 1926



Midnight Cake contains favors for the guests

COME TO OUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY!

[Continued from page 32]

This makes filling for about a dozen sandwiches.

ANIMAL OR ZOO SANDWICHES

Remove crusts from a loaf of white and a loaf of graham or whole wheat bread. Slice each loaf in thin slices lengthwise. Put slices of white bread and dark bread together in twos and cut in corresponding squares or oblongs. Spread half the squares and oblongs with softened butter. From centers of remaining unbuttered dark and light slices cut out animals or birds, using small cookie cutters, and taking care not to break slices or animals. Then replace dark animals in light slices and light animals in dark slices. Put together on matching buttered slices and wrap in damp cloth until ready to serve.

POPCORN WITCHES

Put one quart of popped corn through the coarsest blades of meat grinder. Place in bowl and pour over it enough syrup, made by following recipe, to hold broken kernels together. Form into pyramid shapes with fingers, keeping balance of corn over hot water to prevent syrup hardening. Before each pyramid gets too hard, insert two very small lollypops for arms, pressing gently with fingers until pyramid becomes firm enough to hold them in place. Insert a toothpick in top to hold head. Have ready marshmallows on which you have drawn eyes, nose and mouth, using a toothpick or small brush dipped in melted chocolate. Put marshmallow on toothpick on top of pyramid. 1 quart popped corn makes 4 or 5 witches. These can be used as favors at each child's place when table is arranged or served in place of dessert at end of meal.

SYRUP FOR POPCORN WITCHES

2/3 cup brown sugar 1 tablespoon butter
2/3 cup white sugar 1/3 cup water
1/4 cup light corn 1/4 teaspoon salt
syrup

Put sugar, corn syrup, butter and water into a saucepan, stirring until sugar is dissolved. When mixture begins to boil, cook without stirring until temperature of 240°F is reached or until a little syrup dropped into cold water will form a rather firm ball. Remove from fire, add salt and pour over chopped popped corn. Makes enough syrup for about 3 quarts popped corn.

A PARTY FOR THE TEEN-AGES!

The second party we planned is for the young folks of high-school age, or a little younger or a little older! They can have

it any time of day they like, though, of course, at night is the "spookiest" time for a Halloween party. This is an indoor picnic, which makes it easy to entertain a large number. If a class at school or Sunday-school want to give it in their hall they can. Or if the boys and girls want to give it at home, they can do it without causing Mother very much extra work.

Let them make their own invitations and do the decorating themselves. That will be half the fun. They can gather autumn leaves and shocks of corn, make their own jack-o-lanterns, cut festoons from orange and black crepe paper and black silhouettes of witches, cats, bats, skeletons and every kind of scarecrow they want. If they give the party at home, they can move the furniture out of the dining-room, take up the rugs and scatter sweet-scented hay over the floor. Here the tablecloth can be spread, the refreshments eaten from paper plates and Halloween Punch drunk from paper cups.

When one is at this adventurous age, the more blood-curdling the games and ghost-stories and stunts are, the better one likes them. There should be a ghost-story told in pitch-darkness, a perilous trip down the cellar stairs or up to the attic, fortunes in walnut shells, bobbing for apples, as well as other games which can be found in the McCall party booklet, "Parties All the Year."

MENU FOR AN INDOOR HALLOWE'EN PICNIC

Tongue Rolls*
Swiss Cheese and Pickle Relish Sandwiches
Dill Pickles Stuffed Olives
Halloween Punch*
Individual Pumpkin Pies*

TONGUE ROLLS

Remove crusts from loaves of white bread. Slice each loaf in thin slices lengthwise. Spread slices with softened butter. On each slice lay thin slices of cold cooked tongue. Spread tongue with mustard and roll up sandwiches like a jelly roll. Fasten each roll with toothpicks and cover with damp cloth until served or wrap each in wax paper and tie with narrow orange ribbon.

HALLOWE'EN PUNCH

3 quarts sweet cider Sugar to taste
1/2 cup lemon juice 1 quart ginger ale

Mix together cider and lemon juice. Add sugar to sweeten. Pour into bowl over block of ice. Just before serving add ginger ale. Makes about 1 gallon punch.

[Turn to page 38]

By actual count 61½% of America's best housekeepers

have BORAX in their homes and use it regularly for cleaning, laundering, water-softening, and dishwashing.

Because there is no other product which can take its place -



Any job of washing or cleaning—well done with Borax. What a satisfied feeling!

WHY is Borax invaluable in housework of all kinds? What does it do—that other products can't do? The answers to these questions are of real interest to every housekeeper.

Borax is a fine white mineral substance—with certain properties that belong only to Borax. It is a water softener, an aid to soap, a sterilizing agent, an antiseptic, and a deodorizer all in one. It is not new. It was known and used in the days of Nero. Your own grandmother probably used it around the house. You, too, will find it invaluable.

Borax is a natural cleansing agent. No other product has yet been discovered that can do what Borax does.

In the laundry, for example

Borax whitens clothes without the slightest danger to fabric or hands. Put half a cup of Borax in the laundry water next time and make a point of noticing its action. The first thing Borax does is to soften the water. It neutralizes certain harmful substances present in most water, thus giving the soap a better chance to work. No

more of that grey slime sticking to the clothes!

Next, Borax counteracts the free caustic which is in the soap, thus protecting your clothes from this common danger. Borax also makes possible a really thorough rinsing of all harmful substances from the fabric, thereby prolonging its life. Borax also sterilizes the clothes—helps to banish odors and germs.

After your laundry is dry, notice how white it looks, how fresh and clean and sweet it smells. The ironing will further delight you; the clothes will be spotless and free from the streakiness often brought out by a hot iron.

Borax can be used safely with colored

clothes too—it actually sets colors and helps to keep them clear.

The once-a-week cleaning looms large and distasteful to the woman who does her own work. But the generous use of Borax will produce results that make this household labor seem worth while. To wipe fingermarks from the doors, and dust from the shelves and windowsills—just use a solution of Borax and warm water. You'll be surprised at how simple it is, how fresh the paint looks, how Borax saves your hands.

Sterilize the ice-box with a strong solution of Borax and hot water. Borax clears the drains and banishes food odors. Borax is safe to use around foods. It's entirely harmless.

For dishwashing and porcelain

Every careful housewife would like to feel that her dishes were sterilized as well as cleansed with soap and water. A spoonful of Borax in the dishwater eliminates odors, makes the dishes easy to wipe, keeps the silver shining, the glass sparkling. And moreover, Borax protects your hands from the soap.

A package of Borax should also be kept in the bathroom for cleaning the bowl and tub. Just sprinkle it on a damp cloth and erase the dirt from the porcelain. Borax can't scratch or mar anything on which you use it—but it cleanses by dissolving grease and dirt. Once a week pour a strong hot solution down the drains to keep them clean and wholesome.

A helpful booklet

There are dozens of ways Borax can help you to run your house efficiently and easily—all are told in a booklet called *The Magic Crystal*. You'll need a copy—send the coupon in today. It is free, of course, because the makers of Borax want every woman to know all about Borax.

You can buy Borax under the name of the famous Twenty Mule Team brand. Buy it of your grocer, druggist or department store.

If for certain uses you prefer Borax and soap combined in one product you can secure this combination in Twenty Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. They are especially recommended for laundering and dishwashing, whether done by hand or by washing machine; and are equally satisfactory for general household use. Write us if your grocer doesn't carry them.

Twenty mule team BORAX

To the PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.
100 William St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free copy of your booklet,
The Magic Crystal, telling all the uses for Borax.

Name

Address

W-10-26





How welcome
it always is—
the magic touch that
puts new zest into every
day meals and lifts them
above the commonplace

Here is a food to quicken any appetite, to add a real note of distinction to your daily menu.

California Canned Asparagus will make just the difference between the meals you *have* to eat and the meals you *want* to eat.

And so convenient, too. Serve it just as it comes from the can, as a salad or as a vegetable. For omelets, patties, and other made-up dishes, it is ready for use without soaking or steaming. No trimming, no waste, and now it costs less than it has for many years.

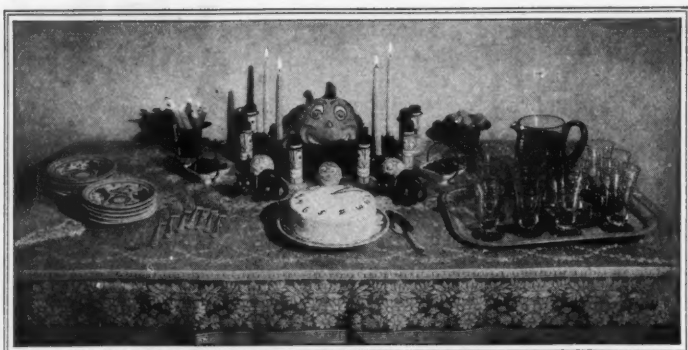
Give California Canned Asparagus the place it deserves in your everyday meals. It will pay you in satisfaction, in convenience, in economy and in healthfulness.

Write for free book containing 24 pages of recipes and suggestions for serving this delicacy.

CANNERS LEAGUE—ASPARAGUS SECTION
Dept. 506—451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California

CALIFORNIA
CANNED
Asparagus
The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy

Packed in 3 sizes of cans.
Tips in small square and
round cans. Long spears
in tall square cans.



Our table set for a Midnight Hallowe'en Supper

COME TO OUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY!

[Continued from page 36]

INDIVIDUAL PUMPKIN PIES

4 cups cooked or
strained pumpkin
2 cups milk
6 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon clove

2½ teaspoons cinna-
mon
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons salt

Mix together pumpkin and milk. Add beaten eggs and sugar mixed with spices and salt. Beat well. Line individual pie pans, tart pans or large muffin tins with pastry, making fancy edge with tines of fork. Fill with pumpkin mixture and bake in quick oven (425°F) 20 to 25 minutes or until pumpkin is firm when tested with knife. Recipe makes filling for about 16 pies.

A MIDNIGHT HALLOWE'EN SUPPER

We planned our third party for the grown-ups. Hallowe'en is probably the one night in all the year when they leave their dignity at home and enter wholeheartedly into all the games they enjoyed in their childhood. You will find them not above ducking for apples, trying their fortunes with mirrors at midnight, blowing out candles while blindfolded and telling ghost stories with hair-raising effect. They may want to dance or play bridge later—or earlier as the case may be—which will give you an opportunity to have attractive Hallowe'en favors, scorecards and prizes. Or they may want to come in fancy dress. In any event we would advise you to send for either or both the McCall party books. Even grown-ups would like the games and contests on pages fifty, fifty-one and fifty-two of "Parties All the Year." The other booklet, "What to Serve at Parties," has two different Hallowe'en menus that you may want to use.

The refreshments we have planned this time are for a supper to be served buffet style, most informally. Above is a picture of our table, which we covered with a gay figured red tablecloth. On it we arranged the food so every one could help himself to as much as he liked and eat wherever he chose.

MENU FOR A MIDNIGHT HAL- LOWE'EN SUPPER

Mock Pumpkin Salad*
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Chopped Celery, Raisins and Nuts in
Finger Rolls*
Orange Ice à la Hallowe'en*
Midnight Cake*
Spiced Raisins
Assorted Nuts
Stick Candy
Cider

MOCK PUMPKIN SALAD

Mash 1 pound soft yellow cheese with fork. Add 2 slightly beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Shape into pumpkins, make grooves with

toothpick or back of knife blade. Put an artificial berry cap or bit of green canned pineapple on crisp lettuce. Arrange thin strips of pimiento on pineapple, like the spokes of a wheel. Place cheese pumpkin in center. Serve with mayonnaise. Makes about 15 pumpkins. These can be prepared ahead of time and kept in refrigerator until served.

CHOPPED CELERY, RAISINS AND NUTS IN FINGER ROLLS

4 cups chopped celery
2 cups chopped raisins
1 cup chopped wal-
nut meats
Mayonnaise dressing

Mix together celery, raisins and nuts. Add enough mayonnaise to hold mixture together. Split finger rolls and remove little of centers of both halves. Spread with softened butter, toast slightly, and fill with celery mixture. Makes filling for about 25 rolls.

ORANGE ICE A LA HALLOWE'EN

4 cups water
2 cups sugar
2 cups orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of
1 orange

Boil water and sugar together 5 minutes. Add fruit juices and grated rind. Cool, strain and color a deeper orange with vegetable coloring. Freeze, using eight parts ice to one part salt. When frozen, pack in melon mold. Put wax paper on top of mold and fit cover on tightly. Repack mold in four parts ice and one part salt. When ready to serve, unmold on platter. Make a face on top, if desired, using halves of candied cherries for eyes and strips of candied orange peel or citron for eyebrows, nose and mouth. Makes enough to fill a two-quart mold.

MIDNIGHT CAKE

2/3 cup shortening
1/4 cups sugar
3 eggs
2 1/4 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
4 1/2 teaspoon baking-
powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup milk

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking-powder and salt and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add vanilla and beat thoroughly. Bake in 3 greased layer-cake pans in hot oven (400°F) 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, insert tiny favors for each guest in layers, if desired, before putting cake together. Favors should be wrapped in bits of wax paper and inserted in tiny slits made with tip of sharp knife. Try to arrange favors so one will come in each guest's slice of cake. Put layers together and frost cake with cooked frosting. When hard, draw face of a clock on top, with hands pointing to the minute after midnight. For this, use small brush dipped in melted chocolate.

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

Those Winning Smiles

Which mean so much commercially, socially, are gained this new way with gleaming white teeth and firm and healthy gums

WILL YOU GIVE 10 DAYS to see how white your teeth are?

AN amazing test will quickly show you how gloriously clear your teeth may be. How easily and quickly that dingy "off-color" look may disappear.

Simply send the coupon. A 10-days' supply of this scientific way will come by return mail. Leading dentists urge you not to omit a single day in combating this stubborn film coat so dangerous to health and disastrous to beauty.



HERE is a new and radically different way in tooth care. A way that quickly restores "off-color" teeth to attractive whiteness, that the world's leading dentists are urging.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be clear and gleaming; your gums firm and of healthy color.

It's film that hides pretty teeth and imperils gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Mother: Watch out for film on children's teeth. Now try the new tooth care children's dentists everywhere advise.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes the film and firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Will show you how white your teeth are naturally. Now make the simple test today. Results will prove amazing.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget. A full 10 days' supply will be sent you if you write at once.

FREE Mail this for **Pepsodent** PAY OFF
10-Day Tube The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 741, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Only one tube to a family 2138 C

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 192 George Street, Toronto, Canada
London Office: 43 Southmark Bridge Rd., London, S. E.
The Pepsodent Co., Ltd., 137 Clarence Street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

What the World Expects of Women Today

In society—in business—demands the discarding of makeshift hygienic methods



**Easy
Disposal**
and 2 other
important factors

① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

THE lives of women today are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is expected. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days.

Thus makeshift hygienic methods had to go. There is a new way. A way that supplants the uncertainty of old-time methods with scientific security.

You meet all exactments every day. You wear filmiest frocks and sheerest things without a second's thought. You meet every day in confidence . . . unhandicapped, at your best.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times

as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only one made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

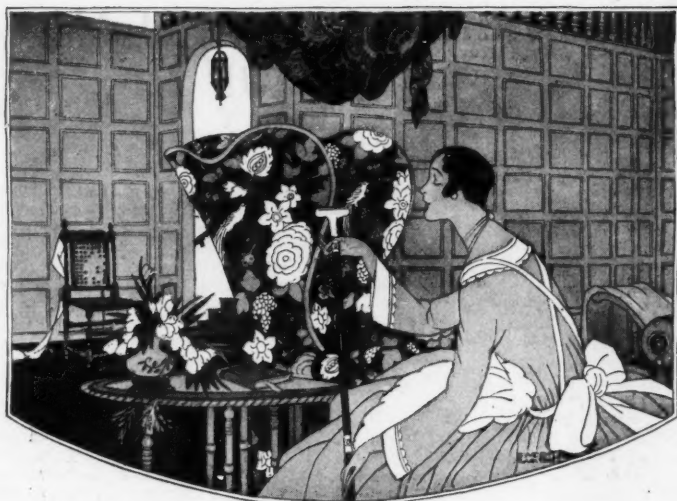
*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:
65c per dozen
Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



If one room at a time is cleaned the house is never upset

LET ELECTRICITY SLAVE FOR YOU!

III. ELECTRIC CLEANERS AND POLISHERS

By MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Consulting Architect*
Collaborating with JOHN H. MORECROFT, *Consulting Engineer*
Professor of Electrical Engineering, Columbia University

FOR three thousand years the broom has held unquestioned sway and is still "going strong!" It was not until about fifty years ago that the first innovation in cleaning was introduced, in the form of the carpet-sweeper. This was, and still is, a great help in the daily routine of household care.

The broom and the carpet-sweeper, though, efficient as they were, really cleaned only the surface. With the coming of spring the opening of doors and windows to the fresh, sweet air showed up so mercilessly the accumulated dust and dirt that nothing short of thorough scrubbing and beating of carpets and rugs would restore the house to perfect cleanliness.

This necessity for violent measures was so persistent and so ever-recurring that when larger houses were built and furnishings accumulated, spring cleaning grew into a colossal upheaval as inescapable as fate. It became a thing to be dreaded weeks ahead, endured while it lasted and remembered with sighs of exhaustion for weeks to follow.

When Mark Twain was once challenged to make a statement which would be suitable for any occasion his answer was, "This, too, shall pass away." Happily for the homemaker this applies to the nightmare of spring cleaning as well as to other things. It is passing and will soon be relegated to the "once-upon-a-time." Now-a-days the business of caring for the house is being organized in such a way that it may be done systematically from time to time and planned as a part of the general routine of the household. Homemakers are becoming better engineers and the engineers are paying more attention to the needs of homemakers.

An expert bookkeeper once said to me that his books always were kept so that at any time a balance could be struck to show the condition of the business. The homemaker is learning to be just as systematic as this about her business of housekeeping. Now that the physical burden is being lifted she is able to plan better and to have hope of finishing her daily routine at the end of the day with some strength and spirit left.

Electricity more than anything else has helped to bring about this change and is playing a vital part in the program. It shoulders the heavy burden of the work and adds speed and efficiency to accomplishment. With the help of the electric



vacuum cleaner the daily and weekly cleaning can be done so thoroughly that wholesale overhauling is no longer necessary and the general peace of the house

need be little disturbed. We are actually learning to live much more simply than we once did. We do not accumulate so many things—attics full of trunks and huge supplies of food and clothing. So there are not so many things to be gone over in the process of housecleaning, nor so much storage space to clean. It is accumulated dirt which makes deadly drudgery of housekeeping.

A vacuum cleaner prevents accumulation of dirt and makes possible such a "state" of cleanliness as was never dreamed of before, even by grandmother though she possessed the finest quality of brooms! It is an absolutely modern sensation to feel that in one's surroundings, at home or at business, there actually is no accumulated dirt, no stale smell of dust.

The attachments which come with a good vacuum cleaner are many and varied, making it possible to reach every crack and cranny of the room, under furniture and radiators, over doors and window trim, picture moldings, and so on. There are soft brushes which fit around the nozzles to sweep down the walls. A soft weave cloth may be tied over the brush to take up the fine dust which it might not get, and the air pulls it through the cloth into the bag of the machine. There are curious shaped nozzles which will clean upholstered and overstuffed furniture and hustle the dust out of the piano mechanism and other difficult places.

When spring comes and the winter rugs are to be stored, the vacuum will remove the surface dirt as well as the embedded grit. This is not hard work if the vacuum cleaner has been used on the rugs every week, for there is little accumulated dirt to remove. It is well to clean the rugs thoroughly on both sides for storage, because if the rug is closely woven like the Axminster, there will be some dust on the under side which no vacuum cleaner can pull through. The rugs may then be rolled in moth-proof paper and stowed away.

Heavy draperies, which do not need to be washed or dyed when taken down, may be vacuum-cleaned and folded or rolled the same way. The lighter pieces of furniture should be [Turn to page 42]



Doctors say "Eat Bran" What Bran?

There is a real difference between "bran food" and "bran."

When your doctor says, "Eat bran," he means 100% bran.

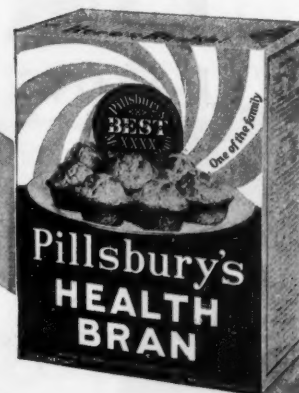
Pillsbury's Health Bran is 100% BRAN—nothing else. The large coarse flakes are not crushed, or cooked to the crumbling point. That is why Pillsbury's Health Bran is so effective as a laxative.

Because it is unsweetened, uncooked and unadulterated, you can serve Pillsbury's Health Bran in an endless variety of delightful ways. Bran Muffins, made according to the new recipe on the Pillsbury package, are unusually good. For other delicious suggestions, we will gladly send you free, our booklet, "50 Prize Winning Recipes for Pillsbury's Health Bran." Write today.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Health Bran

One of the family



DAVIS IS
PURE AND
SURE

DAVIS
COSTS LESS

AND YOU
USE LESS

Cookie-cutting animals
Bright and shiny new,
Make tasty treats for children
With the set we'll send to you.

THE only cost is 15c for packing and postage. With each set we will enclose free the new Davis "Book of Tempting Recipes." Use coupon below.

It's to acquaint you with the treats so easily made with Davis Baking Powder. Crisp cookies, light-as-a-feather biscuits, golden brown waffles—all your baking comes out right when you use Davis. You pay less for Davis and you use less. Bake it BEST with Davis.

Only one set of Cookie Cutters can be sent to a family. This offer expires January 1st, 1927.



DAVIS
BAKING POWDER

FOR
48
YEARS

R. B. DAVIS CO.
Department P-10
Hoboken, N. J.

Please send Cookie Cutters and "Tempting Recipes." I enclose 15c to cover mailing costs.

Name

Address

PRINT name and address plainly

LET ELECTRICITY SLAVE FOR YOU!

[Continued from page 41]

removed from the room during cleaning. This saves time in the end and gives the worker full sway.

The heavy pieces of furniture which are left in the room during cleaning should be dusted or vacuum-cleaned and covered with old sheets or cloths. When the woodwork is finally polished, and the floor cleaned and waxed, the room is ready for the summer rugs and hangings and the furniture to be dressed in its gay chintz covers.

If one room at a time is done in this way the house is never upset, nor the homemaker's strength overtaxed. Almost before the family knows it the whole house has taken on the freshness of spring.

After the summer things have been brought out of their storage places the vacuum cleaner goes into attic or closet and puts everything in order, clean and free from dust, for the storage of the winter things.

Part of the credit for this peaceful régime must be given to good planning, but the big rôle is played by the tireless vacuum cleaner.

There are many cleaners on the market and I will not attempt to say which is the best, for the one I might like would not appeal to some one else. If you are in the market for a vacuum cleaner, see as many as you can and have them demonstrated for you, so that you can judge for yourself of their comparative qualities. A good machine should be able to dislodge and suck up the grit and dust which is brought into the house from outdoors to be ground into the rugs and carpets with the constant tramp of feet.

Embedded dirt is the dangerous dirt and its complete removal must be the final test of any good machine. Not only is this dirt the germ carrier and breeder but it is largely in the form of fine sand, which, examined under a microscope is found to be like sharp glass. If it is left embedded in the rug and constantly walked on, the sharp edges see-saw back and forth at the base of the nap, gradually cutting it away.

In general, there are three kinds of machines: one which cleans by means of suction alone; one with a revolving brush operating in connection with the nozzle and turned by the small carriage wheels of the machine as it is moved to and fro over the rug; and one with a motor-driven brush inside the nozzle, attached by a belt to a wheel of the motor so that it revolves very rapidly.

The machines which depend on suction alone have two outstanding characteristics; a rather narrow opening at the nozzle and a powerful motor. The combination produces a suction so great that the embedded dust particles are whisked into the bag before they know it.

Those machines that are of the brush type have their brush adjusted in the wide-mouthed nozzle so that it produces a sweeping action. This loosens the dirt while at the same time the suction draws off the dust. The motor in this type of action is slower in speed.

This slower speed means that the suction is not so great and this will not in itself pull the grit out of the carpet. Here is where the brush comes in. The bristles of the brush are set in tufts, or rows, which in revolving strike the rug at intervals, gently loosening the dirt from the nap so that it may be sucked into the bag.

The chief differences among the many makes is based on the method of re-

moving floor dirt. Any machine which will do this efficiently will do all the other things required of it. Make this your deciding factor. When you are satisfied on this point, consider the care of the machine, its durability, the balancing of the motor, and the convenience in handling the attachments and the machine itself.

Vacuum cleaners are usually equipped with universal motors and can be attached to any wall plug. However, it is always well to be sure of this in the purchase of any electrical equipment, some of which have motors for either alternating or direct current. If you get the kind which does not correspond with the current in your locality, your machine will not work. Electric fans, washing machines, dish washers and the larger equipment do not always have universal motors.

There is a new type of cleaner which costs about \$25. It is lighter than most other machines and can be lifted and carried about where it is needed. Others range from \$50 to \$90 or \$100, depending on the make and the number of attachments desired. In buying, place efficiency first, the removal of embedded dirt an absolute essential, and price last. The lowest price does not mean necessarily that the machine is not good, nor does the highest price guarantee the best machine possible. Insist upon results.

It is claimed that an electric cleaner saves 300 hours of sweeping, dusting cleaning every year, and much expense in brooms and rugs. At 36 cents an hour this would amount to \$108.60 saved. The first year this pays for the machine and the second year piles up a few dividends.

Some vacuum cleaners have brush attachments which will sweep wood and linoleum floors, but the actual cleaning and waxing of these floors is another story. There are several good electric floor polishers on the market which operate with rapidly revolving brushes, but not many which will also scrub, wax and polish. There are two types of the latter, one with a circular brush revolving like a cylinder, snow-plow fashion; another with a disc-like brush, whirling in a horizontal position.

These will scrub, wax and polish, a different brush being used for each operation, but with either, the corners and angles of the room must be finished by hand. When in operation these machines ride on the bristles of the brushes themselves and produce a high polish through the pressure exerted on them as they revolve. Obviously the heavier the machine the better will be the results obtained. For this reason they are somewhat cumbersome.

The disc machine weighs about fifty pounds and can be moved around the house on a set of tiny wheels easily set in position with the foot. The machine never need be lifted except to be carried up or down stairs. These labor-savers cost about \$150 complete with attachments and may seem a bit luxurious for the average home, yet they are simple to operate and to the homemaker who spends much time and energy on her floors they prove a great help.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY?

IF you are in want of some new ideas, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. She will then send you a little leaflet—a new one—telling you about a brand new way of entertaining your Hallowe'en guests.

H·M·VICTORIA EUGENIA *Queen of Spain*



A recent portrait of Her Majesty, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, here reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty to the Pond's Extract Company



HER MAJESTY, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, is the embodiment of queenly beauty. She is granddaughter of Queen Victoria, niece of King Edward VII, and cousin to the reigning King of England. When as a Princess of the British royal household she married the dark imperious King of Spain, she was "a beauty from the North, with pale golden hair, wild rose complexion and eyes of malachite blue." Today as Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, and mother of six lovely children, she is more beautiful, more regal than ever.

THE gold-lined silver Tiffany jars below, chased and engraved with the royal crest and monogram and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, were recently sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift for Her Majesty's dressing table. Her Majesty, who uses the creams, has expressed her royal pleasure in them.



The silver jars recently sent for Her Majesty's use on her dressing table

IF you would like to try these delicate creams of which Her Majesty has signified her appreciation—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and preserving the fine texture of the skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for lending an exquisite finish, a foundation for powder and complete protection against exposure—read the offer below.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams and directions for using. The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K.
139 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



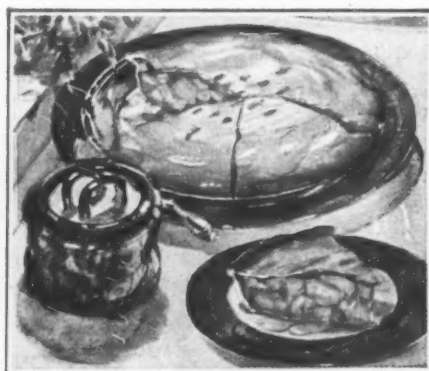
PARADISE PIE

Crisco pie crusts are as tender and flaky as they can be—and digestible.

1 1/2 cups pastry flour Cold water Lemon peel
1/2 cup Crisco 6-8 large apples Sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt Whole cloves 1/2 pint heavy cream

Cut Crisco into flour and salt with two knives until the consistency of small peas. Add water enough to hold together. Cover an inverted pie plate, prick with a fork. Bake in hot oven (450° F.), about 15 minutes. Core the apples, stick two or three cloves into each one, fill the holes with granulated sugar and a tiny piece of lemon peel. Bake at 400° F. until soft. When cold, remove skin and cloves. Mix the apples with enough powdered sugar to sweeten to taste. Fill the baked shell and cover with sweetened whipped cream. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.



A COUNTRY PEACH PIE

Crisco pie crusts bake to a beautiful golden brown on both top and bottom.

2 cups pastry flour 8 to 10 ripe peaches
1/2 cup Crisco 1/2 cup sugar (powdered)
1 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
Cold water 1/2 teaspoon salt

Cut Crisco into flour and salt with two knives until the consistency of small peas. Add enough water to hold together. Divide and roll about 1/8 inch thick. Cover pie plate. To prevent juice soaking in brush over with melted Crisco and dust with flour. Peel and slice the peaches into the pie plate. Cover with the powdered sugar, then sprinkle with the lemon juice and salt. Dot with bits of Crisco. Roll remaining pie crust, cover and bake in hot oven (450° F.), about 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.), until pie is done, about 15 minutes more.

Delicious Cakes, Biscuits and Fried Foods, too!

The use of Crisco is by no means limited to making the peach and apple recipes shown here. I find that I can always depend on Crisco for light, fluffy biscuits and muffins, flaky pie crusts, delicious cakes, dainty desserts—and for all frying.

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.



© P. & G. Co.



Peach and apple recipes from an old New England farm

When I was twenty, we spent the latter part of one summer on a farm near Franklin, Conn. Every day the farmer's wife made us a dessert with peaches or apples fresh from the farm orchards.

At the farm we thought that these desserts simply could not be improved upon, but I find, today, in making them with Crisco, that they are even more delicious.

I often wish that this farmer's wife, who was considered the best cook in town, were here now, for I know just how much she would have appreciated Crisco and the delightful results of such a clean, sweet, wholesome shortening; more tender and flakier pastry; the daintiest, lightest cakes, with such a fine even texture; fluffy, flaky biscuits; crisp wholesome fried foods—prepared without smoke or unpleasant odor.

Four of her recipes, as I have made them time and again are printed here. All can be made with either peaches or apples. If you will make them with Crisco I am sure the results will make you as enthusiastic about Crisco as I am.



An Astonishing BLINDFOLD TEST

See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience!

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you, and give you first one, then the other fat to taste.

Now, did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of raw cooking fats? Think what a difference Crisco's sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits and fried foods.



THE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Frying Pan Cake

Notice how easily Crisco blends with the sugar in the frying pan and what delicate richness it adds.

Put in a cold frying pan 3 tablespoons Crisco and 1 cup brown sugar and stir over slow fire until melted. Then add 6 soft ripe apples or peaches, peeled and sliced. Then pour over this a batter made as follows:

1 egg beaten 1/2 cup hot milk
1/2 cup brown sugar 1 cup pastry flour
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Mix egg, sugar and salt together, add milk, stir in flour and baking powder sifted together. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.), until cake is done, about 30 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream, dusted with cinnamon or with hard sauce.* This will serve six people.



PEACH COBBLER

When this batter is made with Crisco your cobbler will be tender and light. When baked it will be a lovely brown all over.

1 egg beaten 1/2 cup milk
1 cup sugar 1 1/2 cups pastry flour
3 tablespoons Crisco 1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt 6 to 8 peaches

Add sugar to egg and beat until creamy. Add Crisco, beat until thoroughly blended. Add flour, baking powder and salt sifted together, alternately with milk. Put a cup upside down in a baking dish and fill two-thirds full of peaches, peeled and cut in quarters. Pour batter over this. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.), one hour. Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream or with hard sauce.* Will serve six people.

*Crisco, as well as butter, makes delicious hard sauce and it's ever so much more economical. Try it some time!

39 recipes for delicious "Pies and Pastry," originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor, McCall's Magazine. Many "success secrets." Helpful illustrations.

Free!
New Pastry
Cook Book!



The Procter & Gamble Co.,
Dept. of Home Economics, Section L-10
Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, free, your cook book, "Pies and Pastry," by Sarah Field Splint

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

To test your cooking fat, taste it. Crisco's sweet flavor will astonish you

A BALANCED DIET IS THE ONLY SAFE DIET

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

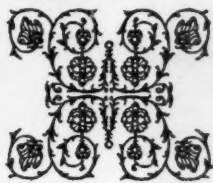
School of Hygiene and Public Health
Johns Hopkins University



Nina Simmonds



E. V. McCollum



EVERY one who has learned to cook knows how important it is to add the right amounts of each ingredient for which the recipe calls. If this is not done the dish won't be as attractive as it should be, either to the taste or sight. This is because cookery is a chemical process and the chemical changes which take place in cooking depend partly on the amount of each of the substances in the food.

Our living body is a chemical plant in which many chemical changes are constantly taking place. It works best and lasts longest when the materials we give it for growth, repair or fuel measure up to certain specifications. By "balancing the diet," we mean the proper adjustment of the amounts of the various food elements we eat.

The essential principles in the diet are protein, carbohydrate, fat, mineral matter, vitamins and water. All or nearly all of these are found in most of our natural food-stuffs, but in very different proportions in each kind of food. For instance, there is very little protein in fruits, potatoes and other tubers, carrots or similar starchy roots. Meats, in the cooked state, contain little else than protein and mineral matter. Beans and peas are nearly one-fourth protein, while such grains as wheat and corn, are only about one-tenth protein. Sugar, starch, molasses and syrups are pure carbohydrates. Lard, tallow, salad oils, suet and bacon are nearly pure fat. The amounts of vitamins, minerals and water found in different foods differ very widely and any one who selects food for herself or for others should have a fairly accurate knowledge of the values of every class of foods.

The proteins, since they are derived from different sources, are of very different quality. When protein is digested it is converted into about twenty kinds of simple fragments which are absorbed into the blood and are then taken up by each of the body structures, such as the muscles, liver, brain and so forth. Nature adheres rigidly to a certain special pattern of proteins for each of the living tissues, so each of the organs links the fragments together again in new orders and in new proportions to make a new body protein after its own particular pattern, which is entirely unlike that of the original food proteins.

The food proteins which are made up of digestion products of about the same proportions as those of the body proteins have the highest nutritive value, because the body can convert them into body protein with little waste. On the other hand, those food proteins which yield digestion products in unfavorable proportions—too little of

some and too much of others—can be utilized only partially by the body.

It is not possible to say that any certain amount of protein is necessary in the daily diet, for some proteins are better than others. A small amount of high-quality protein is as good or better than a much larger amount of a poor-quality protein. Proteins of two or more kinds eaten at the same meal may each enhance the other's value by supplying something which the other lacks. We know, however, that the average daily amount of protein should be between eighty and one hundred grams, or three to three and a half ounces.

Nutrition experts agree that one can get enough protein by eating 1 to 2 eggs, 1 quart of milk and 1 fairly liberal serving of meat, fish or fowl every day, together with the protein contained in such bread, potatoes and other foods as one would naturally eat. Rapidly growing children are so active and are storing so much protein in their expanding body substances that they require about the same amount of protein as an adult does.

Many women do not eat enough protein-rich food. They live inactive lives, eat sweets between meals, suffer from indigestion due to fermentation and constipation and seek relief in eating but little food. They acquire an appetite for fancy foods with pronounced flavors and avoid

the more substantial ones such as meats, eggs and milk. The result may be that they subsist for long periods on a diet which contains barely enough protein to maintain them. A certain number of men fall into this same category.

All these individuals feel cold, are anemic and have but little endurance and little capacity for rest and recuperation. They would find a better balancing of their diet very beneficial. Many a woman who constantly feels ill and who pities herself, bemoaning her sad fate in being a member of the weaker sex, would have a very different outlook on life if she had adhered to a diet which was so balanced as to promote health.

Both fats and carbohydrates (starches and sugars) are sources of energy and have but a secondary place in building body structures, which is the unique work of protein. Some fats are carriers of vitamins, but no carbohydrate eaten in a fairly pure form contains any vitamin. The three vitamins contained in certain fats are A, D and E. Vitamins B and C do not occur in fats. The distribution of the vitamins is very interesting.

No vegetable fat or oil contains appreciable amounts of vitamin A, although it is to be found in small amounts in many plant tissues. It is abundant in fish oils, especially in cod-liver oil. Butter fat, cream or whole milk, the fats of egg yolks and the invisible fats in such glandular organs of animals as liver, kidney and sweetbreads, contain vitamin A in abundance. Although all the leafy vegetables commonly eaten in this country are very poor in fats, they contain considerable amounts of vitamin A.

Vitamin B is never found in any fats or oils of either animal or vegetable origin, but is the most widely distributed of the vitamins, abundant in many of our common foodstuffs. There is no danger of running short of it if one takes care to select the ordinary foods which are rich in it. The only common foods, except the fats, which do not contain vitamin B are the highly refined flours, polished rice, starch, sugars and syrups made of glucose. The first two contain very small and inadequate amounts of the vitamin, while the others are entirely lacking in it.

Vitamin C, which protects from scurvy, is abundant only in fresh, raw, or perhaps better, uncooked foods. It is so easily destroyed by contact with the oxygen in the air when a food is cooked that heated foods are, in general, of little value for protecting against scurvy. For this reason it is very important, if one is to keep healthy, to include every day in the diet a certain amount of fresh raw fruits or vegetables. The foods which are [Turn to page 60]

DOCTOR McCOLLUM SAYS:

"THE simplest advice we can give which will cover all the important points in practical nutrition and enable you to properly balance your diet is contained in these rules:

1. Build up the daily menus around a quart of milk for each member of the family.
2. Use eggs and meat frequently, but not excessively.
3. Serve salads twice a day to insure such raw vegetable foods as fruits, tomatoes, celery, lettuce, onions and so forth appearing regularly in the menu.
4. Serve one leafy vegetable, such as beet-tops, kale, spinach, and so forth, each day.

If you meet these requirements you can eat whatever else you desire."

Doctor McCollum and Miss Simmonds have prepared for you a new set of menus based on these rules. They include perfectly balanced meals for one week in summer and one week in winter. If you want help in giving your family a safe, balanced diet, send a two-cent stamp and address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Serve it
to your
family

Serve it
to your
guests

This
Raisin
Gelatin
Pudding!

THERE is a new delight for raisin lovers in this most delicious combination of raisins and other wholesome fruits perfectly blended with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Not only do you get the benefit of the real fruit, but also the health-giving qualities of the purest of gelatine.

For A Real Treat Try This "RAISIN GELATINE PUDDING"

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup Sun-Maid seedless raisins
1 orange 1/2 cup cold water
4 bananas 1 cup whipped cream
2 tablespoons powdered sugar

Steam raisins until plump. Soak gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Rub bananas through sieve; add orange juice and a little grated rind, raisins and sugar. Dissolve gelatine over hot water; strain into fruit mixture. Stir till it thickens; fold in whipped cream and pour into cold, wet molds. Chill and when firm turn out and garnish with whipped cream.

For the Sake of Health
and Economy Always Use

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different desserts or salads, each sufficient for six persons.

A Cooking School
in Your Kitchen—Free

Mrs. Knox's books give plain and complete instruction for the easy making of desserts, salads, candies and other unusual dainty dishes. They also include many recipes and helpful suggestions for utilizing left-overs delightfully, which even the most experienced housewife will welcome. Sent Free, if you mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c for postage.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

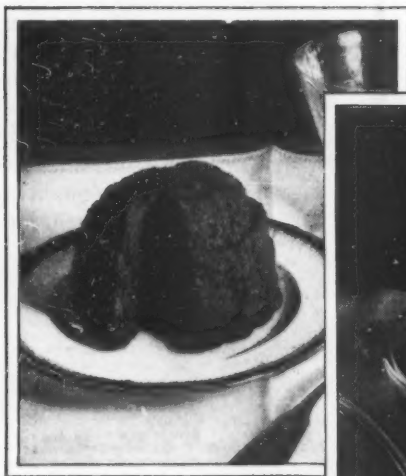
Delicious desserts rich with nature's tonics

TRY the recipes which Brer Rabbit prints here. You will find them as delicious as they are unusual. And they are only two of the many ways in which the old-time plantation flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses can add a tang of deliciousness to your desserts.

And with this toothsome sweetness from Louisiana you get marvelous health value.

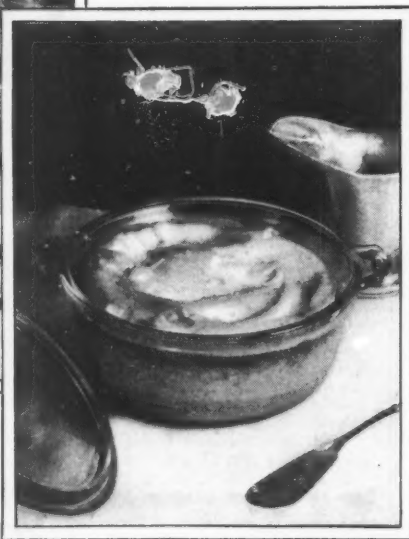
Brer Rabbit Molasses has more lime and iron together than any other food. Doctors say there are few, if any, foods which we neglect so much as those containing the natural tonics, lime and iron. It is also a good laxative. So that along with the delicious flavor of Brer Rabbit your family gets food which supplies a daily need.

Use Brer Rabbit Molasses often. Forty-four different and delicious ways to serve it—are in the new cook book offered below.



Huckleberry Pudding

Stir ½ tsp. soda with ½ tsp. cloves, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. nutmeg and ¼ tsp. salt into 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Stir in gradually 1½ cups flour and 2 cups huckleberries. Pour into well greased steamer and steam 2½ hours. Serve with hard or drawn butter sauce. Canned huckleberries may be used if they are strained very dry.



Gingerbread Custard

Scald 1 pt. milk; beat 2 egg yolks with ¼ cup sugar. Add milk gradually to egg mixture. Break 1 cup stale gingerbread into a buttered baking dish. Pour custard over this. Place in pan of hot water. Bake in a 350° F. oven until set. Cover with meringue made from egg whites, 6 tbsp. granulated sugar, ¼ tsp. vanilla. Brown in 300° F. oven.



In two grades: GOLD LABEL—highest quality light molasses for eating and fancy cooking. GREEN LABEL—darker with a stronger flavor.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Dept. 52
New Orleans, La.

Please send free a copy of the Brer Rabbit Recipe Book and Leaflet about health value of molasses.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....

**FREE! Brer Rabbit's booklet
of forty-four delicious recipes**



While the frosting for the Coconut cake cools hollow out the cup cakes and fill centers with well-drained shredded pineapple

TWO DESSERTS IN ONE WILL DOUBLE *the* FUN!

BY MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

Chairman of the Homemakers' Section of the
American Home Economics Association

IF my family had no 'sweet tooth' I could read several more books a year than I do," remarked a busy homemaker I know. "To make desserts every day means just about thirty minutes out of my working hours and most often out of the busy morning."

Almost every homemaker knows what a feeling of freedom she has on the day when there is pudding left over or when she can get some especially good fresh fruit with which her family will be satisfied for their dessert. In talking with homemakers I catch a note of envy in the voices of those who listen to tales of husbands and children who have no particular interest in desserts. Such families as these are not in the majority, though, and making a dessert is still almost a daily occupation of most homemakers.

After figuring a little on the amount of time it takes me to prepare even the simplest desserts with which my own family is contented, I made up my mind that I was going to see if there was any way in which I could lessen the minutes spent on this part of the day's meals and still satisfy the desire in our household for a bit of sweet at the end of the dinner. It did not take long to realize that there were two ways in which I could do this. One was to give more thought to the management or planning of desserts when planning my meals. The other was to work out a few desserts which could be made to serve double duty—that is, two desserts planned and partially prepared at one time.

PLANNING THE DESSERTS FOR A GROUP OF MEALS

Did you ever stop to think how much we read and talk about variety in meals, not repeating the same dish more than once in so often? This certainly should be the aim for most homemakers, for we want to urge our families to eat and enjoy a variety of foods prepared in different ways. On the other hand, we should not make a fetish of this question of variety. In the matter of desserts there is no reason why occasionally the same dessert or a slight variation of it should not put in its appearance twice in succession, just as does its sturdy predecessor in the meal—a leg of lamb or a roast of beef.

Moderation in all things is as applicable to planning meals as to eating them and an occasional repetition of a dish or food material from day to day does no harm either to body or soul. We are used to this

in the case of certain foods, such as potatoes, bread and other bland foods. A very slight difference in the method of preparing potatoes, for instance, satisfies our desire for variety. The

same we find to be true of desserts. The more delicately flavored dishes and the simpler desserts may be served two days in succession with but little change. Heavy, highly-seasoned ones are less appetizing when served often. So, in planning desserts in a group of meals be careful to include the highly flavored and rich ones only occasionally. This leaves you an opportunity for the rest of the time to plan two desserts in one, or, in other words, to prepare double desserts.

TWO KINDS OF DOUBLE DESSERTS

Any homemaker is quick to recognize that two desserts in one may be of two types. First is the kind which can be made in sufficient quantity to serve twice and which is of such a nature that it can be kept over an intervening day and served a first and third day. A date pudding, such as the one given below, is a good illustration of this kind, for it keeps well several days if it is put in a tightly covered dish or in the ice-box. Another illustration of this kind would be the making of a covered pie, such as apple, and baking a pie shell at the same time which two days later could be used for a cream, butterscotch or chocolate pie. The extra pie-crust takes almost no extra time to make when the first pie is being prepared.

The second type of double dessert is the sort where a foundation mixture is made the first day and part of it used for that day's dessert. Then with a slight variation the remaining portion is served the next day.

For many of these desserts you will not require a special recipe. They are more a matter of thought and planning. But in some cases I have found it necessary to work out a definite set of proportions to use, since cook-books are not developed with this plan in mind. Here are a few of these desserts which I have been using successfully in my own household. They may serve as a starting point for a much longer list which you can work out to fit the tastes and interests of your own families.

Just these few double desserts have, I estimate, saved me an average of 20 minutes every other day and sometimes more, both because of the shortened time for preparation on the second day and the saving on dishwashing. [Turn to page 90]



A mother saved my school for me!

No. 7 of a series of convincing messages to American Women, from American Women

SHE is a teacher in New York City. For ten years she has been in charge of a first-grade room. But she found the work unpleasant, almost unbearable. Then—but we shall let her tell the story.

"It was Friday morning, and I don't believe I ever saw the children so unruly," she wrote recently. "They seemed possessed."

"Before noon arrived I was almost ready to burst into tears. I felt that I simply couldn't stand another day of teaching. My feet ached, my head ached, my nerves were worn to a thread."

"But I did get through to noon, and the rest helped a little. I'll never forget how thankful I was when that gong sounded, and the little tots hurried out."

"That afternoon one of the mothers came to call. I remember how I resented her happy face, her seeming ignorance of the great responsibility I was carrying, the burden of teaching her two children. And I presume I didn't give her a very cordial reception."

"But she sat there for an hour or so, watching things. Once I lost my temper and scolded a little boy rather severely. I noticed this mother looking at me peculiarly."

"And when she started to leave she asked me to come to her home for dinner the next day. I went, and that visit with her explains why I am writing this letter to you."

"She told me about your wonderful shoe. She said she knew just how I felt, because she could tell from my face. She had felt the same way herself a few years before. 'Of all women,' she told me, 'you need this shoe.'"

"I can only say now that my work has become really a pleasure. I enjoy the children—and they don't get on my nerves. I am ready now, when Friday comes, to have a happy time over the week end. Oh, I don't see how any teacher can get along without Arch Preserver Shoes."

What that mother told this teacher, is the great message that American women are giving to each other today.

In every part of the country women are sending or bringing their friends to shoe stores for the Arch Preserver Shoe.

They have found that it does do everything we claim for it—that it does make happy, vigorous, comfortable—and useful feet.

And they have found that a great many of their former troubles were due to the effects of bothersome feet. Not weak feet—but abused feet.

For most feet are healthy and would be all right if the right kind of shoes were worn.

For instance, that's why we have a concealed, built in arch bridge in the Arch Preserver Shoe. That's why we have a flat inner sole (crosswise).

The bridge prevents sagging and straining. The flat inner sole prevents pinching of the nerves, bones and blood-vessels.

Ordinary shoes do not have these two features—and necessarily, ordinary shoes let the feet sag and become pinched.

You'll feel like a different woman. You'll want to be more active. You'll feel more youthful. Those "nerve wrinkles" most likely will leave your face.

You'll find a new pleasure in all of your activities—with a keen anticipation of many "tasks" you used to dread.

You can get the Arch Preserver Shoe for your children, too. It will mean a lifetime of foot happiness for them. Start the little feet as they should go.

You can see by the photographs below that the Arch Preserver Shoe is correct in style for all occasions. It does not sacrifice style for foot health. It combines the two.

Many of the Arch Preserver Shoe styles are being created in our New York Studio with the assistance of a Paris correspondent.

Why not let your feet be a help instead of a hindrance? The coupon below will bring you our booklet "Foot Youth" and the name of your Arch Preserver Shoe dealer.

© 1926, The Selby Shoe Co.



The Janet



The Nearing

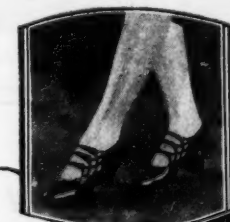


The Parade

Look for the trade-mark on the sole and lining. Not genuine without it. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths. AAAA to E.



Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.



The Arlette



The Jetta

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends

The Selby Shoe Co., 461 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet No. M-61 "Foot Youth," and name your dealer.

Name.....
St. and No.....
P. O..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....





No question about it—the Grahams are “stepping out”

Estate

A Car, a Radio, and Now—a HEATROLA!

NO question about it—the Grahams are “stepping out.” Why, only six months ago, they purchased a car. Then they bought a radio. And now they have a Heatrola. They certainly are “getting on”!

And what wonders Heatrola has worked in their home. You notice the improvement the minute you enter—everything is brighter, more cheerful. The Heatrola, with its fine cabinet design, was just the touch needed to set off the rest of the furniture.

Every room comfortable

Even that north bed room is as comfortable as the room in which Heatrola stands. Flowers bloom in the rooms that were shut off in previous winters. For Heatrola circulates great volumes of warm, moist air to every part of the house—summer-warmth in every room.



FLOWERS bloom in the rooms that were always shut off in previous winters.

Average fuel saving—45 per cent!

Heatrola owners in six towns in the Northwest—the coldest part of the country—were asked how Heatrola compares in point of fuel consumption with their previous heating method. Their answers show that, on an average, Heatrola saves 45 per cent in fuel! Here are the figures:

CITY	BEFORE HEATROLA	WITH HEATROLA	APPROXIMATE PERCENTAGE SAVING
Red Wing, Minn.	\$100.00	\$60.00	40
Red Wing, Minn.	6-7 tons	4 tons	38
Red Wing, Minn.	6 tons	3½ tons	42
St. Cloud, Minn.	7 tons	3½ tons	50
St. Cloud, Minn.	8 tons	4½ tons	44
St. Cloud, Minn.	4½ tons	3 tons	33
Green Bay, Wisc.	10 tons	6 tons	40
Green Bay, Wisc.	11 tons	6 tons	45
Milwaukee, Wisc.	10 tons	5½ tons	45
Milwaukee, Wisc.	\$138.00	\$56.00	59
Superior, Wisc.	6 tons	3½ tons	42
Duluth, Minn.	7-8 tons	4½ tons	40
Duluth, Minn.	10 tons	5 tons	50
Duluth, Minn.	6-7 tons	4½ tons	31
Duluth, Minn.	coal & boxes		
Duluth, Minn.	11 tons	4½ tons	59
Duluth, Minn.	\$95.00	\$38.00	60
AVERAGE SAVING			45%

single additional pound of fuel. With the Intensi-Fire utilizing the heat which ordinarily goes up the chimney, it is not surprising that The Estate Heatrola does the work of a basement furnace, while using no more fuel than a single stove.

No polishing or shining

You'll be delighted with Heatrola's cleanliness. Its paper-tight construction prevents dust and dirt from entering the room. And the grained mahogany, vitreous enamel finish is so easy to keep clean. No polishing or shining—just dust it as you do the piano.

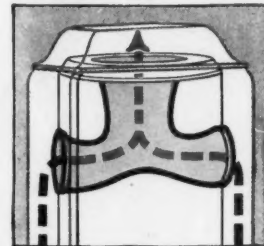
Perhaps you are still putting up with ugly stoves and sooty fireplaces. If so, get rid of them now. One Heatrola will take their place. It will cut your fuel bills, too (note the figures below) and will add a smartness to your home that only such an approved piece of furniture can give.

So easy to own one

Already tens of thousands of small homes—new and old, one-story and two-story—know the saving and comfort of Heatrola's heating method. Every section of every state has its Heatrola owners. Your local Heatrola dealer will gladly show you Heatrolas installed near you. He will show you, too, how this modern heating plant will look and work in your home—and how easily you can purchase it. See him at once, or mail the coupon for free illustrated booklet, showing actual Heatrola installations and homes of users.

THE INTENSI-FIRE —exclusive with Heatrola

The Intensi-Fire Air Duct is a patented device built into the Heatrola, directly in the path of the flame. It tremendously increases Heatrola's heating capacity without using a single extra pound of fuel.



EVEN that north bed room is as comfortable as the room in which Heatrola stands.



Mail this for
free booklet!

THE ESTATE
STOVE COMPANY
Hamilton, Ohio

- ☐ Please send my free copy of "Heat Every Room—Upstairs and Down."
- ☐ I am planning to build. Tell me how the Heatrola building plan can save me 15% on costs.

Name.....
Street or R.F.D.....
Post Office.....
State.....

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO

Builders since 1845 of the famous Estates. A stove, furnace and range for every requirement—for cooking and heating with coal, wood, gas and electricity.

New York—243 West 34th Street
Los Angeles—737 S. Hill Street

There is only one Heatrola—Estate builds it

HEATROLA

ENDURING Beauty



PARIS sponsors the shades in Belding's SILKS for Fall—their style is assured. But even more important is their pure-dyed Quality which adds to smart styles Enduring Beauty.

For your convenience, we have identified genuine Belding's SILKS by our name woven in the sel-vage—look for it as your guarantee that the SILK will wear and clean to your utmost satisfaction.

Illustrated are McCall Printed Patterns Nos. 4652, *Worth* model; 4658, *Charlotte* model; and 4667, *Martial et Armand* model, which are becomingly developed in Belding's Crêpes, Satins, and Taffetas.

BELDING HEMINWAY CO., NEW YORK

Belding's

Be sure
to sew
with Silk



Silk is
strong and
lustrous



Where the market is a meeting-place for friends and rivals

THE FASCINATION OF MARKETING

By MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, Professor of Household Arts and
ANNA C. BRUSH, School of Practical Arts
Teachers College, Columbia University

HAVE you ever felt the real fascination of marketing? Even the tiniest store in the smallest town may become your point of departure for an imaginary world-tour, if you can see beyond labels and beyond the contents of packages to the lands and the peoples whence the foods come.

Those who have been fortunate enough to travel far may return to find in the corner grocery constant reminders of fascinating memories. To them, tea and coffee, cinnamon and pineapple, salt and pepper, will speak not merely for themselves, but of Japan, China, Ceylon and Hawaii, Spain and India. That great array on the shelves does not represent all the food of the world, neither does it represent all that is fit to eat, for down South in the lands of the mango and guava, and to the East in the lands of the bamboo sprout and papaya there is a treat waiting for the traveler which is too perishable to send across the seas to the market. You must go to the lands of intense sunshine and heavy rainfall, to the desert, to the countries of long summer and no winter, to tropical lands, as well as to temperate climes, if you would taste the foods of the world.

We must not expect to find everywhere large, well-appointed warehouses, even though we are accustomed to them in great cities. It is true that in large European cities market halls of various sizes exist for wholesale or retail trade, such as the Smithfield provision market, or the Billingsgate fish market of London. But the larger retail markets of England, Berlin and Paris are fast giving way to smaller, more accessible ones scattered through the city. The well-known Covent Garden fruit and vegetable market is no longer the huge, busy place it used to be.

The municipal outdoor markets found in many a Continental city attract the thrifty housewife who comes with her maid and market-basket prepared to carry her supplies home with her. The double-handled mesh bag is a familiar sight and there is shrewd bargaining and inspection of food before it changes hands. There

can be no monotony in marketing when the scene changes, as it does often in Paris, from the selling of fruits and vegetables

one day to the selling of animals the next. The fact that flowers, books, jewelry or dress goods are usually sold in or near the food market attracts a larger crowd and makes marketing much more of an event. Then, too, most outdoor markets trade only for certain hours of the day, thus making the market a sure meeting-place for friends and rivals.

The necessary appurtenances for the sale are set up very early in the morning. Usually, as in Berne, there are strict regulations that must be complied with concerning position, traffic and cleanliness. Inspectors walk up and down the streets examining scales and measures. As soon as the closing hour comes, the stalls and wagons are removed. After the transformation you suddenly realize that you have been in some park, or familiar public square of the city; perhaps even under some well-known arch or bridge.

In so many of the small foreign cities, market day is akin to circus day. It is a never-to-be-forgotten experience to arrive at some "dead" little village by night and to awake in the morning to the noise of

market day, to find the streets lined with carts, food and side-shows and crowded with peasants. Even the roads leading out of the village catch the overflow of the trade.

Just as interesting and fascinating is a Sunday market in Holland. After church the women barter for the family provisions at the stalls while the men smoke and talk and the young people play. Very serious affairs are the cheese markets of

Holland, for more is sold wholesale than retail and there is thoughtful valuation of the qualities before anything is bought. Picture the entire waterfront of a small Dutch village colored by red Edam cheeses, when even one or two red spots in our delicatessen window give such a vivid dash of color!

Those of us who see sardines only when packed in small tin cans or anchovy fillets in tiny glass jars can scarcely appreciate the lure which brings [Turn to page 75]





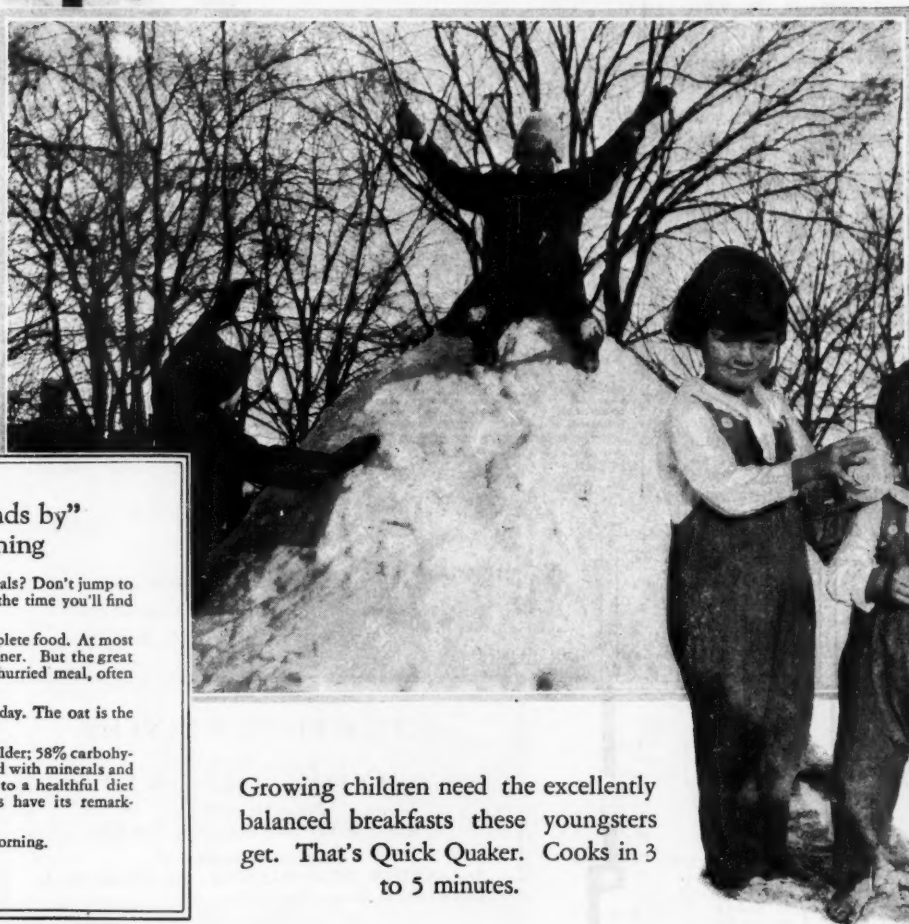
"Just Kids"

But remarkably bright, amazingly well and strong

A lesson in pictures of what right eating is doing for American children

Do you know any youngsters to match these?

All the photographs on this page are published with the permission of the children's mothers. All were sent to us as characteristic of unusually healthy and intelligent children. Do you know any that can match them? Send us their photographs if you do.



Why Quaker Oats "stands by" you through the morning

DO YOU feel hungry, tired, hours before meals? Don't jump to the conclusion of poor health. Much of the time you'll find it is largely brought on by an ill-balanced diet.

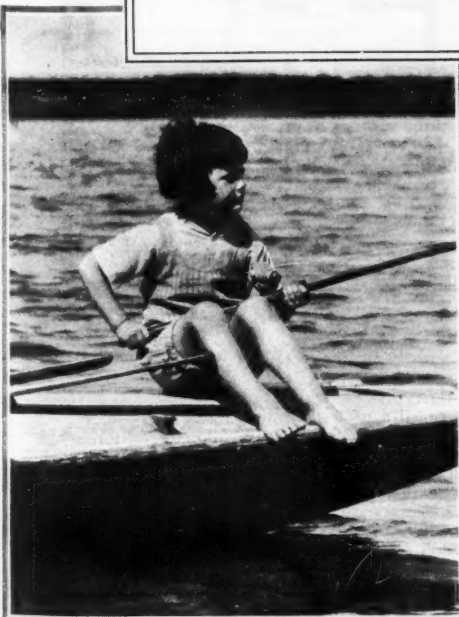
To feel right you must have well-balanced complete food. At most meals you get it. That is, at luncheon and dinner. But the great dietetic mistake is usually made at breakfast—a hurried meal, often badly chosen.

That is why Quaker Oats is so widely urged today. The oat is the best balanced of all cereals grown.

Contains 16% protein, food's great tissue builder; 58% carbohydrate, the great energy element; is well supplied with minerals and vitamins. Supplies, too, the roughage essential to a healthful diet that makes laxatives seldom needed! Few foods have its remarkable balance.

That is why it stands by you through the morning.

Growing children need the excellently balanced breakfasts these youngsters get. That's Quick Quaker. Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.



Photos of children—all taken from those which were sent in response to a recent ad in women's magazines.

HERE are children—physically active, seldom ill; mentally keen beyond their years.

Right diet was not the only thing that did it. Other factors, too, played important parts.

But upon *what* children eat depends much of what they are, both today and in later years.

For that reason, "Quaker Oats and milk" for children has become a national dietetic urge. A dish, attractive and enticing, that supplies an excellently balanced breakfast combining body-building protein, carbohydrates and minerals with essential vitamins—plus the needed roughage to make laxatives seldom needed.

Too seldom served

Because of limited time for breakfast cooking . . . you may have been serving oats too seldom; letting less nourishing foods supplant them.

If you have, please start now with Quick Quaker.

It's as easy as plain toast. Cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes. No kitchen muss or cooking bother.

Millions of mothers thank us for this new Quaker product.

And famous Quaker flavor—the rich flavor you want

Quick Quaker has all that rare Quaker Oats flavor which you already know—the rich flavor that oats must have to be at their best. No other oats in this country has that flavor.

The only difference between Quick Quaker and Quaker Oats is that in Quick Quaker the grains are cut before flaking, and rolled thinner—hence cook faster.

Grocers have two kinds, Quick Quaker, cooks in 3 to 5 minutes, and Quaker Oats, the kind you have always known.

THE PRIZE WINNING DESIGN IN McCALL'S RECENT COMPETITION *for a SIX-ROOM HOUSE*

Won By JOHN FLOYD YEWELL

Jury of Award

ALEXANDER B. TROWBRIDGE JOHN RUSSELL POPE
HENRY C. HAHN



By MARCIA MEAD

IN the requirements laid down in the McCall competition, were incorporated the essentials for comfortable wholesome living; at the same time the limitations were made to conform to the usual lot subdivision which obtains in the average American community.

The problem was this: the house was to be suited to a level lot fifty feet wide and one hundred fifty feet deep. It was assumed that the lot would face west fronting on a fifty foot street, and was to be what is called an "inside" lot, not a corner lot.

The house was to provide the usual accommodations of any six-room house, with two exceptions: the storage space throughout the house, in cellar and in attic was to be reduced to the minimum of what would be necessary only for the storage of coal, household utensils and supplies, and the house was to have two bathrooms.

Some years ago one bathroom was thought to be sufficient for a small house, but it was soon found that one was not enough, particularly in the early morning when every one wishes to dress for the day at the same time. An extra toilet is now usually installed in some convenient place and an extra bathroom, when it can be afforded. So it seemed wise in drafting this competition program to make two bathrooms a definite requirement for the up-to-date modern house.

The requirements were carefully outlined. There should be a fireplace in the living-room. The kitchen should contain a sink and drain-board, gas range, work-table, two chairs, a pot-closet, dish-closet and a place for kitchen linen. There were

Considerable freedom was allowed in the porch treatment and in the arrangement of the various rooms. Advantage was to be taken of the prevailing southwest winds, and all possible sunshine. In fact the program aimed to cover all of the points which should be considered in the building of any home and it was also to be architecturally correct as to style.

To arrive at a basis of uniformity for purposes of comparison the cubage of the house was limited to 18,000 cu. ft. This taxed the competitors to the utmost of their skill to include within such a small space all of the things which were desired in the homes on McCall Street.

The results of the competition were exceptionally good. The number of designs submitted was unusually large for a competition of this kind and as a whole they were of high character, the solutions showing a reasonable interpretation of the program and a sympathetic understanding of the problem of the small home.

The jury showed a keen interest in the plans laid before them, personally passing on every design submitted, which proved a task of no small moment.

Two days were given to the judgment. On the first day the weeding-out was done. There are always a few who have overlooked some of the program requirements, or whose designs are obviously not possible to consider. These were the first to go. Then the designs were arranged in groups according to their architectural style and where possible some of the best of each were retained. After this the various merits of each design were carefully considered and compared with the others, the inferior ones being gradually eliminated,



*"The man who builds a home erects a temple.
The flame upon the hearth is the sacred fire."*

—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL



also to be two wash-trays for laundry work on the first floor, either in the kitchen or in a nearby alcove, not in the cellar. A laundry should not be in the cellar, if space can be provided on the first floor.

The refrigerator necessarily was to be placed within house walls, not on a porch. It could be placed in the alcove with laundry trays.

There were to be plenty of closets: a coat-closet on the first floor, two clothes-closets for each double bedroom, and one for the single bedroom, the minimum depth for clothes-closets being 22 inches. There should be a minimum height for hanging-space from the pole or rod to floor of 5 feet, 6 inches. There was to be a broom-closet on both first and second floors, a linen-closet on the second floor and a medicine cabinet in each bathroom. Bathtubs were to be at least 5 feet long.

OTHER PRIZE WINNERS

SECOND PRIZE

WILLIAM J. HENNESSEY, JR., *New York City*

FIRST MENTION

JOHN FLOYD YEWELL, *New York City*

SECOND MENTION

ALEXANDER BERESNIAKOFF and WILLIAM J. KOELLMER, *Bronx, New York*

THIRD MENTION

J. W. MINICK, *Harrisburg, Pa.*

FOURTH MENTION

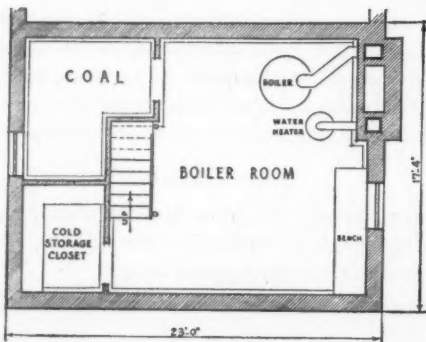
ALFONSO CAMPANELLI, *Union City, N. J. associated with BASIL S. GEORGES, Astoria, Long Island*

FIFTH MENTION

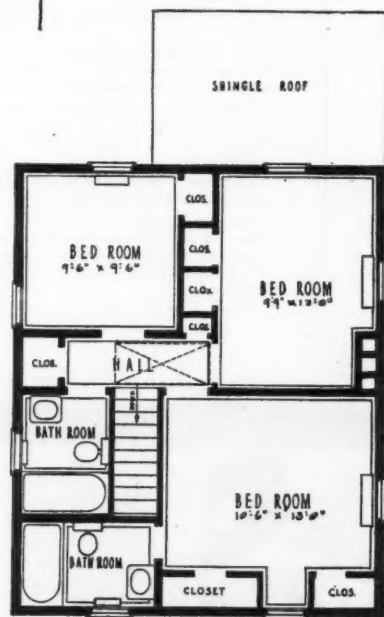
R. ALEX. WILLSON, *Mt. Lebanon, Pa.*

SIXTH MENTION

WAKEFIELD WORCESTER, *New York City*



CELLAR



• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •

about thirty-five of the most attractive designs were left and it was called a day.

The task of the second day was even more difficult, as the points of distinction became finer. Details of the plans were analyzed carefully, exterior proportions as related to the plan were discussed and tricks of rendering were discovered. Sometimes a clever renderer had adjusted proportions into an attractive picture which the plans and elevations as laid out would never produce—clever subterfuges, but not clever enough to get by the keen eyes of the jury.

Gradually the number of possible winners was reduced to about twenty excellent plans and different opinions had to be debated and accounted for, while the requirements of the program were again rigidly scanned.

One delightful little French cottage had to go because it exceeded the cubage requirements, another [Turn to page 56]



"Such a delicious fruity odor arises from the package."

They love its fresh fruit flavor

90% say it's the best they ever tasted!

Its fresh fruit taste and fragrance make it the most delicious gelatin we ever had," says a New York woman.

"With a pure fruit flavor that is unsurpassed," writes an Illinois enthusiast.

"Your gelatin was indeed a revelation to me," declares a Westerner.

It's the real fresh fruit flavor that makes Royal Fruit Gelatin so amazingly different!

VEGETABLE SALAD

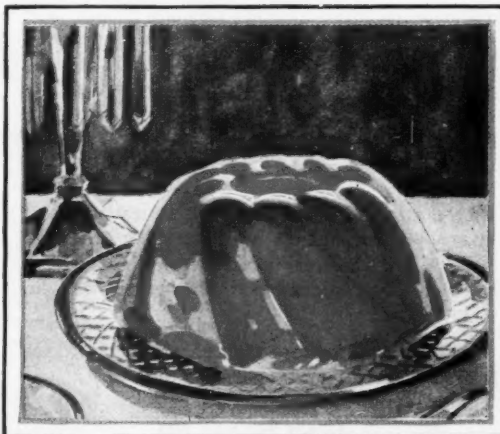
(Below at right) A dainty and colorful addition to your meat course—a pleasant way to serve vegetables. Dissolve one package of Royal Lemon Fruit Gelatin in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling, clear meat stock or bouillon. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar or lemon juice and 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion juice. Cool. When it begins to thicken, add two cups cooked vegetables well drained. Mould in large or individual moulds. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. Serves six.

ROYAL ORANGE

(Below) "My youngest said, 'This is real orange,'" writes a mother enchanted to find a nourishing dessert so pleasing to the children.

No "synthetics" nor artificial flavorings.

From the luscious fruit juices only, do Strawberry, Raspberry and Cherry derive their full-fruit flavor. The cool refreshing fruit taste of Orange and of Lemon comes just from the oils of real oranges and lemons.



Its fragrant aroma attests likewise the purity of its gelatin—no slightest trace of "gummy", "gluey" taste or smell. The digestive and body-building importance of gelatin in the diet of children makes it essential that you use only the purest and best.

Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin bears the same seal of merit that has distinguished Royal Baking Powder for years. You can trust it in just the same way. Ask for it at your grocer's. You'll recognize the red package, the same color as the Baking Powder can.

ROYAL STRAWBERRY

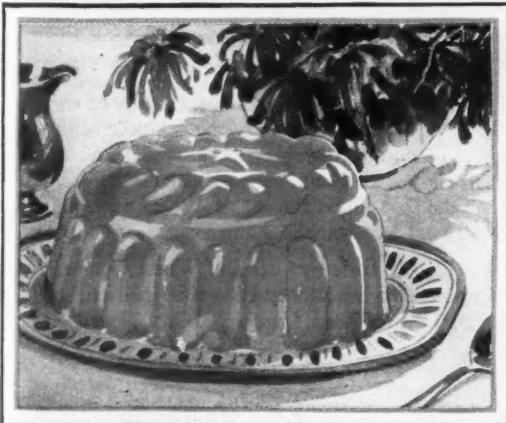
(At left) Serve this delectable dessert plain or with whipped cream—and your delighted family will plead, "Do let's have it often!" It has all the rich fruity taste of the crushed ripe berries from which its flavor is made. From the juice of ripe red fruit, just picked, Royal Strawberry derives that delicious fresh fruit flavor.

Five Fresh Fruit Flavors

Strawberry
Raspberry
Cherry—
with delicious
flavor from the
fruit juices.



Orange,
Lemon—
with delicious
flavor from Oil
of Orange and
Oil of Lemon.



ROYAL FRUIT FLAVORED GELATIN

Made by the Makers of Royal Baking Powder

FREE! New Booklet with original recipes and ideas for making your hospitality more delightful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
Dept. N, 110 East 42nd Street, New York City

Please send me the free booklet of delicious ideas for using Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



From Danger Valley up Safety Hill !

A health game that taught underweight children what to eat

Can you imagine a school where children really learned to *want* to eat the right foods, brush their teeth, and go to bed early?

Yet that is just what the experimental Child Health School at the University of Chicago did.

It was composed of children from 8 to 11 years old, all underweight. During the ten weeks' term all of them climbed from "Danger Valley" up "Safety Hill"—a delightful game of gaining weight.

Almost the first point made in this teaching game was the importance of the right kind of breakfast. The report says of the underweight child, "Increasing the breakfast alone will frequently suffice to cause a gain."

The children saw good breakfasts set out; they discussed them; they compared their own with them; they were invited to come to school early one morning to eat a breakfast of the right kind.

This breakfast included fruit, toast and butter, milk and cooked cereal.

Right here is the important thing that is too

often overlooked. A *cooked cereal*! In test after test by school authorities it has been shown that the child with a hot cereal breakfast gains in weight as he should, has redder blood, does better work in school.

That is why in more than 20,000 school rooms they have hung this statement on the wall:

**"Every boy and girl
needs a hot cereal breakfast"**

This has become Rule Number One in the country-wide campaign for better health among school children.

Mothers who wish to co-operate in this movement turn naturally to that best-loved cereal, which for 30 years children have enjoyed and health authorities endorsed—Cream of Wheat!

Two very simple reasons explain Cream of Wheat's long standing reputation as an ideal cereal for children.

First, it contains a wonderful store of just the

mental and physical energy every school child needs.

Second, this energy is quickly released for the child's use because Cream of Wheat contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat.

Every ounce is food, so rapidly and easily digested that physicians everywhere recommend it as the first solid food even for infants.

If there is no Cream of Wheat in your pantry now ask your grocer to send you a package. Tomorrow morning give your children the breakfast that will send them up "Safety Hill" and keep them there. Good old Cream of Wheat!

Note: For a variety of delightful ways to serve Cream of Wheat write for recipe booklet. With it we will send *Free* a sample package, and our authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Address Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. G-1, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

To Teachers

To help you to carry out the national school program of education in health habits, write us for authoritative free teaching material. State grade and number of pupils. Address Dept. G-1



MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

[Continued from page 30]

the mass of humanity before him. His glance swept from David Buchanan at one side to Monsieur Bon Coeur at the other, and it was strangely puzzled. More, it was beginning to probe to undreamed depths.

"You," he said to Monsieur, "stand up. And you," he said to Buchanan, "stand up also."

In a clear voice he read the message aloud. At its close a deep silence pervaded the court-room. Then the audience rose as one. A boy in the foreground flung up his cap and yelled "Whoopee for the little old liar!" and those behind him took it up. The room rocked and the judge's gavel was unheard.

David Buchanan was suddenly ashy white, the knees under him shaking with reaction. Justin Sellard was already moving toward the aisle, and Mara Thail with beating heart watched the prisoners both. And for the first time Monsieur Bon Coeur, realizing the astounding truth, looked into the eyes of his friend. In the drawing of a breath he, Monsieur, had lost the soul's pot of gold, the cloak of sacrifice, and for one moment he was sunk in sorrow.

Then, swift upon the heels of this sorrow, came the upsurge of hope, of happiness. Once more a rainbow of promise spanned the sky. This was a miracle! The hand of fate—of *le bon Dieu*!

Monsieur's heart was swelling. It felt as though about to burst. His veined old hands were fumbling at the edges of his coat. He moved upon his feet—and touched that which sat meekly by his chair. Ah, *bien*! Joy! And *voilà*! The accordion! The old man stooped and picked it up. He flung it to place. He pulled its sides to their utmost capacity; and then, white head back, shoulders erect, Monsieur Bon Coeur played.

With one great swelling chord it struck upon the silence, the *Marseillaise*! Over the heads of the motley crowd it swept away, full, exciting, lifting, the martial strains which belonged with the sound of marching feet, and Monsieur was once again beside the Arc de Triomphe.

Justin Sellard was moving forward amid the throng, saying under his breath, "I've got to get to him! Can't lose him this time." "Let me by please," aloud. Mara Thail was holding hard to the rail before her. Out in the corridor Hudson Brown stopped in his pacing to listen.

IT was summer time again in California. Sweet winds swept the coast country, cool sunlight washed it. Beside the roads the eucalyptus trees fluttered their green banners. Along the land a thousand hoboes wandered, their fires aglow in jungle, thicket and city dump. Beneath a bridge on the S. P. Line, Montana Mike was talking to a group of his contemporaries.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I got th' word a month ago, up in Wyoming. I ain't ben out o' Stir so long but what I'm still a bit o' all-wrong, peaked-like, an' no taste fer scoffin's—but th' news set me up immediate, an' I started comin' then. This week, it were, along this boulevard. So I'm a-waitin'."

"Yeh—you'll wait, all right," laughed a grizzly tramp across the fire. This was a huge, evil man, selfish and cruel, one who would take an old man's hospitality, the preponderance of his food, and even steal his blankets, his cup and his accordion.

But Montana Mike was serene in his faith.

"I'll wait," he said, "an he'll come."

TWILIGHT sifted down across the world of jumbled peaks, of wooded slopes and singing streams that was the High Sierras. Purple and mauve and rose, it bathed them in unspeakable beauty. A little wind came in through the Gap in the escarpment that rimmed a mountain meadow. It stirred the rings of dusky hair upon a woman's brow, blew soft across the face of a man whose cheek lay in timid adoration against her temple. They sat together on the rude bench beneath a cabin's window, and they were but a woman and a man, with station obliterated between them. They talked in low tones of a glorious future, and they were

happy as only predestined mates can be happy. They built roads and bridges, and strange to say they had forgotten all the mimic world of pictures and their making!

The same little wind blew across the dead garden where David Buchanan could not walk without a sharp pain at his heart, the garden where Sarghan, the Jamaica negro, had worked so faithfully. There was much in the place that brought to the master this pain of pity and regret, the squirrels that frisked in the door-yard, the black-and-white camp-robbers, the familiar things of the cabin. But Mara Thail Buchanan put a soft hand on his face, and the ghost was laid.

So the little wind went on toward the meadow, where it lifted the long strands of creamy silken mane on Palermio's neck, gently fanned his great tail at his heels as he drowsed in evening peace. The cattle were there, too, sleek and quiet, and Billy the plodder browsed a little way beyond.

And so we leave them all, knowing that however far he may roam along the world, David John Buchanan, a man once more cleansed of his bitterness, blessed beyond his dreams, will home to his high meadow at intervals like the birds that return to the place that gave them life.

AND now we come to Monsieur Bon Coeur—Mister Good Heart—he of the undying hope, the love, the faith.

On the morning of that golden California day we behold a group of men at work upon a building. It is a building strange among the Spanish houses that rim the world of Hollywood, a fine, prideful, foreign structure, a *Petit Trianon* in modest copy. It is well under way. In a matter of months it will be finished, its gardens spread around it like the skirts of a Pompadour. There will be fountains and flights of marble steps. There will be tall trees, for they are already there, standing like happy beggars in the sun, eucalyptus with their thousand banners waving. There will be within the house fine things, chief among them baths, many baths, tiled in the pale greens and blues and pinks of the open country in the spring. There will be also open doors of welcome, food for the asking to any who come to them. There will be within this enchanted little house, in short, the foot of a rainbow. That we know, knowing its future master. That master stands, rapt, before it now. Let me present him to you reader—Monsieur Bon Coeur, who bears another name now, but who will be to us always, and to many others, Monsieur Bon Coeur.

It is a grand figure which I show you, a slight figure, erect to the point of stiffness. There is about it a grace, a presence. The head with its flowing silver locks is poised well back, the hands with their blue-veined delicacy of line are folded on the head of a walking stick, and this time it is malacca. There is a coat upon the thin shoulders, a marvelous garment. Padded of shoulder, waspy as to the waist, its long lapels rolled to the proper button, its flaring tails reaching near to the wearer's knees. It is a faithful replica of its predecessor of the Kansas cornfield and the scare-crow—beneath the coat are visible the legs of trousers, wide trousers of indubitable peg-tops, tinted like the breast of a soft grey dove, their quality and texture above reproach. A hat which arrests attention tops the whole. Narrow and flat of brim it towers loftily, its crown narrowing smartly to a flat finish, and with a broad ribbon boasting a bow at the side. In all this finery we behold our friend—unchanged.

The great happiness in him is no finer polished than on that distant day when we saw him first upon the boulevard, stepping forth to the adventures of the morning. He is bound once more upon adventure, and his eager old blue eyes are watching the corners ahead for a rainbow, even though that ephemeral and lovely thing has come to rest its golden tip most literally in Monsieur's lap of life.

Adventure—yes. A little way apart, beneath the eucalyptus trees, there waits such a shining monster of the roads as the old man was wont to [Turn to page 61]

For your Halloween party I suggest Baked Ham in Cider.* It has the three virtues most prized by hostesses—novelty, an epicurean flavor, and an easy method of preparation.

Sarah Field Splint

* See "Sixty Ways to Serve Ham," Page 6

Miss Sarah Field Splint who, as Food Editor of McCall's Magazine, yearly advises tens of thousands of home makers on meal planning.



ARMOUR'S "Star," the world's finest ham, and Miss Splint's favorite recipe, assure results of surpassing excellence. Our free book "60 Ways to Serve" will show you how to prepare an endless variety of delightful and economical ham dishes. You may be sure of choicest flavor and quality always—when you ask for Armour's Star Ham.

Armour's STAR HAM



Dept. 106, Div. Food Economics
Armour and Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me Free Recipe Book, "Sixty Ways to Serve Star Ham."

Name.....

Address.....

Hot or Cold-
Foods Fried in
Wesson Oil are
Wholesome and
Delicious

Most fried foods are served to us piping hot, and of course the way to judge a food is to find how it tastes when we are ready to eat it. But the real test of a frying fat is how the fried food tastes after it has set a while and become cold. Then's when a fat really shows its character. If you want to see how good cold fried foods can be, taste doughnuts and cold chicken which have been fried in Wesson Oil. Whether hot or cold, foods fried in Wesson Oil are wholesome and delicious.

Wesson Oil is economical, too, especially for deep frying. Most cooking fat has to be thrown away after you use it a few times, but not so Wesson Oil. Strain it to remove any crumbs, and you can use it time and time again. It will not absorb odors, not even fish or onions—and it is almost as fresh and good the last time you use it as the first.

Wesson
Oil

THE PRIZE WINNING DESIGN IN McCALL'S RECENT COMPETITION for a SIX-ROOM HOUSE

[Continued from page 52]



Fairchild Aerial Survey Co.

ARE YOU PROUD OF YOUR HOME TOWN?

Is it as well planned and beautiful as the lovely coast town above?

In the November issue we are beginning a series of articles on

TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING

in which GEORGE B. FORD, the planner of the city of Rheims, will collaborate.

Read these articles and learn how much the subject affects the happiness of your own home.

because it was too wide for the lot, and so on. Cleverness of draftsmanship was not permitted to place an inferior design over a good design, although few had to be questioned on this account, as all of the better designs were on the whole very well drawn.

After great deliberation and much argument eight drawings finally were hung on a wall by themselves and marked—First Prize, Second Prize, First Mention, Second Mention, Third Mention, Fourth Mention, Fifth Mention and Sixth Mention—and placed as nearly as possible in the order of their merit.

The most exciting moment came when the envelopes were opened and the names of the authors revealed. Their names are given here and to many of you they may be familiar.

For myself, I was a bit disappointed not to find a woman's name among them. I had made it a point to notify as many women architects and draftswomen as I knew, of the holding of the competition, and to send each a program. As it proved, a few women submitted designs which did not prove worthy of placement for an honor. Better luck next time.

Mr. Yewell's simple, straightforward solution of the problem won for him the first place among the many submitted. Instead of going the limit of the law on the width of what a house might be on a lot 50 feet wide, he frankly designed a house whose greatest dimension was from front to rear. This left no question in regard to space on all sides of the house with plenty of light and circulation of air all around it. It will never have to "rub elbows" with its neighbor.

It is architecturally sound. Its inspiration is that of our beloved Colonial style of the middle period when a complete masonry wall was used where the fireplaces occurred. If there were fireplaces on both sides of the house, then both walls were of masonry with clapboards front and rear. The simplicity of this type, devoid of so-called ornament, but with pleasing proportions obtained by the use of contrasting material is sometimes called "Farmhouse Colonial." It is indeed reminiscent of the early countryside where simplicity fitted into natural surroundings and where lilacs and Sweet William flourished.

The house comes within the cubage requirements and has the proper number of rooms. Mr. Yewell has availed himself of the latitude allowed him in the program by making the living-room and dining-room one, and so giving the house a spaciousness so desirable and so difficult to obtain in a small home. Yet the plan is so arranged that if an owner prefers he may put in the usual partition between the living-room and dining-room so that these two spaces may be shut off from each other when desired.

One thing the program insisted upon was three sleeping-rooms, which is far more important than a separate dining-room. All possible privacy should be sought when one is sleeping and rebuild-

ing his energies for another day. Preferably there should be a separate sleeping-room for every member of the family.

An unusual condition of the program was that the prize winners and the authors of such designs as McCall's should choose to reserve for publication, would be required to provide working drawings and specifications for their designs. This had a twofold value. It not only enabled McCall's Magazine to offer an excellent plan service, for which of course the architects would be paid, but also it would insure her readers that they would be provided with really buildable plans.

Most competitions require sketches only, but it is another thing to be sure that the plans are not only pretty pictures, but that each one is actually a practical guide for the erection of a beautiful home.

We are grateful to the designers of these homes and to the gentlemen of the jury, who gave us unstintingly of their time and skill in judging this work. Strenuous as it was, they seemed to enjoy their task, taking a personal interest in all of the new ideas presented in the various solutions. To the authors and to our readers we would say confidentially that these little houses, which we shall show in these columns from month to month, must be very good or they would not have so interested these busy men.

The drawings proved to be one of the finest groups of designs ever assembled in a small house competition and McCall's Magazine considers it a privilege to be able to offer to its readers these selected original designs for homes of such exceptional character and excellence.

The judges were very much impressed by the large number of contestants who sent in designs, as well as by the unusually fine quality of the work submitted. They felt that in presenting to the public the best from among these unusually good plans, McCall's Magazine was in-

deed placing at the disposal of its readers material of real and lasting worth.

As you will observe, Mr. Yewell also carried off the First Mention honors in the competition. Competitors were permitted to submit more than one design. The First Mention design is of quite a different character from the First Prize, which shows his versatility in the art of planning. This design will be published in turn.

Aside from the field of small house design, in which Mr. Yewell is so well known, he has also attained distinction as an architectural renderer. He is an artist indeed with pencil, pen and brush.

In the preparation of the working drawings for this house it was thought best, for the sake of present-day economy, to make the house entirely of wood construction, but it is possible in building to go back to Mr. Yewell's original scheme with the exterior chimney wall entirely of brick. This will make a more interesting and unusual house and also be more in keeping with the old Colonial type which was his inspiration and guide.



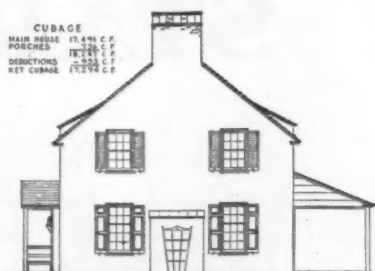
FRONT ELEVATION



EAST ELEVATION



NORTH ELEVATION



SIDE ELEVATION

TWO complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this house will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans and specifications, \$5.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, The Small House (price ten cents), showing four-to seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$10,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address: The Service Editor, 230 West 37th Street, New York City.

CUBAGE
MAIN HOUSE 17,400 C.F.
PORCHES 1,200 C.F.
DECKINGS 1,200 C.F.
NET CUBAGE 17,400 C.F.

For two generations Denton Sleeping Garments have occupied an intimate and unique place in the home life of American children.

Dentons

Are Ideal for Bedtime Romping and Sleeping

Denton Fabric is wonderfully soft and warm. It is made in our own Mills of high-grade, *unbleached* cotton, double-carded, with which is blended some fine, soft, natural-colored wool.

Our loosely-spun yarn, knit in an open stitch, provides the ventilation for the skin to function healthfully. *Denton fabric is truly hygienic.*

Extra Heavy Romper Feet (patented) double the life of Denton garments by giving great durability where most needed. Soles and uppers are die-cut, giving shapely, uniform, well-tailored feet.

Flexible Rubber Buttons do not break in wringer. Do not cut threads. Do not readily come unbuttoned. Mothers are enthusiastic, for the old bother of sewing on buttons is almost gone.

Extra-full Drop Seat (patented) prevents binding when child sleeps with knees drawn up.

Dentons Do Not Shrink when washed as we direct. Body, limbs and feet are covered, (also hands in small sizes) thus protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Small sizes have Drop Seat and open down the back. Large sizes retain the popular Drop Seat but also open down the front enabling older children to button their own garments.

Small sizes have turn-down cuffs; large sizes, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Dentons are amply proportioned, finely tailored throughout and thoroughly well made in every way.

Strong seams. Collars double thickness; buttons well sewed; strong button-holes; ends of facings all stayed.

Ideal for camping, touring or for fresh-air sleeping. We also make Denton Hoods for fresh-air and out-door sleepers.

Dentons have a mottled, light gray color, not readily showing soil.

Insist on genuine Dentons. If your dealer does not have them, write us.

Over 5,500 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,
Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

*We now make Dentons and Hoods in Adult Sizes.
Fine for traveling, camping, touring and for fresh-air sleeping. Ask your dealer, or write us, for illustrated folder.*



TRADE MARK

This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Denton Garment



Only Pure and Medicated Talcum is Safe for Baby's Tender Skin

There are various kinds of talcum. Any expert will tell you this. One may be harsh and gritty. Another may contain lime, which burns, or tiny, shiny particles that cut and irritate. Often, when Baby cries without apparent reason, it is because you are dusting him with the wrong kind of talcum. It may be too strongly scented, so that it irritates the delicate membrane of the nose—gives Baby a headache.

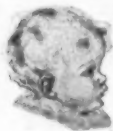
For adults, such talcum may be harmless. But infant skin is far more tender, more delicate. Your doctor will tell you how important it is to choose pure, medicated talcum for your little one. Ask him about Mennen.

Our specialists make certain that Mennen is always pure, fine—contains nothing harmful or injurious. It is mildly antiseptic—prevents infection from little cuts and blemishes.

Many doctors warn against the use of vegetable dusting powders on Baby. They are likely to swell with moisture from perspiration and urine and so clog the tiny pores with poisonous wastes. That is why Mennen is made so highly absorbent—it actually draws every trace of dangerous moisture from the skin-folds.

Mennen was the first Borated Talcum of all—the first real medicated talcum for babies. For nearly fifty years now, it has been improved constantly—progressing, advancing with science. Constant analysis assures its unflinching purity.

Always shower Mennen on the chubby body after every bath and change of diapers. See how safely it guards the delicate skin from friction—from the rubbing of damp clothes and woolly blankets—even Baby's own tender skin-folds!



Remember this, too—Baby talcum is always safe for adults but adult talcum cannot be relied upon for Baby.

One for Every Mother

Let Belle Roberts send you a copy of the wonderful Mennen Baby Book. Every page is helpful. From planning his layette and furnishing the nursery until the little youngster, romper-clad, is romping—it guides and counsels each phase of Baby's development.

—And for your Own Use, Madame

Mennen is as wonderful for your skin as for Baby's. Use after the bath. Shower body and feet to prevent friction and give ease of movement.

NEW! Baby Ointment

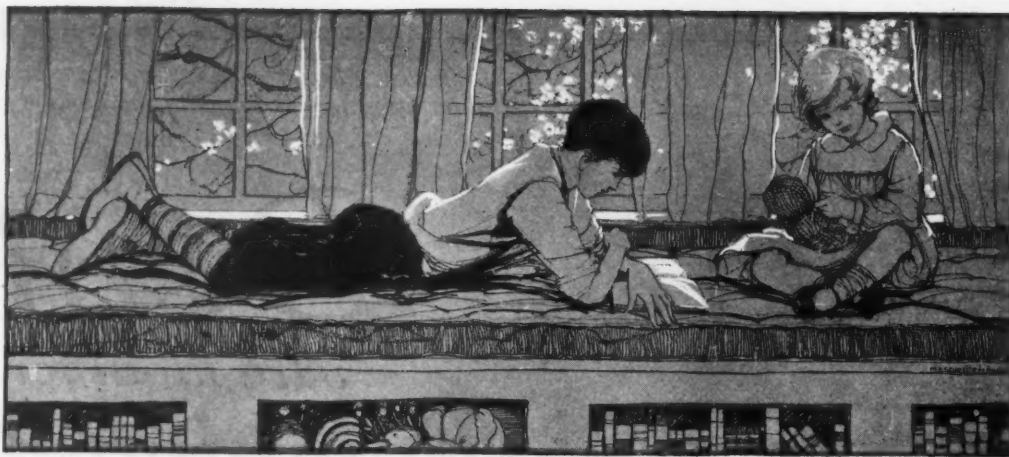
When skin gets dry, rough or inflamed, apply Mennen Baby Ointment. Wonderfully cooling and alleviating. Heals, soothes, lubricates. Softens scales so that scalp may be gently, safely cleansed. Invaluable for dozens of nursery uses.

BELLE ROBERTS c/o The Mennen Co.
349 Central Avenue, Newark, N. J.

I am enclosing 25c (Canada 35c) Please
send me postpaid, in plain wrapper, copy
of The Mennen Baby Book.

Name.....

Address.....



The mind develops according to its environment

DAMAGED LIVES

PART II

CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

THE period of nine months gestation in all humans is the same, regardless of race, creed or color, and the infant is born normally at term. All are equally helpless, have the ability to cry, to make inco-ordinate movements with arms and legs. All possess the instinct and capacity to take nourishment. Nature supplies the same type of nourishment for all, human milk, fashioned by organs that are identical in structure in every mother. In spite of personal vanity of parents, babies here, there and everywhere are the same, all fashioned from the same physical and mental pattern.

Unfortunately, many infants are born damaged—the prematurely born enters life with a serious handicap—true, some of these have sufficient vitality which together with good food and care, place them after a time in the normal column. The vast majority of the premature however, are insufficiently equipped for life's imposts and early succumb. Infants are born in every clime and among all people with defective physical structures. Nature played them a sorry trick—some enter the world grossly deformed and are termed monsters—others are born with hearts that are structurally defective—some during parturition receive sufficient brain-injury to cause a permanent damage in the form of faulty mental development—idiocy; in others, nature blundered and it may be difficult to determine the sex of the infant. All of these and other unfortunates represent permanently damaged lives.

Again there are infants born with less serious defects, such as clubfoot and harelip, damaged but subject to remedy. And there is the considerable army of luetics, damaged through immediate inheritance with the possibility of a degree of remedy through medical treatment. What is known as the endocrine glandular system includes the thyroid, thymus, pituitary, adrenals and other glands.

To their presence and

activity the inter-uterine development and later physical and mental growth may be entirely dependent and in all they play a large part in the infant's future physical

and mental traits. When an infant is born with the thyroid gland wanting, it invariably means, that if untreated, he will be a dwarf and an idiot. The Mongolian defective represents a peculiar type of mal-development and idiocy which is permanent and without doubt due to early inter-uterine endocrine incompetence. (Lesser degrees of incompetence exists; they are recognizable and subject to improvement under remedial measures). All of these referred to represent damaged lives and they are one and all born that way or the defect is caused at birth through gross injuries of the brain structure incident to parturition. Physical defects are apparent and in many, but by no means in all is the question of the mind-traits readily recognized. In other words an accurate diagnosis of the mental status may be most difficult and in these we take the advantage of the matter of behavior.

To repeat, all normal children at the various ages behave alike. Of course, some are naughty and others docile but no normal child is persistently vicious or destructive. To express the thought in a few words: the abnormal child is not to be judged by what he does but by what he does not do. We know the behavior of all normal children at the various ages and when a child shows prominent behavior-traits that vary from the established rule, he is a subject for serious study, and the behavior-traits are evident before the age of seven years. We have learned that in order for an infant to be born normal there are prenatal requirements. Clinics have been established in many cities which have to do with the care of the prospective mother. The province of these clinics is to instruct the mother as to the requirements necessary for the carrying on of a normal gestation, but these clinics are available to but a small fraction of child-bearing women.

The Shepard Towner Act is a step in the right direction in [Turn to page 60]

ANGELO PATRI SAYS:

MOTHERS are often troubled because the children want to play and have to be driven to the ordinary duties of daily living. "He does not want to stop long enough to eat or sleep or wash his face. He fights anything that interferes with his play."

That is strictly in accordance with child nature. It is his business to play himself into the use and control of his body and his environment. His play is his work. Gradually from his play the serious life-work emerges.

"Ben is my best boy. I cried over him when he wore out shoes, ruined clothes, tired himself out playing ball, flying kites, swimming and rowing. He was the hungriest child for play. Now he is managing a big business. I wasted those tears."

As a child plays he will work. The enthusiasm, the skill, the sense of organization and teamwork he shows on the playground will appear in his work, provided he is permitted to play through to his satisfaction. Strengthen and enrich his play and you heighten the quality and the power of his work.

Have no fear that the play of the healthy child will not merge into work at the appointed time. Watch the children about you and you will see the play-instinct evolve from the rattle-shaking stage to the handling stage on through the building stage, the gang age, the team age, club and society age, to earnest work.

Play lies at the root of all good work; puts spirit in it, lifts it from drudgery to the high plane of creative work from which flows spiritual fulfillment. Play is the food of the soul and should be made rich and full for the growth of childhood.

DANDRUFF?



Now you can control it!

YOU need worry no more about dandruff, that unsightly nuisance, so embarrassing to both women and men.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease that no intelligent, fastidious person can afford to neglect. Because so often it is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—possibly baldness.

There is one ideal treatment to control dandruff conditions—the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. It really works wonders this way.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. You'll enjoy the cleansing refreshing effect. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy.

Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS OF MARJORIE MOSS, the lovely English dancer at the Club Mirador, New York, who says: "My finger tips must be as smooth and shapely as the daintiest care can make them. Cutex keeps them exquisitely groomed."

This dainty liquid SHAPES YOUR CUTICLE

IT is the method to achieve Perfect Ovals and lovely Half-Moons used by beautiful women everywhere.

Shaping the cuticle—rounding it into perfect ovals—is for many women the most difficult part of the manicure.

Everyone finds it so easy to shape the tips prettily and give the nails a nice polish. But the cuticle is a living, growing thing that changes every day. It grows up tight over the nail, hiding the half-moon—splits, and its nice smooth curve is lost in a few days of neglect.

What a contrast from the smooth ovals and lovely half-moons of hands in which the cuticle is constantly cared for.

FOR this essential Northam Warren has perfected a dainty antiseptic that softens the cuticle and smooths away its roughnesses so you can shape it in lovely ovals. It is Cutex! Use it once or twice each week. And particularly on occasions when your hands are going to be noticed especially.

Follow, yourself, the method that beautiful women everywhere depend on.

Shaping the cuticle.—Dip an orange stick in Cutex. Twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Work gently around the nail base—freeing the dead skin and shaping the rim in lovely ovals—revealing the dainty half-moons.

Bleaching the tips.—Pass the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, under the tips. This



MARTHE REGNIER

This fascinating French actress says: "On my dressing table I never fail to have a complete Cutex outfit. Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps my nails shapely."

liquid is also a wonderful bleach and removes stains on the fingers and under the tips. To give an extra white finish, smooth the least bit of Nail White under the edge of each nail.

A Cream for the cuticle.—Now with your finger tip rub a little Cutex Cuticle Cream into the nail base. Its oils are easily absorbed and keep the cuticle from drying. Use it also between manicures.

Rinse your hands again. For a lovely brilliance there are a number of splendid Cutex polishes to choose from—Liquid, Powder and the new Nail Brilliance.

Cutex Sets are from 60c to \$5.00. Separate preparations 35c. You will find them wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see special offer. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. F-10, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal. Northam Warren—New York, Paris, London.

Mail Coupon with 10c for Introductory Set containing enough for 6 complete manicures

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-10
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, Brush, Emery Board, Orange Stick, Cotton and helpful booklet.



DAMAGED LIVES

[Continued from page 58]

safeguarding ante-natal and maternal life. The statistics of the New York Maternity Centre Association demonstrate what may be accomplished by the supervision of expectant mothers. Among two thousand, five hundred and ninety-nine cases under their care there were but five maternal deaths incident to childbirth and the ante-natal (foetal) mortality was correspondingly low.

About the age of two years the normal child ceases to be an infant and becomes an individual with the capacity for the reception of impressions which register permanently. His body grows and he cannot prevent it—the mind develops and both react in response according to the nature of the sustenance which both the body and the mind receives. The body increases in size, the muscles, bone and nerves develop; physical stamina and capacity for effort depend on properly selected food at proper intervals, upon cleanliness, right clothing and adequate sleep and the mind likewise develops according to its environment. In view of the many factors that may have an influence on physical and mental growth, every child of pre-school age should have the benefit of medical examination at definite intervals. Among the essentials is the knowledge as to growth in stature—is the gain in weight satisfactory? Up to the average of children of the same age? If the child is suffering from malnutrition some one should discover the cause—if he is mentally retarded it is equally important that it be recognized.

Every normal pre-school child has a good appetite and there must be a daily bowel evacuation. A factor of no little influence in proper physical development is the condition of the teeth. Many children of tender age who come to me because of defective growth have diseased teeth which as culture-fields supply foci for bacteria and the generation of toxins. A vast number of pre-school children have adenoids and diseased tonsils which have a most pronounced effect upon the child's future life—diseased tonsils and adenoids interfere with proper air intake with resulting defective oxidation of the

blood. Their presence produces faulty formation of the jaws and mal-position of the teeth.

These easily corrected abnormalities are a small part of the damage done by diseased tonsils and adenoids. A frequent source of damage is a secondary infection of the glands at the angle of the jaw which may become tubercular or otherwise diseased. What we call rheumatism in children may be of the so-called inflammatory type and involves the joints, or there may be "growing pains"—both conditions due to the transference of bacteria or their toxins from the diseased foci. Again practically all the cases of organic diseases of the heart in children known as valvular disease have their origin in diseased bacteria-infected tonsils and adenoids in children under the seventh year of age.

The body position acquired in early childhood has a most marked influence on the future health and well-being of the individual. Spinal curvatures, drop-shoulders with sway-back and the associated abdominal enlargement not only make a badly formed individual but have a direct influence on the heart, circulatory and digestive systems. In the narrow contracted chest, respiration is interfered with, oxidation of the blood is defective, and we have anemia and malnutrition. In the very usual postural abnormality—that of sway-back and enlarged abdomen—the abdominal muscles are stretched and weak, allowing displacement of the gastrointestinal organs downward, which means defective gastro-intestinal function and again malnutrition and defective growth.

The child's posture is acquired largely before the seventh year. Rachitis which plays a most important part in bone and body development is an entirely preventable ailment of the earliest months of life. It will be seen that there are a considerable number of decidedly important damaging bodily ailments that can happen to a child before the age of seven years when the State proposes to take hold of him and make him into a better citizen and the damage to his mind, while not so apparent, may be just as real.

A BALANCED DIET

[Continued from page 45]

ordinarily kept in a dry condition, such as cereal grains, dried peas and beans, dried fruits or vegetables and so forth, are of very little value as protectives against scurvy.

The fruits are probably all of some value as scurvy-preventives, but their values differ greatly. The citrus fruits are best, lemons having a greater amount of vitamin C than oranges. Apples and other ordinary fruits are far less rich in vitamin C than the citrus fruits, while berries are still less valuable. On the other hand, cabbage, turnips, raw potatoes and tomatoes are of great importance in preventing scurvy. Canned tomato juice will also prevent and cure scurvy.

Vitamin D, which has such a remarkable effect in insuring the child against abnormal bone growth and rickets, unfortunately is not to be found in more than mere traces in even our most nearly complete agricultural foods. There is a little of it in the leaves of certain plants, but we have as yet no experiments which tell us either how abundant it is in these foods or in which of them, if any, it is most abundant. It is impossible to secure enough vitamin D by eating ordinary foods. The only good source of this vitamin is fish oil. Cod-liver oil and other fish-liver oils are superior in the amount of vitamin D they contain, and are most valuable in preventing rickets and should always be given to children to insure their getting this important vitamin. The livers and fat of land animals have no real protective value against rickets. Sunlight, in some ways, acts as a partial substitute for vitamin D.

Vitamin E, which plays a peculiar rôle in conferring fertility on the female rat, is contained in many vegetable oils, in lettuce and in cereals and in muscle tissues in greater abundance than in such gland structures as the liver. It is especially abundant in the oil of the wheat germ. Even a single drop of this oil fed daily to a rat may make the difference between fer-

tility and sterility. Human sterility is, however, rarely to be attributed to lack of vitamin E.

Calcium or lime is the most important of the mineral elements which are absolutely necessary to good health. Most foods contain too little calcium. In fact, only milk and the leafy vegetables are rich in it. The need for this element is probably twice as great in a rapidly-growing child as it is in a grown man, because so much is being stored in the expanding bones.

In balancing the diet nowadays we must take into consideration many things: the quality of the proteins as well as their amount; the energy value of the diet in terms of calories per day; the vitamin content of the daily food supply and the suitability and balance of its mineral and other inorganic elements. The last is of special importance. We know, for example, that it is better to have a little more calcium in the diet than phosphorus, yet we find that most people are taking a diet which contains about twice as much phosphorus as calcium. This places the calcium-rich foods in a special class.

All this may seem a complex enough problem to discourage any one but a diet specialist. It is not necessary, however, to give much attention to appraising this or that food or to tabulate values and make calculations in order to be well fed. What we have called the "protective foods"—milk and leafy vegetables, are so constituted that they make good the deficiencies of almost everything else we eat. It is only necessary to include enough of each of these in the daily diet to make our eating safe. We should eat, in addition, some raw fruit such as oranges and raw vegetables such as cabbage, lettuce, celery and so forth, every day or at least frequently, to get the vitamin C. It is necessary, too, especially in the case of children, to give every once in a while a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil to supply vitamin D.

MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

[Continued from page 55]

admire from a respectful distance, glad for those fortunate ones who rode therein. It belongs to Monsieur. In its insolently low-hung driver's seat sits Hudson Brown, the chauffeur. Its curved and hood-like half-top is laid opulently back and over the tonneau's edge appear three canine heads waiting with patient and adoring eyes fixed on Monsieur. Beside Monsieur stands Justin Sellard, smiling, quiet, his bald head bare to the morning sun, an amused indulgence in his eyes.

"An' you will see, M'sieu," Monsieur is saying apologetically, "zat ze grass ees planted in ze gardens, ze water-pipes laid?—An' all thees working men—M'sieu, I grieve to trouble—bot may zey 'ave ze lemonade—ze san'wich—an' a so small rest in ze long afternoons? Thees Los Angeles sun—et is warm—"

The director-producer laid a hand on the speaker's arm.

"Forget it all, Monsieur," he said. "Let no thought trouble you."

"An' w'en I return—then we shall, wat you say, M'sieu, about ze new picture, ze film—we shall 'shoot' eet?"

"Exactly," said Sellard, "and now goodbye. Don't forget that you are the greatest sky-rocket, over-night-sensation, character actor in the old U. S. A., Monsieur; and that you belong head-neck-and-heels to the Supercraft corporation."

Monsieur bowed. "*Au revoir, mon ami*," he said with dignity. "I will not forget."

Then he turned and marched away to where the monster waited by the eucalyptus trees. He entered, flourished once more the inimitable tails, sat gladly down on the opulent cushions.

"An' now, my frien'," he said gayly, "show me the pep of ze lizzie. Step on her. Eet is a long way to *la belle France*."

Once out of the city Brown-the-Chauffeur "stepped on her" to the great delight of Monsieur, so that the wondrous day swept by on golden wings of enchantment. Thicket and bridge and wayside camp came up and passed. To each familiar spot their devotee gave loving cognizance. The towns strung out along the shining ribbon of the road dropped down along it like beads upon a thread.

By tacit consent they stopped at none. The friendly vats were long since dry, the dim doorways of the cities knew

Monsieur no more. With the touch of the hand of *le bon Dieu* in the blessing of Aladdin-like fortune Monsieur Bon Coeur had forsworn his enemy as an unavoidable price. What had the Gipsy said under the river's bank?

"—your path of life runs low into the Vale. It reaches almost the bottom—not quite—then rises in a burst of light—of glory—of gold and honor."

Honor—yes—even he, Monsieur, could regain that lost field on whose fair levels he had set so many younger feet. And gold. Ah, what could he not do with gold!

THE evening veils of rose and lavender and purple haze were drifting down upon the great Valley of the Sacramento. To the right the foothills of the High Sierras sloped up in rugged grandeur—and somewhere up there two hearts watched the pageantry of coming dusk. Monsieur thought of them happily. Young Brown-the-Chauffeur thought of them, too, and there was a wistful light in his brown eyes, the young lips were set tight together.

The note of the singing car came down a notch. The hand of the wind pressed a shade more gently. Ahead a bridge was coming up from the levels of distance. Beside it stood a figure, a grotesque figure, unshorn and fluttering. It leaned forward, intent upon the coming car. Then it flung up a hand—and Monsieur cried "Stop, M'sieu! Stop rapidly!"

As the giant slowed with a graceful halt he leaned from the tonneau, both hands outstretched.

"M'sieu Montana Mike!" he cried happily.

"Mongseer Bong Core!" cried the other. "I ben waitin'. Got th' underground in Wyoming. My blankets—"

"Nevaire mind ze blankets," cried Monsieur grandly, "in ze nex' town zere will be a shop—an' we go—all of us—to Paree."

Two minutes later the monster rolled away toward the north, and none of the three looked back to where a hulking bully of a hobo stared after them with hanging jaw and astonished eyes of recognition.

[THE END]

QUEEN VICTORIA

[Continued from page 22]

decided to receive at Windsor Albert and his brother Ernest. Five days later she knew herself to be in love.

The suddenness of this rush of emotion may be explained in various ways. It is possible that Victoria had long felt affection for Albert, and that she had concealed it, as was usual in those days; it is also conceivable that since she knew that a marriage between them was made desirable for reasons of family and of state, she was surprised to be attracted, convenience being seldom attractive, and thus went from relief to passion.

Thus, five days after the arrival of Prince Albert at Windsor, Queen Victoria takes him aside, tells him, perhaps rather shyly, that he must be aware why she wished him and his brother to come to Windsor. Being Queen, she cannot accept addresses, but must pay them; she tells him that it will make her *too happy* if he will consent to marry her.

Only a few months separated the engagement from the marriage, and those Queen Victoria passed in a fever of anticipation.

At last the wedding-day came, and it did not come too soon. Victoria's temper, that had always been imperious, now became ungovernable. She was terrified by the thought that now she came under an alien domination, that she must honor and obey Albert, she, Queen of England, obey. She vowed that she would never obey, that she would indeed stay queen, Albert she would love, honor and . . . well, love and honor.

There exists no evidence that Albert actively resented the domination that closed in about him after the marriage. He may have expressed himself to Stockmar, but he was willing enough to accept that "uneasy lies the head that wears

a crown," even a mere coronet. No doubt he would have become discontented, or might have devoted himself to some private hobby, if Stockmar had not insisted that he should avail himself of his influence over Victoria to take into his hands something of the control of the British Empire.

Within two years Victoria fell under the sway of Albert; within five she was his more than she was her own.

Prince Albert, well guided by Stockmar became the confidential adviser of the Queen. Little by little the statesmen of the nineteenth century, Palmerston, Melbourne, and the others, were compelled to recognize an influence which grew.

Prince Albert died in 1861 at the age of forty-two, and his wife was to survive him forty-one years, forty-one years during which he lived by her side, during which she clove to him; she embraced his shadow with an intensity which could not have been paralleled about a quick body.

Where the love of Queen Victoria exhibits itself completely is in the political course which she pursued after her husband's death. She set herself to execute the policy which by degrees he had endowed her with.

In conclusion, because it contains so much of her feeling for him, its modesty, its gentleness, its commonplace and yet delicate nature, one may reproduce the love letter which Queen Victoria wrote to Albert on their wedding morning:

"Dearest—How are you today, and have you slept well? I have rested very well, and feel very comfortable today. What weather! I believe, however, the rain will cease. Send one word when you, my most dearly loved bridegroom, will be ready.

Thy ever-faithful, Victoria R.



Her own ingredients

special flours you cannot buy in stores today

YEARS ago a cooking secret that a plantation mammy refused to reveal—

Today a recipe used by more women than any other in history.

Down South before the Civil War the fame of Aunt Jemima's light tender pancakes spread to other plantations far and near. But no other cook could equal their wonderful flavor. Today millions of women are serving golden-brown, fragrant pancakes just like Aunt Jemima's own.

About the names of Aunt Jemima's ingredients there is no secret. But certain ones cannot be bought in stores today. And only the millers of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour know exactly how she mixed them.

To give you her recipe ready-mixed, we grind her special flours with machinery designed for that purpose.

Women everywhere have turned eagerly to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour because it brings them a recipe

that cannot be found in cook books—Aunt Jemima's own ingredients ready for instant use. It is the *only* way to have pancakes with that old-time plantation flavor that made her famous.

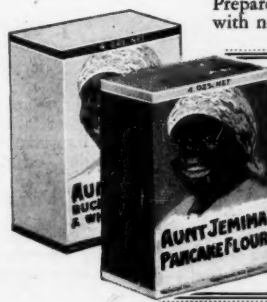
So easy today

In less than a minute you can mix the batter for these light, tender cakes. Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.

The first time you serve these cakes, you will find a real pleasure in watching the new enthusiasm at table. See what your family thinks of that old-time flavor! And see, too, how unusually light and wholesome Aunt Jemima's pancakes are. Plan now to test her famous recipe *ready-mixed*. Use coupon below to send for trial packages of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and of her Prepared Buckwheat Flour or get full size packages from your grocer. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, St. Joseph, Mo.

A chance to test this famous recipe

Trial size packages of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and Prepared Buckwheat Flour mailed, on receipt of ten cents, with new booklet. Send coupon today.



The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch
Dept. D-10, St. Joseph, Mo.

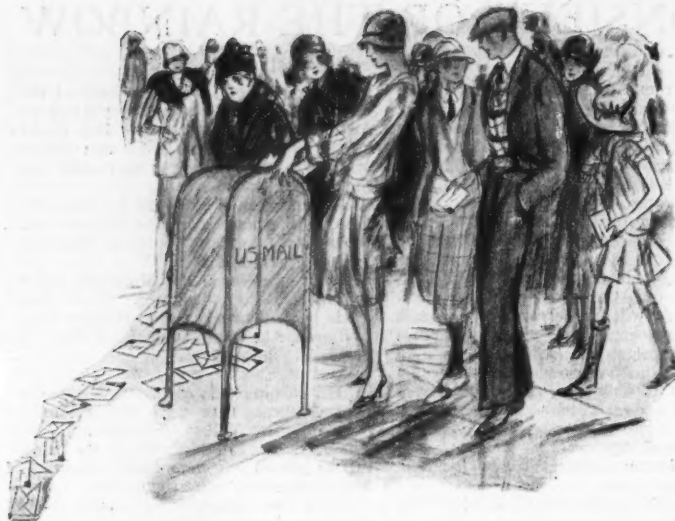
Gentlemen: Send trial size packages Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, Prepared Buckwheat Flour and recipe folder. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

THE POST BOX

BY EMILY POST

ILLUSTRATED BY
NANCY FAY



TWO subjects seem to dominate the letters in this morning's Post Box; diets and greetings. McCall Street is evidently going to be notable—I mean, even more notable—for svelte figures and welcoming manners! Beginning with the subject of greetings. Mr. "G" writes:

Dear Mrs. Post:

Would you mind explaining the foreign custom of some gentlemen kissing a lady's hand?

Should a gentleman kiss the hand of a lady when he is first presented to her, if she offers him her hand; or only the hand of a lady with whom he is well acquainted? Should he kiss the hand of only a single, married, or elderly lady to whom he wishes to show respect?

Kissing a lady's hand is not customary either in the United States or Great Britain, but otherwise in Europe every gentleman kisses the hand of every married lady upon every occasion of greeting—upon being presented for the first time as well as when greeting a friend. BUT it is NOT customary for gentlemen who know anything of the manners of the world to kiss the hand of an unmarried girl. (This is an especially flagrant mistake that is made in nearly every motion picture supposed to portray high-class foreign life.)

In America the kissing of an old lady's hand is a rather graceful expression of affection and respect. It should, however, not be used either in greeting a stranger, or as an every-day practice, because, being foreign to the customs of our country, it naturally suggests affectation and even—foppishness.

A Cornell student and a bride ask the same question:

"When a man is introduced to a girl, should he shake hands?"

"When a gentleman is introduced to me, ought I to offer my hand? I thought it was the lady's place to offer her hand first, but lots of gentlemen put out their hands first. What should I do?"

Will you kindly tell me when it is proper, and when it is not, to offer to shake hands myself?"

Whenever a man—no matter who—holds out his hand, give him yours at once. It is true that the correct rule is for a woman to choose or not choose to offer her hand, but of more importance by far is the rule of consideration for the feelings of others. In answer to your second question, it all depends upon circumstances: If you are shaking hands with several people and a stranger is in the group, you rather naturally offer your hand to him too, since otherwise he is "left out." But if several men are introduced to you, you usually merely bow to each in turn.

In your own house, or whenever your position is that of hostess, you always offer your hand to each of your visitors.

The following concerns members of notable religious orders:

My dear Mrs. Post:

Will you please tell me if it is in good form to place after a name on engraved cards the two letters indicating the religious organization to which a person belongs, in addition to the "Rev." or "Mr." in case the religious be unordained. For example:

Mr. James Richards, S. J.

If the card is for professional use, it is correct to add the initials of the organization to which Mr. Richards belongs, but on a card that is used socially, the initials "S. J." are usually omitted. The omission is, however, a matter of personal taste rather than of strict form.

The next letter is from one who signs himself "Old-fashioned Gentleman."

In accompanying a lady on a walk, is it ever correct for a gentleman to offer his arm or hand?

Oh, yes, but only when the footing is insecure, such as over a shaky gangway, or an improvised bridge or on a rough road, or a steep path or along the deck of a sailboat. But he should also remember that the modern Diana is usually far too secure on her rubber-soled tennis shoes to need the help of any one; so that in this day a gentleman's helping hand may be reserved for the high-heeled slipper wearers or for the middle-aged—especially for those whose weight outbalances a no-longer adequate foot-size.

My family is in mourning and I am having the smallest possible wedding. Will you kindly tell me under these circumstances to whom, and when, and how the wedding announcements should be sent out.

Wedding announcements are always sent to the complete visiting lists of both families, including also acquaintances living at a distance as well as those at home. Also they are always addressed and stamped beforehand and taken to the post-office immediately after the wedding. (The same day, or at latest the morning after.)

The next subject is "strictly business."

I have just graduated from college and I am about to take a position in a big manufacturing plant that belongs to the

closest friend of my father. Of course the road will be made easy in a way but I would like to "make good" myself, and not count on getting ahead because of the owner's friendship for my father. Ought I to try to be a "good mixer" or would it be wiser for me to take my advantages for granted, as it were, and be aloof?

Neither in act nor thought should you presume upon your "especial advantages." You take your rank according to your business position. If you are the son of a millionaire but your position is that of errand boy, you must cease to be your father's son during business hours. In no way must you think yourself better than the son of the unskilled laborer who is the other errand boy. Your "advantage" is that you will be given every chance to advance in proportion to your intelligence plus the persistence and interest that you show in your work. To put on airs is to give notice to your employers or department head or foreman that you haven't the "stuff in you" that your father's ability had led them to suppose you would have.

To settle a dispute, will you tell me if in writing to a married woman who is in business or has a profession, it is correct to address the envelope "Mrs. Julia James" instead of "Mrs. George James?" I am right, am I not, in addressing this letter to Mrs. Emily Post?

To answer truthfully nothing irritates me quite so much as to be addressed as Mrs. Emily Post excepting on a strictly business envelope. When I see "Mrs. Emily" on a note-paper envelope I feel exactly like a cat held under a water spout. Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Jane, are perfectly abominable to any one sensitive to what is fitting and proper. In my own case, intensely as I dislike it, there is every excuse for the many who so address me because they have no way of finding out what my "Mrs. name" is, or even whether I am "Mrs." or "Miss." But from any one who knows me personally however, "Mrs. Emily" is in the worst taste.

It is true that the convention of good form which established this prejudice was evolved in days when women did not go into business. If a modern woman therefore chooses to put "Mrs. Julia Blank" rather than "Mrs. John Blank" on her business card, it is undoubtedly sensible and convenient, and if she doesn't object to it herself, it is certainly the concern of no one else! But even so, personal and social letters should be addressed to "Mrs. John Blank" or just "Mrs. Blank," but never to "Mrs. Julia."

From Mrs. J. B.:

I am a graduate physician and practised medicine for ten years until I married and retired into private life. My husband is a business man without any title. A few days ago my little girl of ten, said, "Mother, why do some people call you Mrs. B— and some call you 'Doctor'?" Which is the right way?" I could not answer and am writing you to ask: How should my visiting cards and those of my husband be engraved? When, if ever, in private life is it proper for me to write M. D. after my name, or give my address as Dr. instead of Mrs.?

In private life you are Mrs. John Brown. Not Mrs. Julia Brown, nor Dr. Brown—unless you resume your practice. Even in that case you use your medical title professionally rather than socially. Your visiting cards should read: "Mrs. John Brown." (Husband's, "Mr. John Brown.")

Those who knew you when you were a practising physician and called you "Doctor" can continue to do so in much the way that old friends continue calling any one by an accustomed nickname. The only time when you would be likely to add M. D. to your signature would be on an occasion in some way connected with hospital or other medical work. In writing an appeal for a charity you are interested in, or a recommendation that would have added weight because of the specialized knowledge of a physician, you would sign your name Julia Forbes Brown, M. D.



"Look, Mother. I can polish too!"

IT is easy NOW to have beautiful waxed floors in every room. It makes no difference whether the floors are old or new—of soft or hard wood, linoleum, tile or composition. And it matters not how the floors were originally finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. Try the Johnson Wax Treatment on them.

By this new method all hard work is avoided—there are no messy rags or pails around—you are saved the bother and expense of frequent refinishing. It will take only a few minutes. You don't need to stoop or kneel. It won't soil or roughen your hands. And you will see your floors take on a new brightness and beauty. They will glow with a deep, velvety gloss that seems to rise from the depths of the wood.

All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor and let ELECTRICITY do all the work. The brush spinning 2100 times a minute burnishes the wax to a wonderful, even lustre.

JOHNSON'S WAX Electric Floor Polisher

This Electric Floor Polisher runs itself—you don't need to push it or bear down on it—just guide it with the finger-tips. It is much easier than running a vacuum cleaner! And it is ten times better and quicker than the old-fashioned hand methods. With it you can polish all your floors in the time it used to take to do a single room.

RENT IT FOR \$2.00 A DAY

From your neighborhood store or your painter you can rent this beauty-giving Electric Floor Polisher for \$2.00 a day. In one day you can make every floor a foundation of gleaming beauty on which your rugs and furniture will reveal new charm and value.

Telephone NOW and make an appointment to rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for a day. Or buy one outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. Ask your local merchant for a free demonstration. Or write us for further particulars.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE or LIQUID ~ CLEANS, POLISHES, PRESERVES ALL FLOORS

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.



Unless the Regulator has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

If a Good Cake Could Talk

IF a good cake could talk it would probably tell you that the principal reason why it is so good is because you happened to bake it at exactly the right temperature for exactly the right length of time.

Even a cake made of cheap ingredients and baked *correctly* is superior to a cake made of the best ingredients and baked *incorrectly*. You know that!

Then why not buy a gas range equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) and forevermore rid yourself of the problem of staying in the kitchen to make sure that the things you bake in the oven will be baked perfectly?

One turn of the Red Wheel and the Lorain will automatically maintain any desired oven temperature. And you can leave the hot kitchen during the entire cooking period. An entire dinner, soup to dessert, can be cooked perfectly in the Lorain Self-regulating Oven while you are miles away enjoying the sunny afternoon.

On your next trip down-town stop in at the gas company or at the store of some good dealer where Red Wheel Gas Ranges are sold and ask someone to demonstrate to you the marvels of this miracle method of cooking.

You will be pleased and surprised at what you learn and quite possibly will soon be one of the thousands upon thousands of happy women who already own Red Wheel Gas Ranges. And you will make no mistake if you buy one of the famous makes listed below.

The Lorain Regulator is unconditionally guaranteed. The stoves into which it is built can be procured in every desired model, size and finish. Beautiful stoves! Easy to keep clean! Economical to operate, and can generally be purchased on easy terms.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

These famous Gas Ranges are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

NEW PROCESS
CLARK JEWEL

QUICK MEAL
DANGLER

RELIABLE
DIRECT ACTION

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR



Do you want to know how to make this delicious Jam Cake, with the Jam mixed right into the batter? Then mail the coupon for a FREE copy of this unusual recipe. This folder also contains complete directions, including Time and Temperature, for making eight other wonderful cakes.

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking utensil.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of Lorain "Time and Temperature" Cake Recipes. Print name and address plainly.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

M.C.-10-26



A well-designed planting of evergreens masks with varied shades of green the foundations of the home of Mr. Charles J. Tully at New Rochelle, New York

IS YOUR HOUSE TIED TO THE GROUND?

BY DOROTHY GILES

NO matter how well designed architecturally a house is, it cannot escape that ugly line of demarcation between the base of the outside walls and the grass, or all that the masons, carpenters, plumbers and plasterers have left of the earth's native green. To "plant out" this sharp angle with masses of shrubbery, vines, dwarf evergreen trees, and perhaps a few flowering plants, becomes one of the first concerns of the new householder. Landscape architects call this "tying the house to the site," by which they mean, bringing the house into composition with the surrounding landscape, and making it settle into its appointed place with an air of contentment.

Narrow flower-beds against the foundation walls will not do this. For one thing, few flowering plants are at their best in such conditions, and these usually grow thin and spindly at the base. Moreover, the eye craves an effect of mass. If one is the fortunate possessor of a summer cottage, a shingled or wide clapboarded structure built in the sturdy style of our early colonists, try planting a group of three hollyhocks—two pinks and one yellow, of the single flowering sort would be my choice—at one corner of the house front. Continue the line along under the windows using groups of phlox, white and salmon pink; bee balm (*monarda didyma*); iris, Madame Chereau; and some of the bronze and gold pompon chrysanthemums for October enjoyment, with tufts of grass pinks, candy-tuft, and sweet William between all these along the edge.

But most houses that are lived in all-the-year-round are too formal for an arrangement that is as intimate as this, and shrubs, especially those that are dense at the base, are more adaptable than plants. Of the early flowering shrubs—deutzia, forsythia suspensa, Japanese quince (whose new name is *Chaenomeles japonica*); spirea Vanhouttei and the wigelias are the best.

—a shrub which had a tremendous, and to me unwarranted, vogue about ten years ago. The chief reason for my objection to the foliage—never very luxuriant—and apt to turn about the time the year. Too, it is slow to grow, and this makes it un-ideal where good foliage

For planting about the all-round-the-calendar house, low shrubs, especially those that are as interesting in winter as they are in summer—the cotoneasters (pronounced, if you please, co-tony-aster!); Japanese barberry, and *cornus sanguinea*, the two last named giving a touch of ruddy warmth to a winter landscape—may be combined with dwarf conifers and broad-leaved evergreens—laurels, azaleas, rhododendrons and hollies—in arrangements that are individual and effective at all seasons.

Let us consider a planting such as this about a low entrance-porch. Two pyramidal cedars may be placed—sentinel fashion, one on either side of the step, and beside each one—a Canadian hemlock (*Tsuga Canadensis*), a group of three red-fruited Japanese barberries, one plant of Japanese yew, whose trailing dark green boughs—contrasted with the hemlock branches—appear nearly black—would be a somber foil for a specimen carmine-flowered azalea *amoena*. If a dogwood tree or a fine, white lilac stood somewhere close at hand, one would have created an entrancing garden picture.

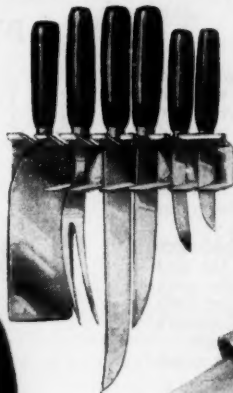
The azaleas are a large family. One branch is evergreen, the other, which includes

many native American varieties, deciduous, and their color ranges through all shades of lemon, flame, rose and crimson to deep claret red. For use among conifers the low-growing sorts are best, and their exotic blooms are at their finest seen below and against the fir boughs. All the broad-leaved evergreen prefer [Turn to page 66]

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



over
30,000
WOMEN

*Sent for this stainless
paring knife-You'll want
the complete set*

ONCE you have realized the superiority and convenience of Resistain Stainless Steel Cutlery you will be content with no other. This innovation in Table and Kitchen Cutlery is of the utmost importance to housewives everywhere as it eliminates the tedious task of scouring and polishing. Only soap and water are required to keep it clean and bright.

Over 30,000 housewives interested in Resistain Stainless Steel Cutlery sent 10 cents for a 25-cent sample paring knife. These women now will use no other. We have made it possible for all housewives to equip their kitchens with a complete domestic science set of knives, with Resistain Stainless Steel Blades. Should your dealer be unable to supply this set, we will send it direct if you will send us his name.

This Set, includes Kitchen Knife, Cake Turner, Cook's Fork, Slicer, Grape Fruit Knife and Lunch Slicer, all with Resistain Stainless Steel Blades and easy to hold, Oval, Rubberoid Handles and White Enamel Rack for placing them in the most convenient work spot—all for \$4.25. Write Dept. 251.

For every home need, there is a UNIVERSAL Household Help, only a few of which are shown in the border. Ask your neighbor or your dealer about their merits; they know and will be proud to tell you.

*UNIVERSAL Household Helps sold by all good dealers
Our Household Book No. 25 is of interest to every
housewife, sent free on request*

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, New Britain, Connecticut.
Makers of the Famous UNIVERSAL Household Helps
for nearly seventy-five years



THE RADIO FAIRY TELLS *the* STORY of the CABIN-BOY WHO BECAME *an* ADMIRAL

BY HELEN MORRIS

CAROLINE had been sneezing ever since Tuesday, so mother kept her home from school and wrapped her up warmly in a big chair and gave her plenty of orange juice and hot milk to make the mean old cold hurry out of her system. By Friday afternoon Caroline was pretty tired of the house and her crayons, and even Bill the terrier was a bore. Mother had put her on the couch in the library for a good nap, and Caroline drowsed off, happy in the knowledge that it was almost time for Tempa's visit.

She woke up suddenly with a feeling that she had slept too long and Tempa had gone away, but a look at the loud speaker reassured her. There sat Tempa in a fluffy pink dress that foamed around her as she swayed back and forth singing softly to herself. She smiled when she saw Caroline's eyes unclosing, and waved a tiny hand toward her gaily.

"Oh, goodness," said Caroline, in a tone of great relief, "I thought I'd slept too long and you had gone."

"I should say not," answered Tempa, "I always make an effort to stay longer than usual when a child is sick."

Caroline sat up in surprise. "How did you know I was sick, Tempa?"

Tempa laughed her tinkling laugh, that was as tiny and clear as the bell on baby brother's rattle. "We fairies know all those things. The birds tell us, and other fairies who are looking in through windows and see children in bed, or who see the doctor go into the house—oh, we fairies have dozens of ways of knowing. There's the cobweb telephone-line, for instance. And then all my radio fairy cousins send messages to me by radio. I knew the other day that you were sick, and I hurried up an extra good story for you."

Caroline clapped her hands. "Oh, goody." "Now you do yourself up in that shawl or you'll catch more cold, and then your mother will think I am a bad fairy."

So Caroline obediently wrapped the shawl about her and shut her eyes at Tempa's bidding.

"Last time I told you the story of Joan of France, the brave girl who died for her country, and today I am going to tell you a story of a little boy who was just as brave, just as willing to die for his. Here we go."

Before Caroline's eyes came a picture of a great tossing, tumbling sea, its waves white with foam. She could almost hear the noise they made. Far off in the distance she saw a big boat, a great iron ship riding the waves and coming nearer and nearer. It bristled with guns and filled Caroline with terror. As it came nearer she could see white figures on its deck.

The picture changed to a close view of the deck, with sailors crowding it, watching one of their number dancing a gay hornpipe. Suddenly they all stood up at attention while a man in a trim, blue uniform and gold lace with a cocked hat strode along the deck. This picture faded away, while Tempa whistled a tripping little sea tune to its going.

Now Caroline saw a dock, with a ship close beside it. Half-way up the plank was a boy with a little bundle tied in a gay cloth in his hand. He was waving at a group standing on the dock, a man, some little children, and a woman who was weeping bitterly even while she waved to him. And now, at last Tempa took up the story.

TWO hundred and fifty years ago, in a little English town, Lived Cloudesly Shovel, a half-grown lad, of little or no renown. His fathers had always been seamen, sailors brave and true, And in the veins of Cloudesly the lure of the sea ran too. He begged his mother to let him go out on the far blue sea, But she was timid and fearful, as sailors' wives well may be. Then a friend of the family found him a place on a man of war, And he went from his quiet cottage to the ocean's rush and roar. He loved the life of the ocean, the seamen sturdy and hale; Breathless he heard from their willing lips many a strange sea tale. Blithely he danced the hornpipe, gladly he worked and well, And wondrous tales in his letters home to his family he would tell. But life on an armored vessel had, too, a sterner side Than merely to keep decks shining, or learn of the winds and tide. He learned of the loading of cannon, he trained for a steady aim, For he was a destined worker in the bitter and hard war game."

CAROLINE saw a ship deck, the same iron vessel she had seen before, with a grim gray gun in the foreground, and men bared to the waist hurriedly loading it, drawing it back and letting it go, and then waiting for the



smoke to clear away before they loaded it again. Before the Admiral, brave in lace of gold and smart uniform, but with his face full of care, stood little Cloudesly, small for his fifteen years, his eyes eager, and begging, Caroline could see, for the granting of something he wanted very much.

THERE came a day in battle when the cannons screamed and roared, When, in spite of their able fighting it was clear to all on board

That things were going badly—there was need of the rest of the fleet,

And to get a message to them seemed an impossible feat.

'Alone, we are lost,' said the Admiral, 'but how dare I send out a boat—'

With their great guns trained upon it how long could it stay afloat?

And shot flying thickly about them would spell certain death to my men,

And those who set forth for such duty would never be heard of again.

And yet to escape this danger we must have help speedy and soon,

Or never will we and this vessel live till another noon.'

Young Cloudesly came breathlessly running, saluted the Admiral and said,

'I beg of you, sir, let me go, they'll not see my bobbing head. I can swim like a fish and I fear not one of the enemy's guns; I am small and they will not see me, they are looking for larger ones.'

I can swim to our fleet with a message and come back with help straightway—

I know I can do it, sir, if only you tell me I may.'

The Admiral looked at his cabin-boy, patted his arm and smiled,

But seeing that he was in earnest, he sobered and spoke to the child:

'If I surely thought you would get there, I should, my boy, let you go,

But to send you so straight to the jaws of death, to that I must answer no.'

'I am ready for danger,' said Cloudesly, 'as my father and grandsire were;

They answered the call of duty—so please let me follow them, sir.'

So he wrote a message on paper, rolled it in a tiny ball, While Cloudesly stood there waiting, not timid or fearful at all.

He put it in his mouth for safekeeping, and plunged out into the sea,

And the sailors watched his going, hopeful, but prayerfully. But the enemy never noticed that tiny spot afloat—

They were far too busy shooting to sink the Admiral's boat. Fast he swam from his vessel, quickly he gained his fleet,

Up the side of the flag-ship, and dripping regained his feet.'

BEFORE Caroline's excited eyes came a picture of Cloudesly swinging up a rope ladder to the side of the flag-ship, and of surprised sailors peering down at him. Dripping but smiling he stood before the commander of the fleet.

HE gave the commander the message, and quickly the order flew

To join the thick of the fighting, and save the ship and its crew.

Then he turned to the happy youngster and laid his hand on his head,

'You have saved your ship for England—here is England's thanks,' he said.

'Such as you it is who keep Britannia's rule on the wave. Now tell me what reward you ask for your honorable deed and brave.'

Young Cloudesly looked up at him and spoke through the cannon's roar,

'A whole long day, if it please you, with my family ashore.'

'I think,' the commander said gently, 'you have earned a holiday,

And when the fighting is over, to your home you shall go straightway.'

CAROLINE saw a little house all ivy and gray shingles, and in the distance the beautiful blue and white sea.

On the old gray stone flags that formed the doorstep sat Cloudesly, a little sister on his knee, a little brother sitting in front of him, looking adoringly at him, and on a bench his father and mother, looking at him proudly. For Cloudesly was no longer wearing the nondescript dress of a cabin-boy, but a regular sailor's uniform—wide trousers, a blue coat, and a natty cap, and he looked very happy and important. Tempa began to talk again, and her voice sounded glad too.

GLAD were his father and mother to see again their son,

And doubly glad to hear from him of his duty so well done.

His parents' eyes were glistening with happy tears half shed,

And the little brother sat listening long past his time for bed,

Vowing, when he was big, like Cloudesly, he'd be a sailor too.

And the little sister sat close to him, as little sisters do.

And next day back to his vessel, to do the best he could do,

Went Cloudesly Shovel, a sailor now, and a member of his crew.

And the years went swiftly speeding, and brought him rank and fame,

Until the title of Admiral was added to Cloudesly's name.

Bravely he fought England's battles, lived for his country alone,

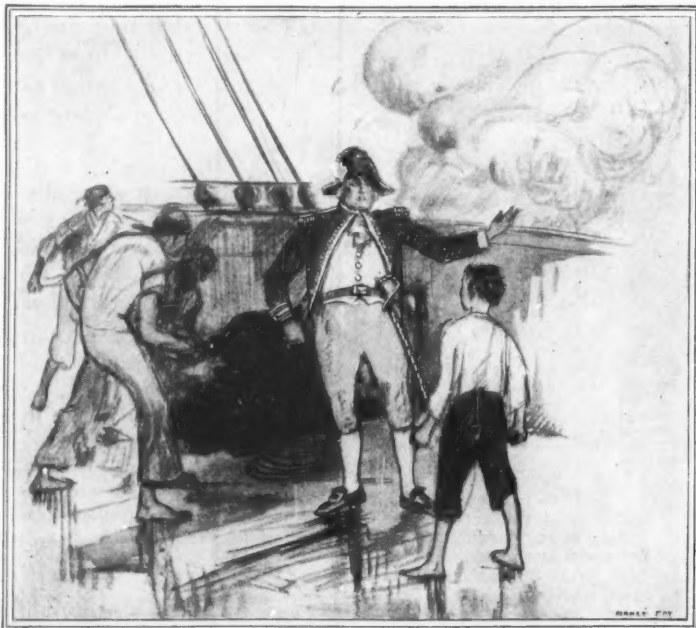
And proud was mighty England to call this son her own.

One day in a raging tempest the Admiral's ship was tossed,

And she sank in the raging billows and he and his crew were lost.

And little Cloudesly Shovel, who bravely had met life's test,

Sleeps in Westminster Abbey, with England's noblest and best."



Young Cloudesly came breathlessly running, and saluting the Admiral said, "I beg of you, sir, let me go"

TEMPA'S voice faded away, and Caroline opened her eyes slowly. When she got them fully opened, she looked at the loud speaker and it was empty of its little pink occupant. Out of the speaker floated: "Goodbye!"

The Woman Who Works Youth Miracles

On Society's Most Famous Faces



First Dorothy Gray won fame in counteracting the most prominent sign where age shows first on a woman's face—the drooping chin line. Then she discovered the other two telltale signs of departing youth. Thus her scientific treatments for youth prolongation have made her one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.

DOROTHY GRAY

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the application of a new method of scientifically restoring a youthful chin line, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35 reveal one or more of these conditions

THERE are three places—weak places—on a woman's face which unerringly reveal one's years. Correcting them makes a difference that is almost unbelievable.

A double chin is a glaring sign of departing youth. So are wrinkles around eyes and mouth. So are flabby or withered facial muscles.

By developing unique treatments and scientific preparations for erasing them, Dorothy Gray became beauty mentor to scores of the most important women, socially and financially, both in Europe and America. Scarcely an important name in the international social register but has yielded to her amazing ministrations.

67% of all women past 25, according to experts, show one or more of these three facial conditions. Almost 90% of women past 35 reveal them. Ordinary beauty methods have failed in correcting them. That is why the battle against age, regardless of precautions taken, has largely been a losing one.

Now by the perfection of new and radically different treatments and preparations, it's been proved, *virtually beyond question*, that those conditions are responsive to correction.

In proof of it experts now point out that those percentages *do not apply to the wealthier women except in a small degree*. It is shown that while almost 95% of the ultra-wealthy women of America look years *younger* than they are, the average woman past 25, in ordinary walks of life, looks from 5 to 10 years *older* than she is.

Why? It isn't worry, household cares, mother-

hood, but lack of scientific youth protection. Correct means have mostly been denied them.

What the Dorothy Gray Treatments Are

Their objective is strengthening certain facial muscles which, by weakening, result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. Thin and withered faces can be made plump—sallow skins can be made white—the actual color of youth can be restored—lines and crow's-feet around the eyes can be erased—double chins can be reduced . . . *absolutely*—drooping throat muscles can be overcome.

The Dorothy Gray methods banish them, results in most cases being almost beyond belief. Today, looking one's age is a folly; looking older than one's years, a crime against oneself.

Telltale signs of facial age can be erased.

Send Coupon for Personal Advice—FREE

Dorothy Gray preparations are now on sale at the toilet goods counters of the better depart-

ment stores and at quality drug stores, under very definite and easily followed instructions.

Note the coupon below. Check and fill it out carefully. Then mail it.

Exact and detailed instructions for individual treatment will be sent you without charge.

Each skin requires a certain treatment. That is why no general directions are given here. Once your condition is understood and the

method of correction suggested by Miss Gray, you can follow it at home as satisfactorily as in Miss Gray's own establishments in New York (753 Fifth Avenue) or at Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk), San Francisco (The White House) or Washington, D.C. (1009 Connecticut Avenue.)

3 Telltale Places Which Reveal a Woman's Age Correct them and You Take Years Away



A Double Chin



Wrinkles and Lines



Flabby Muscles and Crepey Throat

Dorothy Gray's preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

57

Please tell me how

- ☐ to treat a double chin.
- ☐ to erase wrinkles and lines.
- ☐ to treat flabby muscles and crepey throat.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



KITCHEN BOUQUET

*The Chef's
flavoring
for home
cooking*

**The Spirit of the Chef
—in Your Own Kitchen!**

Don't envy the skill that lends charm to the creations of expert chefs!

You, too, can serve soups, sauces, gravies and meat dishes rich in color—with a flavor that savors of master cooks!

Just a dash of Kitchen Bouquet—and presto! The family smacks its lips and cries "Wonderful! Who's your chef?"

The secret? KITCHEN BOUQUET!

**Here's the Recipe of a
Well-known French Chef**

CREOLE SAUCE

(Serve with omelet, poached eggs or steak.)

- 1 Tablespoon KITCHEN BOUQUET
- 3 Tablespoons green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 Clove garlic, chopped
- 1/2 Cup stewed tomatoes
- 1 Cup soup stock
- 1 1/2 Tablespoons onion, chopped
- 6 Olives, stoned and chopped
- 3 Tablespoons butter Salt and pepper

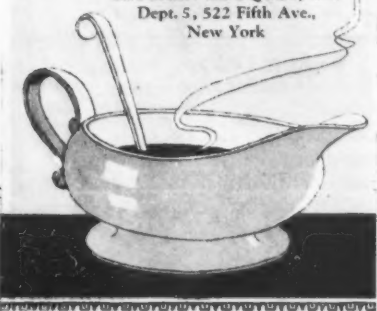
Melt butter, add garlic, onion and green pepper and cook until tender. Add tomato and cook 5 minutes longer; add soup stock, olives, Kitchen Bouquet and season to taste with salt and pepper.



KITCHEN BOUQUET is easy to use and affords a reliable and economical aid to perfection in cookery.

If your Grocer can't supply you, send 10c for generous trial size bottle. Recipe folder FREE.

KITCHEN BOUQUET, Inc.
Dept. 5, 522 Fifth Ave.,
New York



There is a restful charm in the plain walls and golden-brown coloring of this Wellesley College room



One of the prettiest rooms in Wellesley is Oriental in theory. The couch arrangement is excellent

BEAUTIFYING THE COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

Author of "The Next-to-Nothing House," "Collector's Luck," etc.

IF you can help it, don't get one of those Bagdad things for your couch. I'm dead sick of mine. Get that portiere thing you used to have on the big chair at home. It's more individual."

Heavens! How long ago it was I first read that paragraph in "Smith College Stories." More than a quarter of a century, I fear. Since then Gibson Girls have given way to Maxfield Parrish's landscapes; couches no longer bristle with Yale, Harvard and Princeton cushions, nor are the walls terrible as an army with banners. In fact, college girls' rooms have improved, just as all decorating taste in America has improved; the lessons in taste, learned subconsciously at home, have bettered the past most decidedly. But, nevertheless, the rooms are not good enough yet; there still is much to be desired. For on the quest for perfection which I have just undertaken, I saw scores of rooms, and only a few of them, a very few, reached the heights of my altruistic ambitions. Some were excellent, many were fair, and others, while they might not have driven me to drink, certainly would induce flunking out of college! Of course I was there for to see if not to admire; and where I could I praised, and where I couldn't I was silent—not too eloquently, I hope.

Fortunately, most of the Powers That Be—at least in women's colleges—have chosen for the walls plain colors in attractive tones ranging all the way from a light-ish brown to a full, rich cream, this last my favorite tint, I may add, for it immediately creates the sense of light and space, a very necessary thing indeed since sixteen by nine or fifteen by ten are average room dimensions. Usually the walls are smoothly painted; occasionally I have seen a rough plaster finish (quite pleasing in effect, too); sometimes burlap is employed with excellent results, and, very infrequently, a cartridge paper. In just one dormitory, however, did I notice a real

"Oh, cushions can always make anything look like anything else," said Wendy in "The Hounds of Spring"



inspiration; a decorative idea, moreover, based on the soundest principles. The walls on the north side had been painted a soft, warm buff, while the rooms that had a southern exposure were done in gray.

In the rooms I saw it was the curtains that troubled me most, I think. And for two reasons: they were, generally speaking, mere side-strips—a valance crammed between—that simply could not be pulled together, and, very often, an utterly wrong fabric was used. Now, curtains, first designed as protection against drafts and as a screen for the sun, lose their real meaning if turned into lines of color only, no matter how lovely they may be.

No, my dears, sew rings to your curtain-tops that they will more easily slip over the rods, and put your valances outside, and you'll live to thank me!

But, oh, the fabrics! Frankly and at once I will admit that I am of the school which, with plain walls, prefers figured hangings at the windows. Even with a

lustrous sunfast you automatically lose the interest that you ought to have, and as for frilly organdies in mauves and blues and pinks—I! I recall just one instance where this material was effectively used. A soft apple-green it was, not at all anaemic, and the same pretty color note repeated itself in a stenciled chest, in the painted knobs of a black bureau, and in the slip-covers of the chairs. Besides, it curtained just one window in a very small compass; in a larger space it would have lost its charm, but, as it was, the room had personality and a delicate strength all its own, while in the other be-ruffled and muslined apartments I immediately felt that girls in sports-suits would be a disharmony. The same thing applies to lacy cushions, sprinkled thick with rosebuds, and to white furniture which you should avoid as the plague. Always remember that, while you are trying for the combined effects and purposes of a bedroom and study, you do not want a boudoir.

Now what I should do if I were you, is to find out, just as soon as you can, what your room will be like, and how it faces. Then, if it is northerly in aspect, you can plan to stress the warm colors of rose-red and orange and yellow, and if it gives on the south, take advantage of the cool charm of blues and greens.

When I think of the pretty patterns you might have: cretonnes, printed linens, the whole family of chintzes: dull-finished, semi-glazed and glazed; sunfasts, striped and checked ("toile Normand" I believe they call it) striped voiles and cotton crepes, and gay little English percales in quaint designs, I am rather appalled that so many girls choose to dull their plain walls with an equally plain fabric.

Variety also is yours when it comes to the glass curtains; dotted marquisette, ruffled at the edges and in the natural color, is very pretty and amazingly cheap; you can buy these curtains ready-made. But I am rather fonder [Turn to page 101]



A Smith College room with golden-maple, antique furniture against buff walls



Ecru, orange and blue are used—with plenty of black—in this Radcliffe room



This Wellesley room shows charming curtains, couch-cover, and pictures against burlap walls

Face the facts, Mothers, for your children's sake

This Simple Addition to Diet Improves Food and Protects Health



Every year thousands of boys, and girls* especially, seem in the best of health; then something happens.

That something is too often simple goiter—a swelling of the thyroid gland which impairs both mental and physical processes.

Its cause is a lack of iodine in everyday foods—proved beyond question.

And its prevention is one of the easiest matters. You simply use Morton's Iodized Salt daily on the table and in cooking to make up for the lack of iodine in other foods.

It is our finest table salt to which has been restored Nature's trace of iodine that is in all salt before refining takes it out. It tastes the same as the regular Morton's Salt and — "When it rains, it pours."

Morton's Iodized Salt was prepared at the request of food and health authorities combating goiter all over the United States.

Get it at your grocer's today. Also clip the coupon below. We will send you free a book no woman can afford to miss.

**One authority conservatively estimates that 40% of the adolescent girls in the northern half of the United States have goiter.*

FREE!

Morton Salt Company,
Dept. 74, Chicago, Ill.

Please send copy of "How Iodized Salt Prevents Goiter."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MORTON'S SALT

WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS



Plain or iodized



"Golden slices, broiled on pork chops"



Mrs. Wm. J. Oakes
of Nashville, Tenn. suggests

THIS DELIGHTFUL "MAIN-COURSE" DISH

And it's just as simple as it is delicious: Pork Chops, either grilled or pan broiled—with a slice of luscious Hawaiian Pineapple on top of each chop!

That's just one of the new "Main-Course" dishes for which canned Hawaiian Pineapple is becoming so popular. Our new book contains many others—as well as suggestions for serving Hawaii's "King of Fruits" in pies, cakes, candies, puddings, salads, ices, fruit cocktails and dozens of other ways.

Here's a suggestion: It's generally cheaper to buy Hawaiian Pineapple by the dozen cans—6 Sliced and 6 Crushed. Both forms, of course, are identical in quality and flavor—the same full-ripened fruit—simply packed two ways for your convenience. Keep a supply of both on hand!



Don't Overlook
Pineapple Ice Cream
and Ices!

Always refreshing!
Order at the soda fountain or restaurant—or have your dealer send a brick or carton home.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced

Crushed

For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 32, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,
431 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California
Please send me, free of charge, your new book,
"Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve It."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE BEST STORY I CAN TELL ABOUT RADIO

RESULTS OF THE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE \$150

FERN McCARTY, Kansas

THIS is the best story I know about radio. It is a true story; it happened in Bern, Kansas, this year. It is a great story.

Not longer ago than 1924, out in a cross-roads village on the wind-swept prairies of Kansas, there lived an aged pastor. His hair was white and his frame was bent; but his soul was flaming, for he ministered to people he loved. His it had always been to work in the little bare country churches where money and facilities were so meager. He had seen glorious city churches. When he looked at the cheap building with its pine benches, he wished that he might in some magic way give his people a quiet, rich sanctuary. When the volunteer choir failed to appear some Sundays, he thought of how some deep-voiced chant from a chorus would reach the heart. He longed for the resonant appealing notes of an organ to help him take the souls of his flock to the very throne of God. But these dreams he kept to himself as he went about his loving ministrations.

Most of all, he loved the eager-eyed young people in his church. And they loved him and demanded that he be one of them in their gayety. So it came about that in November of 1924, he was with them one night at a banquet in the high school. He rose with gentle dignity to deliver a toast to his youthful hosts. Suddenly, the Death Angel came to him!

There was no longer any preacher in the little church. Some of the older debt-harassed members of the congregation discouraged the hiring of another and the church was closed. For a year, the bell did not toll on the Sunday.

But—the young people who had loved Dr. Lowe did not forget. They set about to find a fitting memorial. For a year the Christian Endeavor toiled to earn the money for their expression of affection. Finally, it came—beautiful, radiant, magic—all that the old man had once dreamed of for his people. The radio is to stand in that church as a memorial to Dr. Lowe for all time.

Once more the bell tolls; once more men and women of simple, homely lives put aside the commonplace and go to the little church on a Sunday morning. And there they find rest and sustenance, although no minister [Turn to page 109]

We publish below the three prize-winning letters in McCall's contest offering \$500 in prizes for letters giving the "Best Stories I Can Tell About Radio." This contest was announced, as our readers will remember, in our issue of March 1926. It was difficult to make a selection of the most deserving from among the thousands received in response to our invitation. But here we present our readers with the result of our best efforts at careful judging. We were interested to note that a considerable number of those who sent in tributes to the great invention were persons who had lost their sight. No wonder that such find it a godsend. Practically all the stories praised the radio ungrudgingly. Just a very few, however, noted some disadvantage connected with the introduction into their homes of this most absorbing guest. Of these there lingers in our memory one especially, in which a poor lady complains that now her husband's spare time is completely dedicated to the new inmate and there is no place any more in the living room for her or the cat.



THIRD PRIZE \$50

GLADYS B. SMITH, Rhode Island

WHAT does radio mean to a blind person? It is the bringing of the sunshine into the darkness, the world into my life. It is the best substitute for eyes there is, I think. I have received strength, encouragement, ambition, and new desires. It has broadened my knowledge of things going on in the world around me. I have heard music of all kinds, great singers, speakers, and sports.

Times when I am weary of the burdens that life has called upon me to bear, the world seems full of sadness. Then I listen to some beautiful music. It brings peace and comfort to the troubled mind, quiet to the strained nerves, strength to the soul, and rest to the body.

Then there are beautiful trips I take. It is as if my spirit was lifted into the ship of imagination, and on the wings of music, with the announcer for my pilot, I sail about the country, and to other lands, returning, after a delightful trip, ready and willing, to take up my work. Feeling sure, that life is not all darkness. Life is like unto the days and nights, we must have them both. Life is only dark in spots, and we must have the dark spots, to help us enjoy the sunshine, all the more. And a world [Turn to page 109]

SECOND PRIZE \$100

W. H. COSKILL, Manitoba

WE breed no quitters in my family, so when the doctors told me that, as a result of five severe wounds received during a four years holiday in the trenches of France, I was to lie in bed long enough to give the body-grabbers time to decorate a six-foot box for me, I went to the Bishop and asked for work. I got it. For two years I worked as a minister in a very difficult country parish. It had the reputation of breaking men's hearts, so as I was soon to die, the breaking of mine did not matter. For some unknown reason, the people supported me wholeheartedly. I had so much travelling about to do that my health started to break down rapidly. The local doctor told me I would collapse suddenly. But having determined upon making the church established once and for all, I carried on, although there were times when I had rather wept than preached, so ill and tired was I. Time after time I longed for music: it meant so very much to me. My choirs were enthusiastic, unfortunately, but hopelessly unmusical: I was always relieved when their efforts subsided. Other music was denied me in a pioneer district.

On Sunday after- [Turn to page 109]

Five Dollar Prizes

- MRS. S. M. WILSON
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
- MRS. FLORENCE J. CUTTING
BROOKLINE, MASS.
- MRS. NELL GANNON
MCCORMICK, SOUTH CAROLINA
- MR. GUY CRAIG
CLEVELAND, OHIO
- MRS. WYLIE CROW
DALLAS, WEST PA.
- MRS. MARY E. WAGNER
ZANESVILLE, O.
- MISS EMMA L. COOK
OXFORD, MARYLAND
- MR. FRANK CORSIG
NEW YORK CITY
- MISS LELA W. BARRETT
RUSK, TEXAS
- MRS. DUNCAN CASSIDY
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
- MISS NELLIEL CLAYBAUGH
FRANKFORT, INDIANA
- MRS. ELIZABETH LUTTON
COZAD, NEBRASKA
- MISS MARY J. MILLSOP
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
- MRS. ADA P. STEWART
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
- MRS. FRED N. DUNHAM
WESSINGTON SPRINGS, N. D.
- MISS EVA SMITH
GOLDWAITE, TEXAS
- MRS. LAURA HOPPER
MILLEDGEVILLE, ILL.
- MRS. D. A. SMITH
BOLIVAR, NEW YORK
- MISS ANNA H. MCCOY
MUSCATINE, IOWA
- MISS GAIL LOWER
SAVANNAH, ILLINOIS

Ten Dollar Prizes

- MR. E. B. TAYLOR
WORLD, WYOMING
- MRS. L. A. DESSEZ
PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI
- MISS LOUISE ABBOTT
BATH, MAINE
- MISS MARIE SHAFFER
AKRON, OHIO
- MISS ORA L. STEWART
WATHENA, KANSAS
- MRS. NELLIE K. EMERY
STOCKTON, N. J.
- MISS MARJORIE SHEPPARD
LIVERPOOL, N. B. CANADA
- MISS FANNY A. KIMBALL
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
- MISS L. CHITTENDEN
CHICAGO, ILL.
- MRS. M. A. MUMMA
DAYTON, OHIO

FREE—for Coupon—Generous Supply

Now—A Make-up That "Holds" 9 Full Hours

One application in the morning frees an oily skin of shine ALL DAY LONG. Frees a dry skin of harshness the whole day

*The new and remarkable creation of one of the world's
outstanding beauty laboratories*



9 A. M. You apply it; just a single exquisite touch



6 P. M. Your skin still fresh as the morning



NOW a way has been found that instantly normalizes an oily skin to shineless tone, a dry skin to flakeless texture—and keeps it that way 9 full hours or more! A way that completely changes the make-up situation.

You apply it in the morning—just a touch and a few quick strokes.

At noon you are still charming. At three your skin remains intriguingly free of shine or flake. It's still as lovely as the morning at the end of the day!

If powder or rouge tends to streak on your face—this remarkable foundation will end it. Powder over it as many times as you will—rouge ten times in a day if you wish—neither will streak your skin nor cake on it.

Developed by the Elcaya Company—for 25 years internationally honored as one of the outstanding beauty laboratories of the world!

May we give you a generous tube to try? Just detach, please, and use the coupon.

What It Is—How It Acts

We call it Crème Elcaya. Perfected some years ago, we waited for countless tests to prove themselves before offering it to you.

Now scores of thousands have tested it. Results have proved a revelation. It largely ends the make-up problem of the woman who has little spare time during busy days to apply a cream or make-up.

*More Than a Base—a
Scientific Skin Normalizer
No Pore Clogging*

With simple home treatments it acts to normalize an oily skin to shineless texture; to normalize a too dry or flaky skin to all day

smoothness. Thus it goes to the basis of correct complexion care.

It does not cake. Hence ends danger of pore clogging.

Apply rouge, powder over it at will. There will be neither streak nor smudge. One application lasts the day.

Walk, shop, dance, exercise—it will keep your skin of exquisite texture throughout the whole day. Consider what this means. It is different in ingredient and action from any other foundation known.

Use Coupon

Let us give you a generous supply to try, also our booklet of simple home treatments to unique skin beauty.

One day's use will prove its points to you. You, like thousands of others, will thank us for what this new creation brings.

Detach the coupon. Do it now before you forget. If you live in Canada, address Elcaya Co., Ltd., 85 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Canada.

Crème Elcaya

23-M
FREE Mail this for generous supply to
ELCAYA CO., 114 West 17 Street, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



"Rich Thick Ketchup"

Rich, because made from Heinz-grown, perfect tomatoes and cooked with granulated sugar and spices bought by Heinz buyers where they grow.

Thick, because all surplus water is cooked out, leaving the full tomato essence, abounding in food value as well as flavor. That's Heinz Tomato Ketchup.

57

Ask grocer for new prices

HEINZ

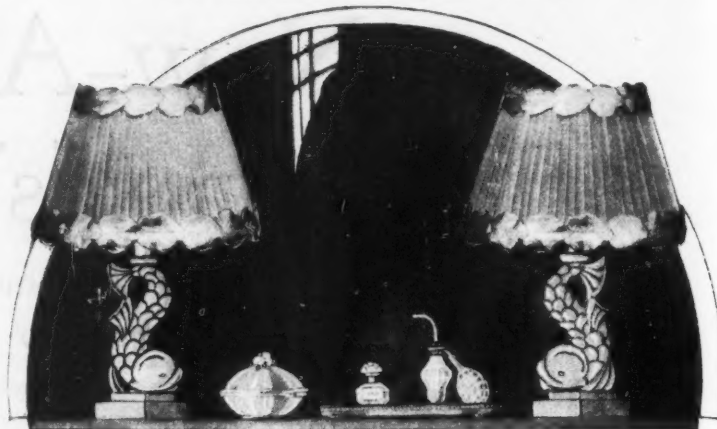
TOMATO KETCHUP

The taste is the test

SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS FOR SALAD-MAKING RECIPE BOOK, TO H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

FIVE WAYS TO MAKE YOUR LAMP-SHADES

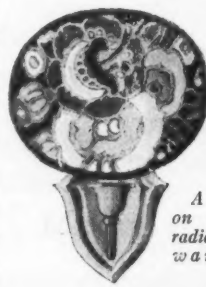
BY ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



Twin Boudoir Lamps are considered the proper lighting fixtures for the dressing table.

No room can be well furnished without a careful consideration of its lighting fixtures. Daintiness and harmony of colors are embodied in these boudoir shades made of pale blue georgette arranged in narrow pleats over a lining of orchid-colored china silk, then bound with overlapping rose leaves that have been painted in silver.

It is hard to believe that from ordinary wrapping paper can be created such an attractive light shield as the oval shown below. It is painted with textile dyes in brilliant colors on a black background, using Design No. 1463.



A colorful spot on your walls radiating light and warmth. Read above.



The revival of the old art of spatter work produces a charming effect. See below.

Against cream-colored paper, spattered in sepia ink, are pressed some ferns and "Queen Anne's Lace" or "Wild Carrots." The color produced is lovely and unusually effective for a lamp-shade of larger size. The process is extremely simple.



An original hall lantern is made from dyed crinkled wrapping paper and embroidery hoops.

Not alone a hall lantern, but a pleated shade for the living-room can be made from dyed wrapping paper waxed over. A pleasing light shines through this orange-colored shade that is very inexpensive to make. Detail of paper shown above.

A new but simple process is used in making the dainty boudoir lamp-shade shown below. Over a linen foundation, crêpe paper, sealing wax and crystalline beads are applied. It is fascinating to do.



NOTE: To make the lamp-shades shown above, send for Lamp-shade Directions to the Needlework Department, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th Street, New York City. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope with your request.

Only with Sun-Maid raisins

*can you work
this magic
on menus*



Take the time and ingredients for the simplest loaf cake; add a cup of Sun-Maid raisins; bake. You'll have a cake to be proud of!

Stir into a plain rice pudding a cup of Sun-Maids—and the family thanks you for a treat!

Mix these raisins into a common salad. You give it novelty and zest. And volume—you find an extra portion or two in the bowl!

True, it seems like magic; and it is too much to expect from ordinary raisins. But not from Sun-Maids, the Sun-Maids of today.

So much like fresh grapes

Open a carton of Sun-Maid raisins. A startling fragrance greets you—the odor of fresh pressed grapes. No one but Sun-Maid has

ever captured that, held it for you to add to a cake.

And the plumpness of Sun-Maids is equally unique. Their tender skins bulge with the meat of perfect fruit.

Before you taste them you know what to expect. But how thrilling to find it in raisins!—the flavor of grapes full ripened on the vine, grapes in which the sun has stored the last rich drop of nectar.

From exclusive Sun-Maid methods

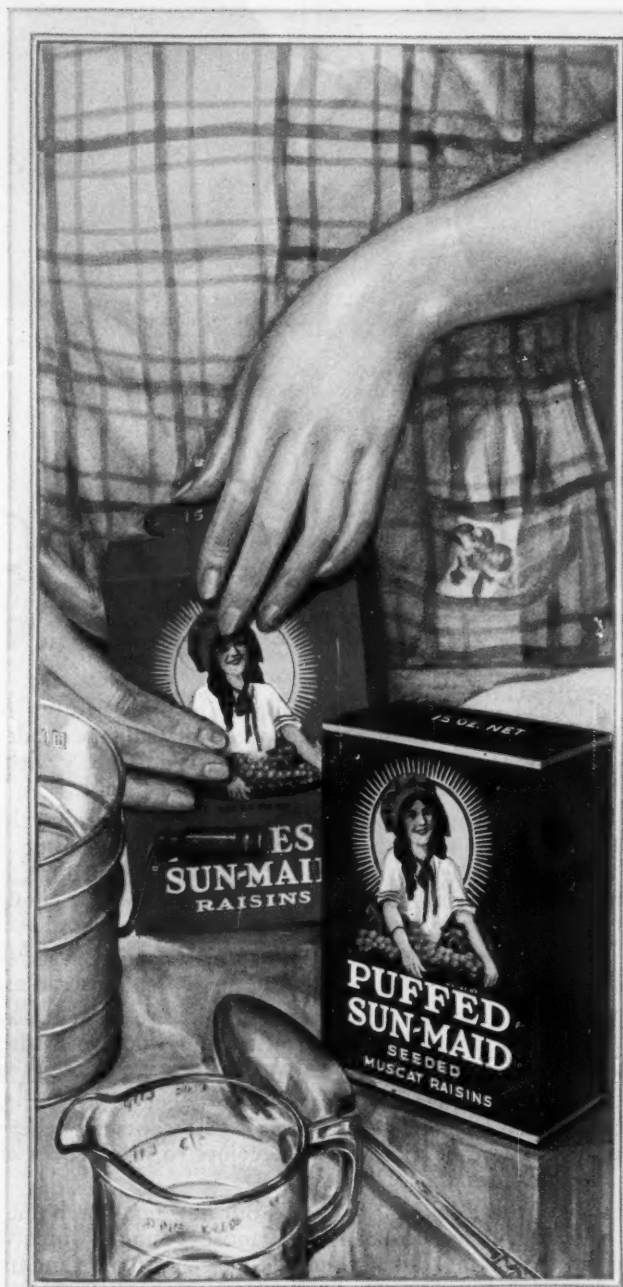
Only in Sun-Maid raisins can you get these qualities. They come from exclusive Sun-Maid methods of growing raisin grapes, of perfecting and packing raisins.

So, when you buy raisins, say "Sun-Maid raisins." See that the box has the Sun-Maid girl on it.

Two kinds give greater variety

There are two kinds of Sun-Maid raisins—Seedless in the red cartons, Puffed (Seeded) in the blue cartons—seeded raisins that aren't sticky!

Use both types—to add new interest to your foods—to work on your menus the magic of "new dishes for old."



SUCH AN EASY THING TO DO—YET "NEW DISHES FOR OLD"



The saccharometer tells how rich in flavoring sweetness the grapes are. Sun-Maid's requirement is much higher than the common standard—one reason why Sun-Maid raisins add richer flavor to your cooking



SUN-MAID

SEEDLESS RAISINS in the red carton

PUFFED (SEEDED) in the blue carton



HOME DECORATING *made easy!*

GONE—the last excuse for drab, uninteresting rooms! Valspar Brushing Lacquer puts every tint and shade of the rainbow at your service. Moreover—it does away with those tedious hours of waiting for the new finish to dry!

Suppose you decide in the middle of the morning that the kitchen table would be much prettier in Holland Blue. Brush on the Valspar Lacquer and if you do the top first, by the time you've finished the legs, the top will be dry enough for use in preparing lunch!

"That's magic!" you'll say. And Valspar Brushing Lacquer is magic. It dries hard and ready for use in *minutes* instead of days!

You'll enjoy using Valspar Brushing Lacquer—it's so easy! It's a joy to see the lovely colors transform old furniture and woodwork into new beauty. And its amazing durability withstands severest outdoor exposure.

Valspar Brushing Lacquer is obtainable in any color. First there are the 15 colors, carried by your dealer; then if you want any other color, you can easily mix two or more of these colors to produce an endless variety of lovely shades and pastel tints.

A wide range of these colors is shown in our new book on home decoration and painting, "How to keep your House Young," which will be sent to you for the asking. This valuable book gives the fundamental principles of interior decoration and the proper use of color.

Mixing
Holland Blue
and Jonquil Yellow
to produce a beautiful
shade of Light Green.

The Valspar Lacquer Colors are: Cardinal Red, Nile Green, Jonquil Yellow, Persian Lilac, Palm Green, French Gray, Java Brown, Italian Blue, India Ivory, Holland Blue, Oriental Green, Coral Sand, Black, White, Argentine Orange, Peacock Blue, Chinese Red.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALSPAR BRUSHING LACQUER

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of colors specified below. (Only three samples of Valspar Brushing Lacquer supplied per person at this special price.)

Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name

Address

Your Name

Address

City

Send me these
Valspar Lacquer Colors

1.
2.
3.

Send Free Book

McCall's—10-26

THE FASCINATION OF MARKETING

[Continued from page 50]

lovers of fish back time and again to watch the flat scows come in along the shores of the Mediterranean, their nets bulging with sardines or anchovy. The men and women spread them on trays on the sand to dry, meanwhile caring for the huge nets. The arrival of the fishing boats is awaited eagerly by the poorer population of many an Italian sea-port, who hope to glean any stray fish which escape the nets.

It is not only fish that is dried by the hot sun and warm air of the Mediterranean. One wide beach after another between Sorrento and Amalfi is used to hold the racks or trays for drying macaroni, and other forms of paste made from the hard durum wheat found in Russia and near our own Rocky Mountains. Spaghetti has a greater fascination after one has seen the care and labor used in making it and the thorough enjoyment of the Italian eating it.

The fruit and vegetable women of Naples are a familiar sight, as they walk into the city from near-by farms carrying on their heads from one to five dollars worth of produce. They are not allowed to peddle from house to house, but they are always to be found in about the same location and they have regular customers who depend on them for their daily supply of fresh vegetables and fruit.

How tempting their cherries look, woven in long strands, or their strawberries protected by moist green leaves. What a delightful new taste there is to their oranges and lemons ripened on the trees in the warm Italian sunshine. It is a treat to drive along the curving road on the blue waterfront near Amalfi, where groves of orange, lemon and grapefruit trees grow in profusion, with here and there a vineyard or a clump of fig and olive trees.

As we walk among the clean little market stalls of Batavia in Java or pass the basket carriers, we find a tempting array of tropical fruits—the red rambutan, yellow and green ripe bananas, pineapple, juicy oranges and purple mangosteen. It is a long trip from Java to our pantry shelf, but that is where much of our curry, coffee, rice and sugar come from.

Riding past the coffee plantations covered with trees of dark green foliage and red berries, we store in our memories new colors for the little brown bean to which we are accustomed. The fields of sugarcane of Java, the Philippines, Hawaii and the West Indies and the beet fields of Central Europe bring new conceptions of the white sugar crystals which we use every day.

In China, in place of the tropical fruits we find the lichee nut, lily bulbs and bean sprouts. As we pass through the narrow streets of that typically Chinese city, Canton, jostled by half-naked Chinese, we hear the "hoi! hoi!" warning cry of the swift approach of a wheelbarrow or sedan chair around the corner. Inside one of the tiny shops the merchant sits cross-legged on his counter waiting for us to buy rice, barley or millet from big open bags. On the next street we find dried peas, soy bean, shelled peas, onions, peanuts, green sprouts; on another street the fish markets, for each commodity has its allotted place, making a huge market city of tiny stalls. We can buy a live fish from a tank or, if we want less than a whole one, the obliging dealer cuts off the part we desire and throws back the rest. Then we discover the stalls of delicious varieties of celery and lettuce and the tiny mandarin oranges, Chinese sweet potatoes, eggplant and sesame cakes of rice and honey.

In Japan we can buy tea, ginger, immense radishes, oranges, plums, lettuce, cabbage and a great variety of fish—all in one store as here at home. Japan's best



fish is the "tai" though many of us perhaps have heard only of the Japanese crabmeat which we buy in cans. To be truly Japanese we should eat much of the food raw, as the cooking facilities are limited. Here we find rice the chief staple and we see the patient, painstaking method

of growing it in the Orient. In Japan, China, India and Ceylon, in the little rice paddies on lowlands and terraced hillsides, we watch the men, women and children standing in water, stooping over to transplant and care for the tiny new plants. Rice paddies cover much of the land of these islands, but the other contestants for space are the tea plantations. These may be found not only in Japan but in China, Ceylon, India, Formosa, Burma, Brazil and Australia.

The tea you may consider best is a matter of personal taste, but the kind and quality really depend on which leaves are used and how they are cured and perhaps whether they are picked in the hot sunshine of Ceylon by delicate little Tamil girls or among the snow-clad mountains of Darjeeling by the stolid Mongolian women.

In traveling around the world, it is fascinating to find new uses for familiar foods. The pineapple drinks and ices of Hawaii reveal to us what our pineapple might taste like if it were not too perishable to transport except in cans, or green from the nearer fields of the West Indies. There is always a raid on a Hawaiian fruit store when travelers go to Honolulu. That juicy melon, the papaya, is found there and delicious well-ripened bananas.

Does a box of desiccated cocoanut on the grocery shelf remind you, as it should, of the tall graceful palm tree which bore it, or of the fresh fruit cut off or shaken down by a native boy of the tropics? When you buy a box of imported raisins do you think of those vines near Malaga covered with white grapes, with stems cut or twisted to stop the flow of the sap while the fruit dries?

Not all of our hitherto "foreign" food-stuffs which we used to import now come to us from over the sea. Some, we have been able to raise in sufficient quantity to export, like rice, which we send even to Japan, although we still import foreign rice of high quality.

Other foods formerly entirely imported are now grown here in limited quantities. With others we are still experimenting. In some instances we think we have improved the product. Our olives are larger than many from Spain, Italy or Greece, although most of the olive oil still comes from those countries. The so-called "English" walnut is grown almost entirely in California, as are our finest raisins. We grow some of our own persimmons, figs and dates, but more are imported from far countries; the persimmons from Japan, the figs from Turkey, Smyrna, Greece, Italy, Egypt and Spain, the dates from Africa, Persia, Spain, Turkey and Sicily.

When we balance up our accounts after a long trip to the markets of the world we realize how much it costs to bring food to our homes from all quarters of the globe. Most of us have to be content to derive such pleasure as we can from consuming the foods which have been brought to us at such great cost. Very few of us can have many opportunities to enjoy the flavors of all foods at their best when they are first picked on their "native heath." Next to the fascination of marketing around the world is the pleasure of marketing at home with a more cosmopolitan viewpoint regarding the various everyday things we eat.

Oh, you only need to look beyond the label to realize the endless fascination of marketing even at home in your own city!



The experts are:

LUCY G. ALLEN
Boston
BELLE DE GRAF
San Francisco
MARGARET A. HALL
Battle Creek
ROSA MICHAELIS
New Orleans
SARAH T. RORER
Philadelphia
KATE B. VAUGHN
Los Angeles

Recommended!

Perfection Stoves win

endorsement of 6 famous cooks

FROM New England to New Orleans, Golden Gate to Philadelphia, comes praise for the Perfection!

Six famous cooks in their own kitchens baked, roasted, broiled, fried, and stewed 197 different dishes on the Perfection Stove. They subjected the stove to cooking tests far more severe than the average housewife would in a score of years.

Meets Every Test!

Every dish was deliciously cooked. And each of the six famous cooks was satisfied with the results achieved on the Perfection! They recommend it for every cooking task.

They are praising the Perfection for its good cooking performance, its cleanliness (no sooty kettles), its dependability, convenience and safety.

They find the Perfection fulfills every cooking requirement. What does their approval mean to you?

It means that when you buy a Perfection you can be sure of cooking satisfaction. You have the word of six cooking experts, backed by their rigorous tests. (As well as the word of 4,500,000 women who cook with satisfaction every day on their Perfections.)

See the Stoves

Be sure to see the 1926 Perfections. At any dealer's. Sizes from a one-burner model at \$7.25 to a five-burner range at \$130.

Cook on the stove which won the whole-hearted endorsement of six famous cooks!

PERFECTION STOVE CO.
7528 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd.,
Sarnia, Ont.

PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



WARNING: Use only genuine Perfection with, marked with red triangle. Others will cause trouble.

SEND the coupon today for our new booklet, "Favorite Menus and Recipes of 6 Famous Cooks."

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY [359]
7528 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen:
Please send me your new booklet, "Favorite Menus and Recipes of 6 Famous Cooks."
Name _____
Address _____
I have a _____ Stove

NATURE, Inc.

BY
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE



AT this time of year the out of doors bears its bravest challenge. The languorous heat of summer is past and autumn's bitter winds have not yet driven us completely indoors to the lazy comfort of our hearth fires. There is a tang in the air that whips the color into our cheeks, and plenty of good medicine still on Nature's shelves to cure the sluggish ills of Beauty. And yet most of us, with the tale of a mid-summer holiday behind us, are ready to close the book of outdoors till another year. Perhaps we belong to that unhappy army of vanquished vacationists who trail home with the scars of battle



MISS BARBARA ELLEN JOY
Director of Outdoor Activities,
Camp Fire Girls of America, and
two lively camp groups in action



on their persons: painful patches of sunburn, itching insect bites and perhaps even a case of poison ivy. These are the unfortunate mortals who are anxious to lay a claim for damages at Nature's door. And how often they themselves are responsible! In the words of Miss Barbara Ellen Joy, Director of Outdoor Activities of the Camp Fire Girls, "They are the girls who have not yet discovered that Nature, rightly sought, is the greatest beauty doctor." They play hard for a few weeks, disregarding Nature's laws and the advice of those who know the secrets of wood and water craft. Instead of a joyous adventure with the beneficent forces of earth and sky their holiday becomes a pitched battle with the elements.

During the winter months, from the New York headquarters of the Camp Fire Girls, Miss Joy organizes outdoor activity for clubs all over the country. When summer comes she leaves the offices, with their batik-hung walls and cheery red-tiled floors, and visits girls' camps, large and small, in the mountains, by the shores of lakes and rivers, or beside the sea. She has watched thousands of girls work and play in the open; she has seen Miss America in a background of natural beauty of mountain, lake and woodland. And she believes that from this happy band of six hundred thousand girls who have sat at Nature's feet and learned her secrets of beauty and health will come some of the truly beautiful women of tomorrow.

The Camp Fire motto, *Seek Beauty*, means first of all the beauty of the spirit. "But this inward beauty," says Miss Joy, "when it is cultivated by wood and stream, when it is strengthened by the tasks and discussion around a crackling fire, has a way of showing in the face. The girl who knows her out of doors gains firm, healthy contours in face and figure; her skin is smooth, evenly tanned; her cheeks and lips glow with color and her eyes and hair are bright with life. The trouble with most of us is that we have never really learned to find the true benefits of outdoor life. The ideal course would be to keep close to Nature all the year round, even when she seems to pile up obstacles to the enjoyment of her pleasures. But we can make even two short weeks of outdoor life in a year serve for health and happiness if we know how.

"First of all, Nature sets her health standard. Her diet habits exclude rich sweets, the constant nibbling of candy and irregular eating. She offers instead plenty of fruits and vegetables and many glasses of water. Her next law concerns activity. This does not mean too strenuous exercise, or taking foolish risks on land or water. Deep breathing and walking require no special skill; we can all meet this test. And most girls nowadays swim, though the requirements of the Camp Fire Girls' 'Flying Fish Test,' with life-saving

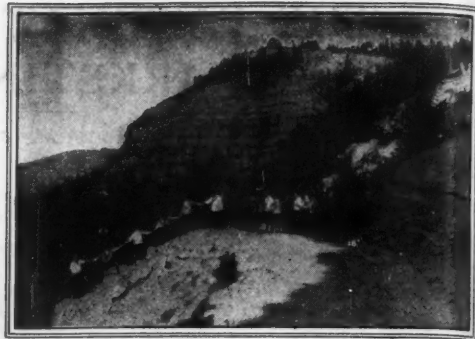
practice and the ability to handle a boat in fair or windy weather might prove too stiff for the average girl. In diet first, and then in exercise, Nature provides a remedy for too-wide hips, for heavy ankles and flabby muscles. But this does not by any means exhaust her powers. Through games and competitive sports girls lose their self-consciousness. The assurance that comes from making our bodies do as they are told brings with it ease and grace. And there is nothing that so injures a girl's looks as bad posture."

Here is the Camp Fire Girls' posture test, taken from their handbook:

"Take off enough clothes so that the outline of the body can be easily seen, and stand sideways in front of a long mirror."

"Now grow tall; feel yourself pulling up through the ankles and the knees, pull in the abdominal muscles, bring the upper trunk forward until the hollow in the lower back is eliminated except for natural curves. With the pulling in of the abdomen the chest will lead the rest of the body, and the shoulders become straightened, but be sure not to pull the shoulders up too high and keep the muscles relaxed."

"Rest the head back against an imaginary collar, keeping the chin in. Now see if you have the feeling of hanging from the top of your head, and that you are standing as tall as possible. If you have been in the habit of letting your abdomen protrude, you will feel as if



you couldn't possibly keep this position, but try until the muscles become accustomed to the new idea, then you will feel uncomfortable when the abdominal muscles are relaxed."

"And as for sleep," Miss Joy continued, "Nature's scheme includes lots of it, with open windows, or, if you are lucky enough to have one, on a sleeping porch. Nor does Nature scorn a little 'beauty nap' during the day. A few minutes' rest after the midday meal, a complete relaxation with eyes closed just before evening dinner are wonderful for nerves and digestion."

"We no longer frighten girls with the 'perils' of outdoor life," said Miss Joy. "We equip them to meet all conditions. Paradoxical as it may seem, there is no life so happy and care-free and at the same time no life that necessitates more careful, business-like planning, more real resourcefulness in meeting emergencies, than outdoor life. The great advantages in Nature's scheme lie, of course, in the permanent good effects. Nature's standard of beauty is in fashion for a lifetime because it is based on the laws of good health."

It is never too late, however, to begin taking Nature's beauty course. Find out first of all your diet and exercise requirements. Choose carefully those forms of exercise which best suit your needs. If you are stout, work up

slowly to a true course of reducing exercises, concentrating on the parts of the body that need them most. If you are too thin, start in gradually developing yourself. And, if possible, use the out of doors for your gym. The best calisthenic equipment in the world may be found in trees, lakes, streams and mountains. And an ordinary camp fire at the end of a day can brew such magic as you never dreamed of. Food cooked in the open tastes and smells better than any food you ever tasted. Sleep under the stars, to the whispered lullabies of the treetops, is sleep that literally builds you anew.

And don't forget to take common-sense precautions about sunburn, insect bites and stings and poison ivy. And remember to care for your hands and feet after rough work and hiking. There are simple remedies which one can find

on any kitchen shelf, as well as the excellent preparations which the drug-gist provides.

And last—and perhaps most important of all—dress appropriately. Wear strongly made, simply cut, loose-fitting garments. They are not expensive in the long run for they wear much longer than cheap, flimsy clothing and are infinitely more effective. For young, slim figures the old faithful middy blouse is always attractive; older girls may choose sweaters of feathery lightness or a stout, warm weave, according to the season. For bloomers they may substitute linen, khaki or woolen riding breeches or knickerbockers. As for colors, let Nature's own color chart be your guide. Pick from the lovely tans and browns of the forest, with perhaps a bit of flame-colored silk for a tie or kerchief to match the marvelous shadings of frost-turned leaves. Or select one of the soft greens which seems to transform an ordinary human girl into a wood sprite. And remember, silk stockings, high heels, elaborate lace or embroideries (whether worn outside or on undergarments), jewelry (except a plain ring or pin) are absolutely out-lauded.

WHEN you do things out of doors—in your garden or at camp—keep in readiness a good hand lotion that will take away roughness and chappiness. There is one that is especially praised by manicurists for its immediate, soothing effects. **Are you looking for a just-right preparation that is both healing and cleansing for the face? We know of a clear liquid with a fresh odor that does both these things. It's good for insect bites, too.**

Not all hair bobs are successful, but bobbing has accomplished one universal good. It has made us all "hair-conscious." For exquisite scalp cleanliness we can recommend a new shampoo soap which leaves the hair beautifully clean and fluffy. "What can I do about gray hair?" How we'd like to convince the many readers who ask this question that there is nothing so effective, nothing that gives distinction, like gray hair! First, learn to dress it smartly; keep it in beautiful condition. You'll find that instead of being a handicap it is a real asset to regal beauty. In the article this month we have given you a message from a leader of outdoor activity, who tells how anyone may find lasting good looks in Nature's own beauty salon. Every month McCall's is blazing new trails to beauty. And we believe that we can help you in some of your most vexing good looks problems, if you will write us about them. A self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed in your letter will bring specific information about the preparations recommended on this page. For top-to-toe beauty, our new "Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman" is at your service. Send ten cents to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



The delicate mouth mechanism

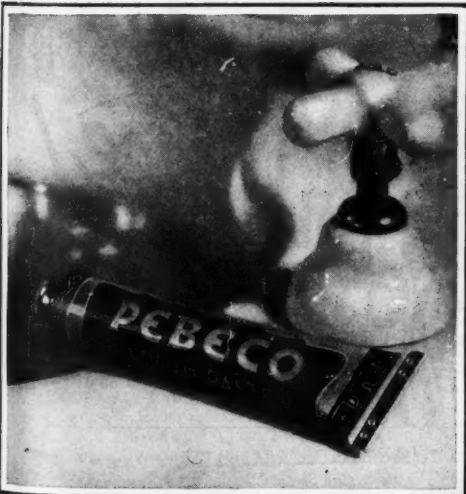
Nature intended the six mouth glands to keep the whole mouth safe and sweet. They must be kept up to normal activity, not allowed to falter early in life through lack of proper exercise. They are 20 times more active when exercised in chewing. (The numbers in the diagram above show where the mouth glands are located, three on each side.)



Gloriously young—your smile beautiful to others

Your whole mouth is young and wholesome after you use Pebeco. Teeth are shining white, gums always enchantingly pink and healthy.

Fresh and Fragrant the laughing *MOUTH* of YOUTH it can always be yours



At its taste, your mouth "waters"
As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, its important salt arouses to their youthful vigor the six protecting mouth glands.



Gone before our teens
Soft foods quickly cause the mouth glands to slow down from lack of exercise. But you can keep the healthy, lovely Mouth of Youth with Pebeco.

NATURE, to protect your teeth, has given you six important Mouth Glands.

If they are active, your whole mouth is healthy, wholesome.

When you eat, fluids from these tiny Mouth Glands should wash away food particles, even where the tooth brush cannot reach. Day and night, they should be counteracting dangerous food acids.

But few of us have kept the Mouth of Youth. From childhood on, soft foods have been slowing up the Mouth Glands. As we eat we do not chew our food long or hard enough. The Mouth Glands are not exercised. Gradually their important, healthful fluids flow less and less freely.

That is why it was necessary to work out a formula that restores the vigorous action of the Mouth Glands—Pebeco Tooth Paste. It not only gives a beautiful polishing but brings back the protecting fluids of the Mouth Glands.

For in Pebeco is an important salt—a salt without which all living things would die. It is this vital salt in Pebeco that regains for you the youthful vigor of the Mouth Glands.

As you brush your teeth with Pebeco, you detect its soft salt crystals on your tongue. The refreshing salty taste and tingling after-feeling show your mouth glands are responding to this help.

Made only by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Canadian distributors, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto. In the blue tube, at all druggists.

Free Offer: Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. U-9, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

PEBECO keeps the Mouth Glands young . . .

FOUR MILLION FAMILIES— will find the National's General Catalogue their Best Way to the Largest Possible Saving

Use the coupon—simply fill in your name and address and by return mail the National General Catalogue for Fall and Winter will be sent you free.

Four million families will use this book. Four million homes will be made brighter; four million fathers, mothers and their children will be better dressed—will buy everything they most need to wear or to use. In four million homes there will be more money to spend—because of the National's money-saving prices.

Are You One of the Four Million?

Will your home, too, profit by the savings this General Catalogue offers?

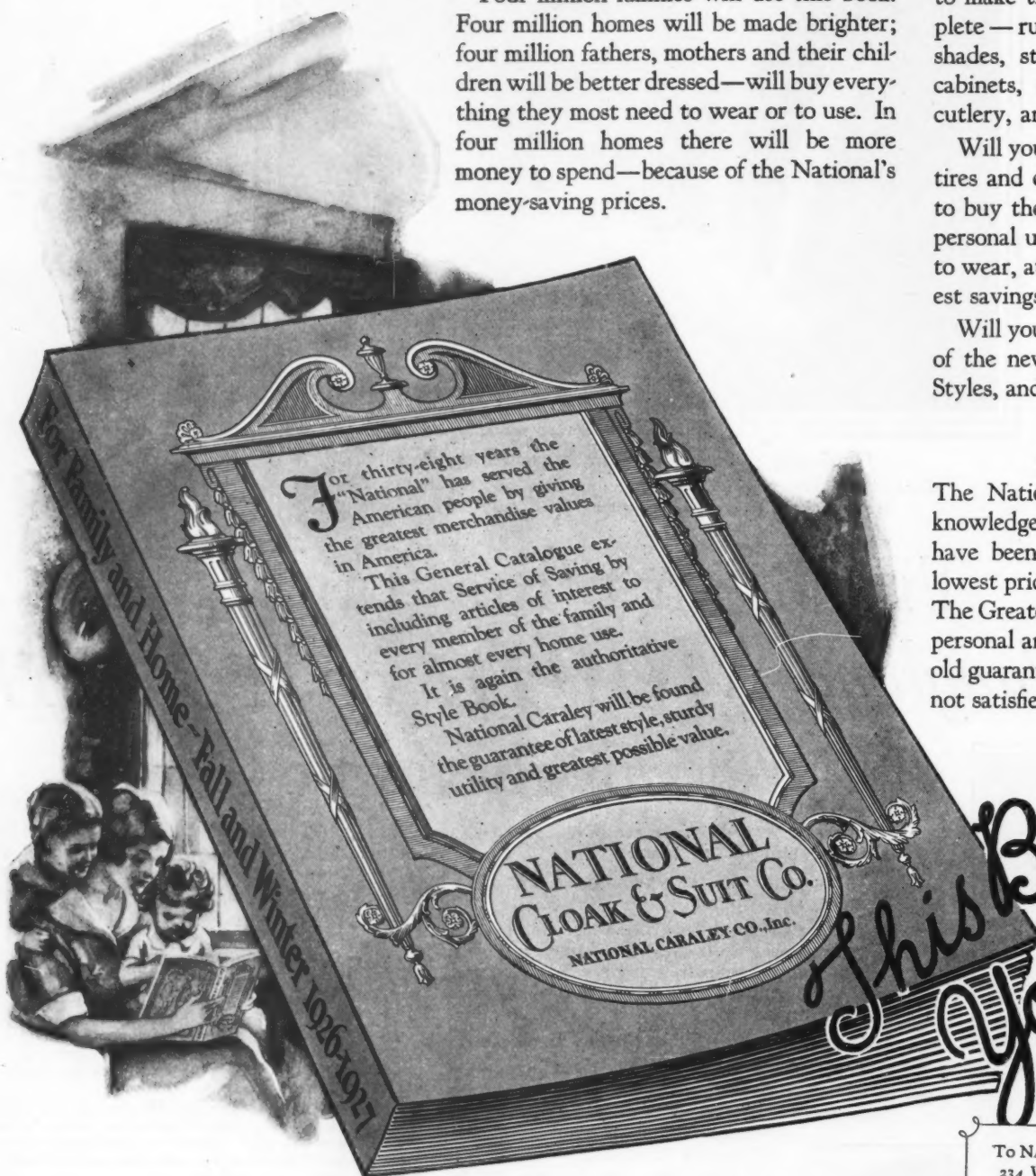
Will you use this book to buy everything to make the home more modern and complete—rugs, curtains, blankets, window shades, stoves, vacuum cleaners, kitchen cabinets, cedar chests, china, silverware, cutlery, and house furnishings?

Will you use this book to buy automobile tires and everything for the automobile—to buy the things for the man's and boy's personal use, to buy everything they need to wear, at prices that bring you the greatest savings?

Will your whole family have the pleasure of the newest, most beautiful New York Styles, and still save money?

The Greater National Offers a Broader Service

The National's 38 years' experience and knowledge and skill in creating bargains have been applied to secure for you the lowest prices on everything you most need. The Greater National supplies almost every personal and home need—under a 38-year-old guarantee: "Your money back if you are not satisfied."



The NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

NATIONAL CARALEY CO., Inc.

234 West 24th Street 615 Hardesty Avenue
New York City Kansas City, Mo.

*This Book is
Yours Free!*

TO NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY
234 West 24th Street 615 Hardesty Ave.
New York City Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York house—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City house.)

Kindly send me the free copy of the Fall and Winter "National" Money-Saving Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office.....

State.....

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

and unnecessary but comparatively harmless. These reservations the President refused to accept, and the treaty failed of ratification and, later under the Harding Administration, a separate peace was made with Germany.

Meanwhile, pending our action, things were going from bad to worse in Europe. Germany, seeing schism in the Allied ranks, marked time. The Reparations Commission was at a deadlock, France and Belgium on one side, Great Britain and Italy on the other. It needed our vote, our participation, to bring matters to a conclusion and we were absent. Never was the weight of our influence more needed than then. We risked nothing and ought to have given our moral support to the efforts England and France were making to compose Europe.

Before the Peace Conference adjourned, France had every reason to believe not only that the Versailles Treaty would be ratified but that the Franco-American Treaty of guarantee would also be accepted. When the first was defeated it was useless to press the other. Therefore France was left in a more serious condition than before 1914. Then she had mighty Russia as an ally, and Great Britain so sympathetic that it was nearly certain in a conflict with Germany she would join her.

After the war, Great Britain demobilized almost completely. Russia became antagonistic to France and friendly to Germany, and Italy held aloof. With the United States frankly declaring for a policy of isolation from foreign entanglements, France, of necessity, was compelled to maintain a large army and, to some

extent, finance the smaller nations of Europe friendly to her—nations like Poland, Czechoslovakia and Belgium. These tasks exhausted the resources of an already war-worn, depleted nation, and it has been impossible for her to balance her budget and to bring about those governmental economies which even nations of far greater wealth, like the United States and Great Britain, found necessary.

And that is the story of France as her citizens see it. That is why there is so much bitterness against the United States. It is believed that nearly all the troubles that have come to France, and to Europe for the matter of that, have come because the United States failed to keep the obligations made by the President of the United States at Paris in 1919. If nothing had been promised and if the United States had refused to join the Allies in making peace with the Central Empires, then France could have taken a different line of action. She could have sought security in other ways independent of America. She could have taken other means to secure indemnity. The action of the United States in making a separate peace with Germany and the withdrawing of her help and influence in the composure of Europe all came after the Versailles Conference had adjourned—too late to remedy matters; too late for France to do those essential things toward securing national safety and obtaining a reasonable sum for the reconstruction of her devastated provinces.

That is the story as the French tell it, as they see it, as they feel it. That is why one hears throughout France that she won the war but was defeated.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

some love left in Mr. Galsworthy's heart for Fleur, and he is superb in his faculty of transmitting to the reader a feeling for her beauty.

Though the reader will agree that her damage suit against the other woman is a vicious thing, he cannot but rejoice that Fleur won it. And despite all Mr. Galsworthy's irony, I for one pre-

fer Fleur Forsyte to all her grandmothers; her beauty rather suits her wildness, and excuses or condones it all. And, to the average reader's state of mind, her sting will enhance this loveliness of hers. Miss Cather made such a thing possible for the serious American reader in "A Lost Lady." I believe that she also loved that character.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

have done, and it is the quality that has made their pictures great: they have succeeded in reproducing thought, as well as physical action, on the screen.

"Variety" is a definite step forward in the progress of the motion picture. It is a worthy example of direction, photog-

raphy and pantomimic acting at their best.

Also recommended: "The Big Parade," "Moana," "The Merry Widow," "The Black Pirate," "Stella Dallas" and "Sparrows."

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

quiet." (49:23). The supreme religious characteristic of our age," says Rabbi Harrison, "is its spiritual unrest. It is an age of change, revolutionary as well as evolutionary. Neither Synagogue nor Church is spared. The Church has its Modernists, the Synagogue its Reformers. In industry, in government, in literature there is upheaval, and the tempest of change is shaking the doorposts of the home. At bottom it is a restless quest after a more satisfying spiritual reality.

"Such are the symptoms; are they fatal?" asks Rabbi Harrison. "The malady is grave. Is it mortal? In a word, is religion played out? Are these the signs of dissolution? Is organized religion bankrupt? Will religion degenerate into a mere superstition for the ignorant, and finally vanish? If so, what will take its place? Human beings need religion, or its equivalent—the very soul cries out for a more than mortal Power to guide and comfort. If religion passes, what will satisfy these irrepressible cravings?"

"Art is not a substitute for religion," says Dr. Harrison. Beauty as an ideal is not enough. It was not enough for the Greeks, whose downfall was due to their moral degeneration. Can science take the place of religion? However noble its aims, however disinterested, it is narrowing. It is too highly specialized. It is purely intellectual—with no quickening power for the heart, the ideal impulses, the mystical

element in man's nature. Man is more than mind. Facts are not his only food.

Ethics is too, a part of religion, but by no means its totality. It is the fruitage of religion. It does not satisfy the deep demand for faith, for closer relations with the Divine. We ask more from religion than cold duty. We must have some conception of our ultimate destiny, some intuition of the mysterious Power at the heart of all, some glimpse of immortality. Only a vivid, vitalized religion can meet the need."

What is the matter with organized religion? For one thing, Rabbi Harrison thinks the Church is too dogmatic about the wrong things. Men are tired of listening to dogmas they do not trouble to doubt, much less deny. The church, like the synagogue, is out of harmony with modern thought-currents. Preachers must not only talk about goodness, they must create it. "Men feel that the Church should be a power-house where men may go and get strength to do the things that need to be done." As such it must serve all the people—it must be democratic, not exclusive, as if it were owned by a few.

"What are we going to do about it?" the Rabbi inquires. "What shall the church do to exercise again her sovereignty over the spiritual and ethical activities of mankind? First, it must furnish the dim religious light and let the sunshine in. Align the church with the best [Turn to page 80]



Health and Happiness

The hunger for sweets, common to all the human race, is satisfied by WRIGLEY'S Chewing Sweets.

And Wrigley's does not harm the stomach—on the contrary, it is extremely beneficial to teeth, appetite and digestion.

Its lasting flavors appeal to the taste, its soothing refreshment relieves fatigue and its antiseptic effect on mouth and throat guards against ills.

Wrigley's clears the breath of the odors of eating.

Your friends prefer a sweet breath.

So the use of Wrigley's shows a consideration for those about you, which is one of the evidences of refinement.

Made clean, kept clean,
sealed air-tight in its
wax-wrapped package.



Comes to you with all
its original goodness
and flavor.



G52

"SAFE AT HOME" yet



the door-knobs threaten them with the danger of disease

BRIGHT eyes and happy greeting! Mothers have a satisfied feeling when they know their children are "safe at home", out of the danger of traffic and questionable companions. And yet we now know that even the most innocent-appearing objects may be fraught with the dangers of unnecessary illness to children who are "safe" within their own homes.

Health authorities tell us that disease germs are everywhere. Door-knobs, chair-arms, banisters—a hundred places around the home that big and little hands must touch daily—carry the germs of illness. 3,000,000 people in the United States are sick every day. And yet much of this illness is preventable.

A campaign to protect health

THROUGHOUT the country mothers, teachers, doctors, Health Officers, are uniting in a health-campaign to prevent unnecessary contagion, and safeguard health. The Health Officers of 365 cities, in a recent report, advocate as an important

measure in this campaign the regular use of a reliable disinfectant in all your weekly cleaning water.

"Do you disinfect these important places?" ask the Health Officers

EVERYBODY, the Health Officers say, disinfects regularly the garbage pail, drain pipes, toilet bowl. But do you also disinfect these other important danger-spots: door-jambs, chair-arms, tables, banisters, and telephone mouth-pieces? Soap and water are not enough to destroy the germs on these surfaces. You must have a trustworthy disinfectant to drive germs out of your home.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is the standard disinfectant for this important weekly cleaning, the disinfectant used by physicians everywhere. Three times stronger than powerful carbolic acid, yet so carefully is it blended that in proper proportion it is not harsh for the most sensitive hands.

Use one tablespoon of a quart of water. Its deodorant qualities and soapy nature help to clean as it disinfects.

Get "Lysol" at your druggists. The 16 ounce size is most economical. Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol." Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company, Sole Distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Canadian distributors, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

The Health Officer of Philadelphia advocates this protection for your family

"The use of a trustworthy disinfectant in the cleaning water, at least once a week, is a protective measure against contagious disease which I fully endorse."

If every mother in America would take up this great fight, most homes would be germ free and most children would be well.

SEND FOR THIS FREE "Lysol" HEALTH LIBRARY

Three helpful, interesting volumes on keeping well: "Health Safeguards in the Home", "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty", "When Baby Comes". Send coupon for free set to Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. H 33 Bloomfield, N. J.

Lysol
Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. H33 Bloomfield, N. J.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address plainly)

THE MILLION DOLLAR BUCKWHEATS

[Continued from page 21]

the door open and sat so wistfully beside the bed that she couldn't resist giving him part of the meat. But she ate the rest of it clean, down to the last morsel of that dry toast. Then she locked the door and cried herself to sleep with the puppy curled up warmly beside her.

They woke her at seven and began the first of a series of days during which she was to have no personal life and no time to think; just exercise and exhaustion, exercise and exhaustion, with a spicing of starvation. The setting-up drill came before breakfast. Then, after a brief rest, the gymnasium work. The mornings ended with a long run out of doors, in all weathers, sometimes on the track, sometimes across country. The dog, whose name was Alonzo, adopted her and followed every move. Dinner came in the middle of the day. Meat or eggs, those eternal green vegetables, cooked fruits and that gluten bread. After dinner a nap. Then more exercise, ending with an hour of practising her dance steps while Mrs. Carmichael sat by with her knitting and changed the records. The man watched everything. He was machine-like. Every sigh of weakness brought out the contemptuous snap that was always on the alert within him.

"What are you really up to with this child?" Mrs. Carmichael asked Harley a day or two later.

He looked up. "What am I up to? I'm putting her in shape to win back the contract she lost. The little fool had eaten herself right out of seven hundred dollars a week." (It seemed to her that he was talking rather more vehemently than usual.) "Think of it! And while I'm about it I'm going to make her the most successful young actress in America. She hasn't a complaint in the world."

"But if she didn't understand," "She agreed to put herself in my hands without a question."

"Why are you doing it?" "Because I need the money. I was down to ninety cents and my pearl pin."

It was not long after this that Mrs. Carmichael went herself down to the mail box, to return with bulging eyes.

"Harley," she cried breathlessly, when she had drawn him outside the barn, "this is terrible!"

"What is?" "I've seen the papers."

"Oh, that! That's all right." "But it's all over the front page. My word, Harley, they're dragging rivers and lakes for her. They think she's dead."

"Of course. I've counted on that." "But really, how can we—really, what if the reporters should find us out?"

"If they came too soon it might gum things."

"They've offered a reward for word of her."

"Who have?" "Oh, some firm. I don't know."

"Brikert and Behm? Max Behm?" "Yes, that's the name."

"Good enough!"

THE three weeks were up. A taxicab with drawn curtains drew up to the curb in Forty-first Street a little way west of Seventh Avenue. "Sit right here," said Dunham. "And don't show yourself."

"What are you going to do?" "Telephone Max Behm. I wired him from New Haven to be ready in his office at three sharp, with the money in his pocket."

"Don't be long," said Elinor, weakly.

Dunham telephoned from a drug store; then waited on the corner of Forty-second Street. Max Behm appeared, puffy, if stern. Elinor had described him in detail.

There could be no mistake. And the two burly men who followed him were confirmation enough. "Mr. Behm?" said Dunham.

"Yes. Who are you?" "It doesn't matter. Give me the thousand."

"Where's the girl?"

"You'll see her in one minute after you hand over the money." With a sigh Behm complied. Dunham counted the notes and put them in his pocket. Then the two men seized him.

"What's the charge?" said he.

"You should ask! Abduction. Where's the girl?"

"This way." He led them to the taxi. Max Behm himself opened the door; and then exclaimed in amazement as the slimly exquisite little creature stepped out. Her delicate skin was clear as the petal of a lily, and colored like the rose. The blue eyes sparkled with health.

"You come right up with me!" shouted Behm. "Your mother's waiting in my—" He interrupted himself to say to those two men, "Take him away!"

"Oh no!" cried Elinor. "No!" She caught at Dunham's coat.

"About all this nonsense," observed that self-possessed young man, "will you please ask Miss Isbell if I or anybody else abducted her?"

"Of course he didn't!" said she, indignantly.

Dunham turned on the burlier of the detectives. "Mr. Behm offered the reward. I've got it in my pocket. Here's the girl. I don't see just where you come into this." They released his arms.

"Come along, Elinor!" cried Behm again. "They're holding your mother in my office. And that ain't easy."

But she, downcast, ran the toe of her pretty boot along a crack in the pavement. "I want to speak to Mr. Dunham," she said, very low.

The three men, after exchanging doubtful glances, moved off.

Elinor's toe continued to move back and forth along that crack. "Well," said Dunham, "I'll say this for you. You did stick. I never thought you would."

"But," she moistened her lips, "what am I going to do now?"

"Oh, the new terms. I nearly forgot." He turned to call to Behm, but she arrested him with a small hand.

"I mean—"

"What's the trouble?" "Well, I don't see how I can just go back to Mother. She's waiting."

"Now look here, young lady, you can't figure on having me around all the time to look out for you."

"I won't go back to Mo-Mother."

He pushed his hat off his forehead, perplexed, and gazed down at her. "I don't seem to understand women. What is it? You don't expect me to marry you!" Her head bent downward. Back and forth, back and forth, moved the toe.

"But I don't want to marry anybody."

"But there won't be anybody to make me do the right things. I don't know what'll be come of me." He stood motionless for a long moment. Then felt her fingers twisting pathetically into his sleeve, and passed a hand across his forehead. "Oh, I can't think," he muttered.

"Gosh!" Then, "Here, get back into the taxi!"

"Wait a minute!" yelled Behm. "Where you taking her?"

Dunham turned bewildered eyes on him. Unsteadily he said: "Oh, just downtown to get a marriage license. We'll be back."

He sprang in after her. The door slammed. The cab rolled away.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Max Behm.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 79]

thought, so that our modern outlook may be spiritualized. Men need an interpreter, a rational philosophy of life and the universe, into which their personal needs may fit, giving them sanction and support. Only the church can give such guidance. Business needs it. The democratic spirit needs it. Science needs it. This is the mission of the church—to stimulate the fighting spiritual forces to their utmost tension. What men need is not an opiate,

but the inspiration of great principles, an interpretation of the meaning of life. Because they do not have it, they are restless, fretful and unhappy."

Here, truly, is great preaching, offering clear guidance beyond the strife of tongues, for which we may give thanks. No wonder Rabbi Harrison has won a great place in his own city and in the Jewish Church of America—he speaks with the insight of a prophet.

Now Ready



Your orders are shipped within 24 hours

Your orders will be shipped within 24 hours. That saves time. Besides, one of our seven big houses is near to you. Therefore, your letter reaches us quicker. Your goods go to you quicker. It is quicker and cheaper, and more satisfactory to send all your orders to Ward's.

Ward's Big Fall Catalogue Is Yours Free

You write your name on the coupon below. We send you *your* copy of this complete 723 page catalogue entirely free!

Then you will have in your home a book that is *one of the modern marvels of the business world.*

Do you wish a spool of thread, an automobile tire, a kitchen cabinet or a stove. Instantly you know the lowest price, the right price to pay—for almost everything you need. We say the *lowest* price—the right price—and we mean exactly that!

\$60,000,000 in Cash

Was Used to Make Low Prices

Just consider the meaning of this book—think what is back of this book. There are over one hundred acres of new, fresh merchandise for you to choose from. Merchandise bought in almost every leading market of the world—bought wherever and whenever large orders and ready cash would secure lower-than-market prices.

Sixty million dollars in cash secured these savings for you. One of the largest organizations of merchandise ex-

perts in the world has been working for months—for *you!*—to choose the best, the most serviceable goods and to get the lowest price—for *you!*

Your best opportunity for saving—for wise buying—is offered by the coupon below.

You, too, can have your share in all these advantages this big complete catalogue offers. You may just as well buy for less at Ward's. The opportunity is yours. The Catalogue is now Ready—for you. Fill in the coupon and see for yourself the lowest price, the right price for everything you buy.

We never sacrifice Quality to make a low price

At Ward's, Quality is maintained. We offer no price baits on cheap, unsatisfactory goods. A low price at Ward's is a price on honest merchandise of standard quality.

Write for the Catalogue. Learn for yourself the advantage, the satisfaction and the saving in sending all your orders to Ward's.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1872

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth



Mail this Coupon to-day

TO MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., Dept. 2H-54

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore
Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth
(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.)

Please mail my free copy of Montgomery Ward's complete Fall & Winter Catalogue.

Name.....

Local Address.....

Post Office.....

State.....

A TORNADO THROUGH THE RUG

That's one way to describe the operation of Eureka "HIGH-VACUUM" Principle of Cleaning



This test (with the dust bag removed) proves the efficiency of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" principle of cleaning. No mere surface cleaning can explain the continuous discharge of germ-laden dust and dirt.



THE tremendous power of a tornado—a power that whisks trees into the air like straws and sweeps a clean path for miles—is an example of "High-Vacuum" running wild. The Grand Prize Eureka, slipping smoothly across a carpet or rug, is an equally impressive example of the same power harnessed to do useful work.

Through the Eureka cleaning nozzle there sweeps a miniature tornado—air moving at a velocity of two miles a minute. This air is drawn through the rug from underneath, bringing with it the dust and deeply embedded dirt. The Eureka "High-Vacuum" principle eliminates the need for complicated mechanical aids to cleaning such as would be necessary were the Eureka's cleaning suction less effective and less powerful. Amazing efficiency has made the Eureka the first choice of over 1,500,000 women.

The purchase of a Grand Prize Eureka—on terms so extremely easy that you will never miss its low cost—will mean instant and lasting relief from hateful cleaning drudgery. Why delay?

See the Eureka Exhibit at the Sesquicentennial Exposition, Philadelphia, Exposition Building

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World.

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario

Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London W.C. 1., England; 98-60 Margaret St., Sydney, Australia.

FREE

\$8.50 SET of Famous "High-Vacuum" Attachments with each Eureka purchased. (This great offer may be withdrawn at any time.)

The

Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

It Gets the Dirt

(287)

THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

two years before her death the greatest of the Tudors made up her last quarrel over the trading monopolies with her recalcitrant but devoted commons. "Honorable Members," writes Mr. Trevelyan on page 374, "wept for joy and in that melting mood were summoned to Whitehall by their Mother and Mistress who told them what had indeed been the secret of her long reign now drawing to its close. 'Though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown—that I have reigned with your loves.'" Here is the note of true greatness in which speaker and hearers are attuned in a noble harmony.

Take another little-remembered saying which fell from the lips of the greatest of English rulers since Elizabeth. At the most testing moment of his career, twelve months after Naseby, the capitulation of Oxford, (in 1646) marked the practical termination of the great Civil War from Lands End to Berwick. The word of Parliament was law, but the great issue still hung in the balance. The situation was one of those often-repeated in history which show how much easier it is to wage a successful war than to make a successful peace, as Mr. Trevelyan points out. The King, the parliament, the army, the personality of Oliver Cromwell, were the decisive factors and of the four only the last showed the faintest glimmer of political sagacity. He tried and strained his own conscience and his unique authority over the army in the three years which preceded the King's execution, not only to choose for himself but to persuade them to follow him along the only path which could lead to the joint enthronement of liberty and law.

It is one of the commonplaces of history to deride Cromwell as a hypocrite but I agree with Mr. Trevelyan that there is the ring of complete sincerity in one of his last appeals (July 1648) to his comrades in arms who were suffering the grossest injustice from the Long Parliament which they had saved—"What we gain in a free way is better than thrice so much in a forced way, and will be more truly ours and our posterity's. What you have by force I look upon as nothing." It was only after he was satisfied that these sage and noble words had fallen on deaf ears that, believing as he was wont

to do, that his final deliberations came to him from God, he took the first and fatal step on the slippery way to the extinction of the liberties of England for which all of the external glories of the Protectorate could never atone.

One further illustration of a different kind I will borrow, not from Mr. Trevelyan, but from my distinguished friend, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University in New York. It is to be found in his recent address in London on the celebration by the American Society of the 150th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence (July 5th 1926). John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the second and third Presidents of the United States, were members of the committee of five appointed by the Continental Congress to draft a Declaration of Independence which became one of the monumental documents of history. A year earlier there were few, if any, responsible statesmen among those who formed the Continental Congress who would have allowed or even suggested that the struggle in which they were engaged was to issue in American independence. "Army chaplains," says President Butler, "who visited the camps of the Colonial soldiers publicly offered prayers for the King, yet on the 2nd of July, 1776, the Congress, on the motion of R. H. Lee of Virginia, seconded by John Adams himself, carried the famous resolution that—'These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved.'"

And what was the cause of this unrivaled political somersault? President Butler gives us the explanation. "It was reserved not for a Milton or a Locke or a Rousseau but for a twice dismissed exciseman from Norfolk who had gone to the colonies, when nearly 40 years of age, to apply the torch to the inflammable material that lay ready to hand from Massachusetts Bay to the Carolinas. If the Declaration of Independence can be said to have had a single proximate and moving cause, that proximate and moving cause was Thomas Paine's pamphlet—*Common Sense*. And yet how many Englishmen have read and digested this epoch-making deliverance?"

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

plausible scenery, this illusion of reality can be created on the spoken stage with comparative ease. It is harder to create in grand opera, because the hearer has to accept the convention that real people converse in song.

Comic opera offers the greatest difficulties of all, because of the alternation of singing and spoken dialogue, each of which tends to destroy the convincingness of the other. Under the circumstances, any illusion of reality is so hard to create that our musical comedy producers have in the past fifteen years virtually abandoned the task. The typical American musical show of today is staged, not as a drama in any sense of the word, but as an entertainment—or, in the case of a revue, as a series of entertainments. Nobody pretends that the plot is to be believed, the acting is usually based on the principle of "every man for himself," and the musical numbers are offered, not as part of the plot, but as more or less frank interruptions to it. We come home from a musical comedy or comic opera discussing, not the characters or the situations, but the individual entertainers and the jokes they cracked.

The Ames revival of "Iolanthe" is therefore, in its way, somewhat of a revolution in musical show producing. The cast is excellent, but its members have been picked for their voices and general fitness for the rôles, rather than for their reputations or conspicuous talents as individual entertainers. The result of this casting is the most capable and perfectly balanced Gilbert and Sullivan company that I have ever seen. Nearly every member of it has an exceptionally good singing voice and the knowledge of how to

use it, and can act at least acceptably, judged even by the standards of the spoken stage. The orchestra is adequate in size and quality, and is well conducted. The scenery is not only good in its own right, but presents a happy balance of realism and fantasy that exactly suits the mood of Gilbert and Sullivan.

So much for the ingredients. The manner in which they have been assembled and blended is a superb example of what intelligence, skill, and imagination can accomplish in the theatre. It is virtually impossible to discuss the book and music separately in this production, because, for once at any rate, a comic opera has been produced as a play, and not a vaudeville entertainment. Not only do the actors address one another, rather than the audience, during the spoken dialogue, but they do exactly the same thing when they sing. Good as the singing is, it is astoundingly unobtrusive. The musical numbers have, with a single exception, been staged as part of the action.

For instance, when the Lord Chancellor sings "Said I to Myself, Said I," he sings it, not—as is usual—to the occupants of the orchestra chairs, but to Strephon, who is obviously bored, and whose frantic efforts to get away from his garrulous companion help to make the song as much a scene from the play as if it were actually the dialogue it pretends to be. This may not sound like a particularly difficult or important innovation in comic opera direction, but it is both. Its result is to make "Iolanthe" not only a charming and amusing entertainment, but a satirical comedy that is just as worthy of intelligent discussion as any spoken play of its type.



"No one, so far as I know, was ever kept from using Murphy Varnish because it was not good enough for the job. Some have,



no doubt, with a proper sense of proportion, sometimes realized that a job was not good enough for Murphy Varnish.

”

Doubles the Fun of Painting While Cutting the Work in Half

No longer need you dread the fuss and upset which until now has always accompanied even the simplest sort of a painting job. Murphy Brushing Lacquer has changed all that. It is easy to apply. You just flow it on with a brush and let it level itself out into a smooth impervious film. If a second coat is needed you can apply it within half an hour. And two or three hours later your job is ready for use!

No more waiting a day between coats while clothes are in danger of being ruined and the room remains upset. No more blemishes where venturesome little fingers must test to see if the job is dry.

A Murphy Brushing Lacquer finish is beautiful, durable and easily kept clean. Cleaning materials have no effect on it. It does not crack or chalk off but stays bright and colorful indefinitely.

Choose your favorite color at your paint store. Or mix two or more together to get any of the beautiful pastel shades or tints that are now so much in vogue. Ask, too, for our new instruction book which explains every step in this simple, easy method of home decoration. It is free.

Murphy BRUSHING Lacquer

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
NEWARK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · MONTREAL

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me your free booklet "QUICK AND EASY WAY TO APPLY MURPHY BRUSHING LACQUER."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DEALER'S NAME _____



Dining room in the home of Mr. John M. Hatton, architect, at Scotch Plains, N. J. Notice how the floor of GOLD SEAL INLAID, Belflor Pattern No. 2047/8 gives unity to the colorful decorative scheme



Beautiful floors helped restore this architect's home



The same pattern of GOLD SEAL INLAIDS lends a cheerful yet dignified note to the hall furnishings of Mr. Hatton's remodeled home

Would you ever suspect that the colorful period room shown above is in a remodeled house? To the architect-owner, the floors presented one of the biggest problems in the rejuvenation of the old house. But Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS solved the difficulty—artistically and economically.

In the dining room and hall a Belflor design with softly-mottled gray squares alternating with black squares was used. As you can see in the picture, the floor accents the "Old World" note of the entire setting.

Of course, GOLD SEAL INLAIDS are just as effective in new houses—cottages, apartments or costly residences. Nor are the humbler portions of the house forgotten by Nairn designers. There are GOLD SEAL INLAIDS in solid colored, sharply-defined patterns to add a cheerful touch of neatness to kitchen, bathroom and pantry.

In every GOLD SEAL INLAID the colors go through to the sturdy back. These inlaid linoleum floors are easy to clean; an occasional waxing is all that's needed to keep them in perfect condition.

Although low in price, your complete satisfaction, or your money back, is absolutely guaranteed by the Gold Seal. Look for it on the face of the goods—or the name Nairn on the back.

Free—"Creating a Charming Home"

This new booklet by Laura Hale Shipman contains many interiors in colors and scores of practical suggestions that will help you plan distinctive, colorful rooms for your home. May we send you a free copy?

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City Atlanta
Minneapolis Cleveland Dallas Pittsburgh San Francisco New Orleans

When buying INLAID LINOLEUM ask for NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

[Continued from page 12]

when he had money in his pocket, and no sense that his luck was black out, he would have gone direct to the master and bargained for a passage home, or made friends with the doctor, as the ship's cook is familiarly called, who was probably one of his own race. But bad luck brings timidity.

"I'll just sneak aboard and lay low, and when the boat's off, I'll come out and tell the stewards I'm an American boy out of luck, and everything will be all right. Yes, boy!"

He did manage to slip up the gang-plank, and work into a lifeboat under the tarpaulin. It had been raining, and the boat for all its cover, was half filled with glutinous water, in which he knelt shivering. But the hawk-eyed mate noticed something amiss, and had the cover off.

"Come out o' that," he directed. He was a florid Scandinavian type. Armstrong came out.

"Stowaway, hey?"

"Boss, I'm an American—"

"That's what they all are."

"I'm trying to get back home," he said. "I'm sure sick of this France."

"You'll be sicker before you're through, my lad." He motioned up two policemen from the pier. Armstrong trembled.

"You ain't going to turn me over to the cops, boss," he pleaded.

"You didn't think I was going to give you flowers, did you?"

"Boss, you wouldn't do that to an American."

"I done it to fifty, kid. You're the fifty-first." The mate was cruel. He was one of those men in whom cruelty is a vice, as drugs and drink are in other men.

"I guess," Armstrong gave in, "I'm out of luck."

"Look-a-here," the mate gave him a baffled wicked glance that made him shiver. "You're in luck. That's what you are. What I does to stowaways, when I finds them aboard at sea, though I says it myself, it's a shame. They don't exactly die, but they ain't any good after. You believe it, nigger. You're in luck."

So the police took him, speaking words to him he couldn't understand, and the judge, in a language he couldn't understand gave him a month. They kept him sewing mail bags and coats for Moroccan soldiers, while he never spoke. Warders with beards and warders with fine moustaches saw to it he worked: "*Alles-houp!*" they would call, as to a broken down cab-horse. Occasionally his little song would come to his lips in a quavering nostalgia.

"There's where the birds warble sweet in the Springtime,
There's where this darky's heart am long'd to go."

But "*Silence, le noir!*" they would shout, and he would bend over his sewing again, his eyes blinded.

They fed him on fish, which he could hardly eat, so nauseating did he find it. They gave him a cough, which can be cured, and a broken heart, which cannot. And on the thirtieth day they took him out and gave him his own clothes again. They led him to the door of the jail, where he stood blinking for an instant in the sunlight. They pushed him along. "*En route!*" they called, "off with you now," and they added, out of the kindness of their hearts, "*au revoir!*"

ON leaving Marseilles he walked eastward toward Italy not for the reason he needed car fare, but for this: that he feared that every one in the railroad carriage would know he had been in jail. For each of us, white, black or yellow, has his degradation point. It may be drink or drugs, or nobbling a horse, or cheating at cards. With the little jockey it was having been in jail. It put him in his own mind on the level with those of his race who used razors in brawls, of the travelling negro hoboes who are accused of brutal crimes. His thought went back to the laughing father in Norfolk, whom he remembered so dimly, so affectionately.

"I'm glad the old man croaked," he said. "It sure would have hurt him bad, to know his boy was a bum."

"Yes, boy, that's all you is," tears came

into his eyes. "You is a bum, a plain bum."

He trudged along the long road to Nice, a withered black speck of broken humanity, by the Mediterranean, bluest of all oceans, cat-like, indifferent. It which had seen Tyre and Sidon, the crowning cities, go; Greece crumble; Rome pass;—not one breath, or chime of sympathy came from that harsh Latin sea. Atlantic, our mother, would have breathed comfort. And the sullen supercilious Alps, they had seen so many pass by. The greatest Caesar, gallant Eugene of Savoy, Napoleon. What did they care for the black speck on the road? Some ancient hoary mountain may have blinked in its sleep, remembering how centuries ago the black folk were Lords of the Isles of Leriis and the scourge of the littoral, and thought: Have these bronze supple men gone too? Have they come to this? Everything passes, everything grows tired, everything breaks. Only we, born of ice and fire abide—we and the stars.

He had an impression that in Nice his troubles would cease. There was a city with Americans; Nice was a city with races—some of the biggest stakes in France were run for there. It would be a month or more before the races began, but he would lie up and get well—get rid of this cough, dog-gone!—and luck must change. There were two desires in his heart—to get back to Virginia, and to ride a great horse to victory before he went, for when he went back, he knew, it would be going from fair to fair with the trotters and pacers. He would never swing a leg over pig-skin any more.

Armstrong found Nice a pleasant town. Here and there were bars behind which were men who had been in America, French waiters who had picked up a good deal of the American language and a certain aptitude in mixing cocktails, and returning to France had been raised to the episcopal rank of bartender. Though few of these had been further south than New York, yet it set the blood warm in his veins to talk about Empire race track, and Butler's horses, and Jamaica. And they had heard of Ral Parr's great string in Kentucky, and Man of War, whose immense stride was a miracle. To these ex-missionaries, now bishops, of the catering world, he would discourse on the temperament of the horse.

"There is something about a horse, dog-gone, look-a-here. If a horse is a mean horse, he's just naturally mean. If a man is mean, it may be his relatives, it may be his wife, it may be he ain't a well man. But a horse ain't got no relatives, ain't got no wife, and if a horse is sick, you call the vet. Then if it's proven to you that a horse is born mean, then you got to get around that some way. Look-a-here, a man may be yellow, and you never find that out in all your life. But if a horse is yellow, you find it out the first time you're in the home stretch and the favorite's creeping up on you. You says: Horse, here's where you pay for your oats, and if he lies down and dies, boy, you know he's a dog. A horse ain't no actor. Me, I knows horses, but I don't get men."

And then he would say, in a queer tone of voice, very different from his enthusiastic tone of before:

"Horses remember you!"

One day a piece of luck came his way. A fifty to one shot rolled home at Marseilles, on which he had ten francs. So he could still go around his accustomed haunts.

At all these places he was welcome, because at two o'clock in the morning he gave an air of disreputability to the place that was worth money. Most of the night bars were intensely respectable, the proprietor insisted on it, and his wife more so, for little Jean-Baptiste, or Pierre-Marie when he grew a marshal like Petain, or a premier like Poincaré, mustn't be ashamed of his origin. So the pretty ladies were dragooned like a girls' school. If they wished to be rough, let them go outside. But they drew customers, and Armstrong's shiny black face made the bar look like a hell-hole out of some hack writer's novel. *Ex-Africa semper aliquid novi*. Africa always provides a novelty.

They were very decent [Turn to page 86]

When you buy draperies ask definitely "ARE THEY ORINOKA?"

To buy draperies and hangings for your home without inquiring into their genuine color-fastness is, today, unthrifty buying. Draperies often contribute more to the appearance of a room than any other item in your home. The cost of making-up draperies is frequently as much as that of the fabric itself. It is economy, therefore, to be assured that their original loveliness will last.

With Orinoka draperies you have an absolute assurance of this. They can be depended on for unqualified fadelessness. Not fast color for a limited time, but for the life of the fabric. Orinoka draperies are so carefully dyed in the yarn that sunshine or washing cannot in any way change the marvelous beauty and quality of their colors.

You may buy Orinoka draperies without fear or misgiving. Your purchase is accompanied with a guarantee. But to save you possible inconvenience it is the earnest ideal of the makers of Orinoka fabrics to make each yard so color-fast that the guarantee need never be used.

Quite naturally, the cost is more, but like anything of superior worth, the colors of Orinoka have the value of unqualified permanence. On the plain merit of quality and design, Orinoka draperies recommend themselves to women who furnish their homes with an eye to beauty, but beauty based on thrift and intelligent buying.

On every bolt of Orinoka a tag reads: "These goods are guaranteed to be absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace with new goods or to refund the purchase price."

Are you interested in ways and means of using color to give charm to your home? Orinoka has prepared a new booklet, "The Importance of Color in Curtains," which we will send free on receipt of coupon below with name and address.

ASK DEFINITELY FOR

Orinoka

COLORS GUARANTEED
SUN AND TUBFAST

THE ORINOKA MILLS 2414
115 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Please send me complimentary copy of new Orinoka booklet, "The Importance of Color in Curtains," containing interesting suggestions for window and drapery treatments.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



CHILDREN CANNOT REALIZE the terrible danger of playing with fire. One mother writes: "To Unguentine alone our little son owes his face, and perhaps his eyes, too. . . . Thanks to it he hasn't a scar today to remind us of his horrible accident."

The terrible pain from burns stopped! instantly -

Treat your household burns with the same surgical dressing that hospitals use

PAIN stopped almost magically... and clean, beautiful healing begun... as soon as Unguentine is applied.

Today you can keep this famous surgical dressing in your own home—ready to use on all burns and cuts.

All over the country thousands of hospitals are depending on Unguentine not only to prevent suffering, but to establish the best possible conditions for healing.

This remarkable dressing keeps the

burn or wound disinfected throughout the healing process—without smarting or irritation of any kind.

Its quick use has saved thousands from bloodpoisoning and hideous scarring.

Your own physician will tell you Unguentine should be in your medicine chest. You can apply it easily. Just spread it on thick over the burn or cut. Bandage lightly if necessary. You can get Unguentine at your druggists for fifty cents. Or send the coupon below for a generous trial tube.

Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.

HOURS OF AGONY from ordinary kitchen burns can be saved. "I spilled a lot of hot grease on my hand," a woman writes. "I applied Unguentine—with magic results. By the next day even the soreness had disappeared."



IN 4 OUT OF 5 HOSPITALS bad burns are treated with Unguentine. "My husband was severely burned by gasoline," a woman writes. "He was taken to the hospital. They used Unguentine and that was what saved his life."

FREE
a generous tube



THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.,
Dept. M-22, Norwich, New York.

Norwich

—a trusted name on
pharmaceutical preparations

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D.

Name.....Street.....
City.....State.....

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

[Continued from page 85]

to him, by and large. The pretty ladies never bothered him, for they had wisdom enough to see he was a clean little cuss, and they liked him for it. Also they understood in a vague way that a man who is interested in horses is interested in little else. They bothered about his cough. And were vituperative on the subject. Why did he allow himself to be made a fool of? *Tiens, tiens!* It was a shame. Ah, those rascals!

And often they would ask him to sing his little song and he would give it in his fair tenor, always preserving the rhythm but sometimes leaving out the body of the music to emphasize the words.

"No place on earth do I love more sincerely

Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny
That's where the cotton and the corn
and taters grow.

There's where the birds warble sweet
in the Springtime,
There's where this darky's heart am
long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny
There let me live till I wither and
decay.

Long by the old Dismal Swamp have
I wandered
There's where this darky's life will
pass away—"

And sometimes there his voice would take on a quaver, or sink into a whisper, and he would say: "I ain't feeling much like singing to-night, folks, if you don't mind." And the barkeeper would nod, for he too in America had had his moments of nostalgia, and the pretty ladies would look sad, and not speak, but apply themselves to their grenadines or bocks, drinking daintily as birds.

WHENEVER one thinks of France in a far country as for instance, in America or Ireland, one thinks of roulette wheels, and it comes as a distinct blow to know that roulette is not allowed. Roulette is gambling. *Petit chevaux* are allowed. But that is not gambling; that is piracy. Baccarat is allowed. But that is not gambling; that is just over the hills to the poorhouse. If you want the Royal and Ancient Game of Roulette you have to leave France and go to Monte Carlo.

He had looked forward to seeing this roulette, to seeing the strained faces of the players around the baize, to see the wheel a blaze of color, and hear the whirr of the ball, the hoarse cry of the croupier: "*Riens ne va plus!* No more bets!" or the announcement of the result: "*Quatorze gagne, rouge pair et manque!* Fourteen wins, red evens and below the line." The click of chips, the rustle of banknotes, all the strain of the hot crowded rooms, heavy with stale air, all this he wanted to see, for there are three things we all wish to know about in this life: Love, Death and Monte Carlo.

At the desk they refused him entry. An official who spoke English much better than he did, punched him all around the ring in machine-gun French. He kept smiling that insincere chilly smile which tells you there is nothing doing.

"I guess there's worse 'n me comes in here, boss," Armstrong said. "I guess when all's said and done, I'm the honestest of the bunch."

His objurgation moved them not. Three men had cursed them that week, one as he jumped to death from the upper Corniche Road; one as he shot himself in a back-room at Mentone, and one as he went overboard from a small row boat he had hired into the black Mediterranean. All three had called God to witness their end, and yet no heaven had opened, nor had the Casino been consumed like the cities of the plain.

He was wandering into the sunshine, where the palms sighed and the pigeons drummed, and going toward the Café de Paris, where he wondered would they refuse to serve him, when a large hand descended on his shoulder.

"Ain't you Les Armstrong, the jock?"

"Yeh. I'm Armstrong."

"I thought I was right," a hearty insin-

cere voice roared. "Boy, I got something for you. Come right here."

Armstrong studied the red-faced, hearty-voiced man. He had once been an American, he was one no longer which was one up to the Western Republic. For his voice was loud; his feet were not in his own house.

"Come right along, boy," Armstrong was encouraged. "I got something you'll love."

"Is it, is it a mount?"

"Yeh, it's a nice big horse for you to ride."

"I sure likes a nice horse," he said. "Is it a good horse?"

"Ain't no better."

"Is it a square ride?"

"Do I look like a guy," the ex-American demanded hotly, "who would want to pull some dirty trick? I ask you, do I?"

If he had asked you or me, who are six footers, and handy with the mitts, we would have answered: You sure do! and awaited the result with interest. But if you are a small underfed jockey, out of luck, you don't have much *joie de coeur* in matching wallpops. So Armstrong gave the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

"I ain't meant nothing, boss. Dog-gone, you know. In this horse business a jock has got to be careful."

"Kid, you're all right. You're the guy we want. Come right with me."

He brought him over to the striped awnings of the Café de Paris. A huge dark fat man was sitting before a glass of Perrier. He was not jolly fat, as many fat men are, but fat in a sinister way, like some adipose evil thing in the depths of the sea. He had small black eyes that seldom moved, but have the keen edge of knives. He was scrubbed to the perfection of cleanliness, his spatulate grubby hands were beautifully manicured. On one hand shone a great diamond. The other held a cigar. He never moved. His eyes just shifted slightly.

"Well, Chief," his scout called, "I got the guy we want."

The Chief slowly pivoted his eyes, as a searchlight is pivoted, on the little jockey. He moved them away again.

"Yeh, Chief," the ex-American told him, "this is the kid. You can sit down, Armstrong," he condescended.

The little jockey was not very comfortable, for out of this immense fat man there exhaled an atmosphere of evil. It was not very hard to place him. You will see him, or one of the eleven or twelve like him, at various Casinos during the season, at Biarritz, at Deauville, at Hamburg, at Cannes. They are the ones who are called the professional gamblers. Whence they come God knows. They speak English and French well, almost perfectly if that were possible, but French or English or American they are not. This swarthy one will be an Egyptian, perhaps; and this one a Greek, perhaps. They always win.

They win for this reason—that gambling to them is a business, and they have toward money an attitude that is neither yours nor mine. When you or I bet a hundred pounds or a thousand dollars on a fine horse, we bet it because we like the horse. We know of no better horse in the race. We have confidence in the jockey. The course suits both of them. And when we lose, we have lost money. We have lost something that cost us work and effort. A little share of power is gone.

But to these men money is not money but a commodity, as fish is to a fish-monger. There are so many counters on a table. They are not money. They are counters. What they spend outside is money. What they lose or win at the tables is a commodity. They exchange the commodity for money to spend, or invest money in the commodity. But of risking big sums they are not afraid, as we would be, and as they know we are. Also they have developed a sense of luck. When their luck is going bad, they will leave the table where they are risking tens of thousands, and go to a small table where you risk ten francs. This is known as "running the bad luck out." They are not alone. They have ancient vile old women who play for them at smaller tables. They have young girls, beautiful, perfectly groomed young girls to sit beside and encourage [Turn to page 87]

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

[Continued from page 86]

losers, suckers, that expressive term, whose vanity will not let them be quitters before the bright sympathetic eyes of the young girl. If you will ask me, I believe they are virtuous, these girls, to use that sweet old-time word, but they have sold their souls to the devil. The Tribunal of Heaven, I make free to believe, prefers their sisters of the street. Such is the gambler.

"Baron Ganzoni here," the scout explained, "has a horse for the Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice, and he wants you to ride. He'll walk it."

"I don't know," said Armstrong, "any Baron Ganzoni racing. And about walking that course, I heard of four that'll do it."

"Well, this horse is by Spearmint out of Moyra's Pride. His name is Kilkenny Boy."

"But that horse," Armstrong said agghast, "that horse belongs to a English dook."

"It did, kid, it did," the scout soothed him. The gambler leaned forward on the table. When he moved the slightest bit he breathed heavily, like some horrible animal coming at you in the dark of a hideous dream. "He don't no more. Listen, this horse is the goods."

"I know he's the goods," the jockey answered. "I don't see yet how he's your Chief's."

"Well, I'll tell you, kid. This English dook has no money, see, and he figures out he's had so much bad luck there's some good coming. So he sails into Monte for the baccarat with what dough he can collect, and right away he runs into the Chief."

"Well, you know baccarat. It makes an aeroplane look slow. In a while there's only the dook and the Chief in the game, and this dook's luck is certainly gone flooey. If it was raining, and the dook in the middle of the street, boy, if luck was rain, this guy would be bone dry. And before he knows anything he has nothing. He ain't the sort of guy to pull bum checks or rough stuff like that. He gets up."

"What? No more?" says the Chief. And he smiles dirty. Boy, the Chief's smile would make a rabbit furious.

"I'm cleaned out," says the Duke, "but I've got a horse at Marseilles, that ought to win the Grand Prix at Nice. That's worth a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs in stakes. He won at Marseilles easily and he got a very poor ride. I don't even know how good he is, and weight won't stop him! The Chief looks at me and I tips my mitt that what the dook says is O. K."

"Supposing?" says the dook, "I match his luck against yours. Between himself and stakes and bets he's worth three thousand pounds. If you care to, put that up in a bank and I'll go you. You take the horse or I take your money."

"The Chief looks at me, and I nods, it's O. K. The Chief puts up a quarter of a million francs on the table."

"Bank of a quarter million francs," says the croupier.

"Banco!" says the dook.

"So the Chief deals him two cards, and takes two. You knows this game. The nearest to nine wins. You can draw a card if the other guy hasn't a eight or a nine."

"I'll have a card," says the dook.

"The Chief turns up his cards and they's two picture cards, worth nothing. Boy, I nearly fainted. I'm standing behind the dook, and I sees he's got an ace and a two spot, making three, and the Chief chucks him a five."

"I've got huit," says the dook. The money was won.

"The Chief pulls a card from the box, and looks at it for a moment before putting it down."

"Noof!" says he. "Nine!"

"And that's how we gets the horse!"

"Now here's where we get a raw deal. We brings the horse from Marseilles and tries to get a trainer, but this dook, see, he may be short of jack but he's got a lot of friends. And all the trainers say: Sorry, but we ain't got no stalls. And all the jocks down here, Mitchell and Atkinson and Head, and the French guys and the Eytalians, they all got mounts for the race. Kind o' cold and distant, just because the baron, see, he ain't in with

the racing gang. Wouldn't that get your goat? So then I remembers you. And I says: Bo, what are you worrying about? Here's a guy will look back and laugh at 'em."

"What do you say, kid? What do you say?"

If he had not been so out of luck, he, too would have said: Sorry, but I got a mount for this race. But nobility, and contempt for sharp practice are perquisites of the reasonably rich. It is easy to be noble with a sound balance at your bankers. But try it on two-bits.

"Well," he thought, "the horse and me is on the square anyhow." And aloud he said: "I'll go it."

The ex-American pulled a wallet out of his pocket.

"Well," he said, "just to show you what I think of you, I'll pay you the winning jockey's fee now." And he handed him two hundred francs. "That's how I do things, see? And there'll be the same on for you with this now pari mutual, see?"

"Now, look-a-here, kid, no cracks about this, see? If the gang thinks we can't get a regular jock, boy, they'll leave this horse alone on the machines. They'll hardly put a cent up. And guy, we'll just take their shoes off. So put it away in your dome, and forget it till the day of the race. We'll show these dooks and dooks' friends they can't be cold and haughty with us, see?"

Well, that was legitimate. That didn't come into the infernal region of pulling or doping a horse. That was with-holding stable information. There was nothing wrong about that.

Ganzoni, the gambler, spoke for the first time in the interview. His heavy glucose voice rumbled out:

"Are you in good shape to ride this race?"

Armstrong's heart sank for a moment. Had they noticed he was ill? Were they going to take this mount from him? Had the man's infernal eye plumbed through clothes and flesh and bone to the stricken organs beneath? Those horrible coughing fits which shook him until he was covered with sweat, and had to lean against something for support—did they know of those? It was only that morning when he was tying a shoe lace he had fallen on his face, and lain there for an hour, unconscious.

But sick and all as he was, he knew he had a good race in him still. He was certain of that as of—

"I'm all right boss. You needn't worry."

NOW you may laugh at the Var race-course as much as you like. You may say it isn't a race course, it's a motion picture. You may say put an Irish hunter at those jumps and he will take them in his stride. Barring the Act of God or the King's enemies, a half bred handy horse will walk it.

For the Act of God and the King's enemies seemed to have selected Nice race-course as their favorite winter resort. Here are hurdles a plough horse will take. Here is an Irish bank that the hunter Pelican would skim over with the Meath hounds. Here is a stone wall a green five-year-old will take. Here is a water jump that is a great test of jumping, for a cow. It is all tremendously simple.

Yet lying hidden beside each fence are two small ghoul-like figures with a stretcher, small, wizened-faced men with cynical expressions and cigarettes, trolls, gnomes, the meaner sort of earth elementals, as a mystic might put it. And their stretchers are always in use. Of course every one laid on those stretchers, next day the papers will tell you, is in a fair way to recovery; but if you notice you don't see them racing again. The kind-hearted foreign customers might not come to the race-course again, if they heard a jockey was killed. So that in France jockeys never die.

For all that the jumps are low, they are narrow, real estate in Nice being what real estate in New York is, in a minor way. The fields are big, fifteen or twenty horses starting in a steeplechase. There you will not find the beautiful timing of the Irish meets, the nursing of the horses, the course craft, the [Turn to page 88]



Photograph by Baron de Meyer

ELIZABETH ARDEN has made A SCIENTIFIC PREPARATION

for Every Need of the Skin

Based on Soundest Research and

Formulated as Carefully as Food Products

EVERY once in a while, a frantic mother telephones Elizabeth Arden and wails, "My baby has eaten a jar of your *Cleansing Cream*! (Sometimes it is *Velva Cream* or *Orange Skin Food*.) Is there anything in it, that can hurt him?" And Elizabeth Arden is always happy to answer that there is not.

A watchful regime like that of a food laboratory safeguards the purity of Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations. Only vegetable colors are used to tint the powders. Real lemon juice is poured into *Venetian Bleaching Cream*. Real eggs make the mellow richness of *Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream*. The immaculate purity of these Preparations protects and promotes the health of your skin.

Each of Miss Arden's Preparations has been created to fulfill some definite purpose. And each step of the Elizabeth Arden Treatment supplies some need of the skin. You can obtain wonderful results at home by using *Venetian Cleansing Cream*, *Ardena Skin Tonic* and *Orange Skin Food* in your little Self Treatments each morning and night, according to the method of an Elizabeth Arden Treatment.

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Removes all impurities from the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and clarifies the skin. 85c, \$2, \$3.75.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Rounds out wrinkles and lines. Excellent for a thin, lined or aging face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins. Recommended also for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. Restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, refines the coarsest skin. \$1, \$2.50.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, smooths the contour. \$2.25, \$4.

Poudre d'Illusion. Powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent. Illusion (a peach blend), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, White and Banana. \$3.

Savon Kenott. Tooth Paste, cleansing, refreshing, remedial. In box, 75c. In tube, 60c.

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes are on sale at smart shops everywhere



Elizabeth Arden launched in America the smart fashion of blending Babani Perfumes to make your own personal perfume formula.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St. LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St. WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix BOSTON: 24 Newbury St. ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta DETROIT: 318 Book Building SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave.
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St. © Elizabeth Arden, 1926

Legend

of the High Born Lady and the Wise Magician

ONCE upon a time there was a Complexion that belonged to a High Born Lady. And this Complexion was fallow. And muddy. And ill to behold.

Now the High Born Lady came to a Wise Magician. "What," quoth she, "must I do for my Complexion? For as it is, no Suitors come to my Father's door."

The Wise Magician tapped his nose. "My child," he said, "listen well; on the seventh day of the seventh month, you must brew a lotion from mulberry leaves, goat's milk, and the wings of a bat. Apply this to your complexion. And in the meanwhile eat no viands that offend the stomach, and walk each day to the highest point on your Father's lands, and rest from dark till sun-up."

It chanced that a year from that day the High Born Lady rode afield and met with the Wise Magician trudging at the roadside. "I see," quoth the Magician, looking on the glowing freshness of her countenance, "that my magic lotion brought you beauty." "Nay," said that Lady in confusion, "for after a period in which I spurned rich fare, and walked until my blood was tingling, and slept soundly through the night, for some strange reason I was so besieged by Suitors that my Father compelled me to make selection, so that he might have



peace. And when the time came for me to brew the lotion, my Lord did forbid me, saying that he feared a Complexion lovelier than mine would be the cause of strife throughout the Realm."

"I fear that magic will fall upon evil days," mused the Magician, "for I have become much too free with Wisdom.

of a hot drink, with none of the penalties of caffeine.

Try it for thirty days—long enough to see results! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer—"I want to give you one week's supply of Postum, and my personal directions for preparing it, to start you on the thirty-day test.

"Or if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1926, P. C. Co.

P.—McG. 10-26
POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check
(prepared instantly in the cup) which you
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ prefer
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ont.

POSTUM is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

[Continued from page 87]

burst in the home stretch. The horses in a big race are there to win. Four abreast and six behind they take the narrow jumps together. So that the Act of God and the King's enemies figure largely in the French racing equation.

Apart from racing, barring sweet Leopardstown—Leopardstown of the Irish heart, green turf and soft brooding hills!—there is no prettier spot on earth for a race-course. Beside you, you can hear the Mediterranean chime on the pebbly shore. Back of you, the little Var drowns downward from the Alpine gorges. Eastward the coast sweeps toward Monte Carlo in a bold reckless line. The red sails of the fisher folk show daintily on the peacock blue sea. The higher Alps are furred with snow. It will be crimson for a minute when the sun drops westward back of the Esterel. The gray sleeping towns of Roman days dream, like an old sheep-dog by the fire, in the bluish hills. And somewhere chimes a sweet old bell in a monastery calling the Fathers to lauds

The second race was over. The beautiful six-year-old mare, Carina, had carried off the La Turbie hurdle race from a field of sound starters. At the totalisators people were swarming to have their bets paid. On the lawn mannequins, with faces made up as in some exotic play about Arabia, pass to and fro in clothes that represent more value than their bodies and souls. Here passes an Indian rajah, dressed in European clothes, with a brown sealskin waistcoat and a huge watch chain, looking very much like a retired saloon keeper, but for his dark skin. He is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns from His Majesty's government, as they will call it; but the meanest Frenchman here jostles him as if he were just "George." Here are two Egyptian princes, dressed in flaming oriental costume, that seem tawdry somehow, in bad taste in this setting. Here is an Irish marquess, dressed like a farmer, leaning on an ash plant and wishing that "he was in Dublin this minute, so!" Here is an ex-King of an European state, looking very much like a cad. Beside him is a great Second Avenue safe-blower, "resting," looking one's ideal of an Italian prince. Through and over and past them swarm the common or garden people, French folk, vivacious, excited, chattering, like small birds in a tree; English people, striding like male and female Juggernauts, happily unconscious of the comments of the trodden French; Americans, notable by the huge frames of the men, and outwardly tolerant of and inwardly a little awed by this color and glory. Nearby in the field a band plays a quick fox-trot.

A fat and not scrupulously clean man climbed a ladder by the starting board, and began clicking runners and jockeys up for the big race. Number One went, Velvet, Mark Baldwin's fast chaser, with Poivier up. So went Carbusy; so went Saint Nitouche, "Little Puritan" it would be in English, by Quaker out of Moralité; Viouret of the gray and great strain of Roi Hérodé; Helicopter, that excellent fencer; so went Parakeet, who never looked much in a race, but was always in the running; so went Hans, who was to run in the Grand National in England, Daniele riding him.

Number Ten went up, Kilkenny Boy. There was a pause until the jockey's name was shown, "L. Armstrong" painted roughly in black letters on a piece of white planking. There was no glint of recognition in eyes that would have been charmed by it six months before. "Armstrong. Connais pas!" "Never heard of him!" A man went by selling the "premier jaune!"—the yellow slip that gives probable pari mutual results. They turned from the board to rush on him . . .

In the jockeys' room Armstrong was received with coldness, while he worked into boots and breeches, and pulled on the flaming crimson silk jacket and cap that Ganzoni had chosen for his colors. Only Fred Rankin, the English jockey riding Viouret, an old enemy, came up and shook hands.

"I'm glad to see you up again," he said, "but I hate to see you on this job." "I hate it myself, Fred, but, dog-gone, you know how it is, when you're out o'

luck, boy, you got to take what you can get."

"I got the winner, myself," Rankin said. "I wish it was another race, and you had it."

"They tell me this horse is good."

"He's good for home—Listen, darkey," Rankin's voice was sincere, "you're not looking well, why don't you go home to that place you're always singing about."

"Old Virginny. Believe me, Fred, when I gets me a good winner, you won't see my heels for dust: Oh, boy, and how!"

"Well, good luck, Jarky!"

"Good luck, Fred"

They went down to the scales, Armstrong carrying his heavily weighted saddle. Outside the band had broken into the great hunting song:

"D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay

D'ye ken John Peel, when he's far far away

D'ye ken John Peel, at the break of the day

With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby, too—"

Armstrong walked swiftly to the paddock. A French stable boy whipped the cloth from the big chestnut and took the saddle. The jockey took the snaffle and looked at the horse. His heart swelled.

"Dog-gone, boy," he said, "you're a horse."

His eyes roved along the sweet line of body; the hind quarters, powerful as artillery; the legs delicate as a flower's; the pretty feet. The head was so small, so lovely. The nose could go in a cup. The eyes were a gentleman's eyes. They looked with wonder at the dark face above the crimson racing jacket. But the Irish chaser felt the masterly knowing hands, and sensed everything was right. The jockey smiled with a dazzling show of white teeth.

"Boy," he said, "You're a champeen horse. That's what you is, a champeen horse."

A burst of happiness came to him, and with it a flow of false strength. He tested girths and stirrups and sang as he tested them; not with any nostalgia now, but with happiness.

"Carry me back to old Virginny

That's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow.

There's where the birds warble sweet in the Springtime,

There's where this ducky's heart am long'd to go—"

The horse, knowing with the mystic sense animals have, that the merry heart is the good heart, turned and nuzzled him.

"Quit your kidding, horse," Armstrong rebuffed him with mock severity. "This ain't no picnic. This is a race."

"No place on earth do I love more sincerely

Than old Virginny, the land where I was born."

He took the reins and slid his left foot into the iron. The stable boy caught his right knee and swung him into the saddle. Ganzoni lumbered up.

"I know nothing about horses—"

"Yeh," Armstrong agreed.

"But it looks a good horse."

"What do you say, kid, what do you say," the ex-American boomed heartily.

"I says: Anything that beats this horse wins; and I says: I ain't seen anything like this horse."

"He's at tens," the scout whispered hoarsely. "And the Chief's put on some dough for you. There's some jack coming to you, kid, if you comes in first."

"It's finding money," Armstrong grinned.

He followed the other horses through the gate into the course. A thrill he had never known, when he was popular and lucky, ran through him as he passed the stand and lawn swarming with people. The buzz of comment, the white faces, the flash of field glasses, it was all a throbbing, swarming mass of excitement. He loosed the chestnut for a dash down the field. The big horse broke into his beautiful stretching [Turn to page 89]



Skin Armed
Against
the Outdoors

Do you want a skin the texture of a baby's—satiny, soft, in spite of changing climatic conditions? A skin that holds its youth through the years?

Then use Jap Rose—the dainty, all-together-different soap which really is a natural aid to beauty.

So pure you can see through it, Jap Rose blends with water and enters and cleanses tiny pores that coarse soaps clog.

Then the 2 natural tonics it contains stimulate every nerve pore and tissue. New health comes. The tingle tells you that.

And such a wonderful bath soap! It makes you look as refreshed as you feel.

Send 3 Empty Cartons and 35c
For This Health
Flesh Brush



For a limited time only, we will send you, postpaid, this health flesh brush with skin stimulating, live bristles, for 3 empty Jap Rose Cartons and 35c. Brush is 14 inches long, with ivory finish handle. Address Dept. D, James S. Kirk & Co., 1232 W. North Ave., Chicago.

JAP
ROSE



Accept No
Substitutes

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

[Continued from page 88]

canter. The wind whipped into Armstrong's silk jacket like a pleasantly cold shower. They skimmed a hurdle like a swallow.

"Dog-gone, boy," Armstrong grinned, "you're it." He pulled the horse in and returned to where the others were waiting. Velvet, the big black horse that Poivier was riding, vicious and eager; Saint Nitouche, quiet as a mouse. Viouret, quiet and watchful, with Rankin up. Immense Hans, with his Italian rider, stupid, relying on his great stride to carry him home. The silken jackets were a strange mad jumble of color in the Midi sunshine. Green and crimson, brown, blue with white spots, purple, orange—they shifted and mixed as the horses moved. A man in a slouch hat raised a white flag half a furlong away. Horses pranced, turned, curvetted. Riders cursed in English, French, Italian. Of a sudden, like a figure in a country dance, they turned their backs on the starter, and cantered downfield; and then, as if answering a command of some invisible master of ceremonies, they each turned again and came forward gently in a line that was at first a little ragged, gradually grew even as the horses stretched out. Their hooves thumped like drums on the sunburnt turf. They swept on, like a squadron on parade.

Then with an abrupt movement, the starter whipped the fluttering white flag to his feet. The crowd roared. On the lawn a bell rang madly. The crowd roared again. In a dozen languages they called the world-old cry.

"They're off!"

For an instant on the left hand side of the riders the stand appeared, an anthill of swarming folk, a flash of a thousand field glasses. And then it whipped out of sight like something seen from an aeroplane. The first hurdle showed; its white rails, its stiff bristling bush. The horses took it leisurely, carefully. Back of them the crowd cried:

"They're over."

They swept along the right hand course, fighting for position now. Americaine, the sweet little mare, galloped along, first of the field. Behind came Savvice, the huge Italian jumper. Parakeet and Hans raced together. Viouret lay easily on the rails. Back of the field Armstrong held his mount. The Irish chaser was fighting for his head, not understanding why this rush of mounts should take precedence of him. He was not yet the cunning old racer that appreciates a yard here, an effort saved there. He was still the wild free hunter that loved horn and hounds.

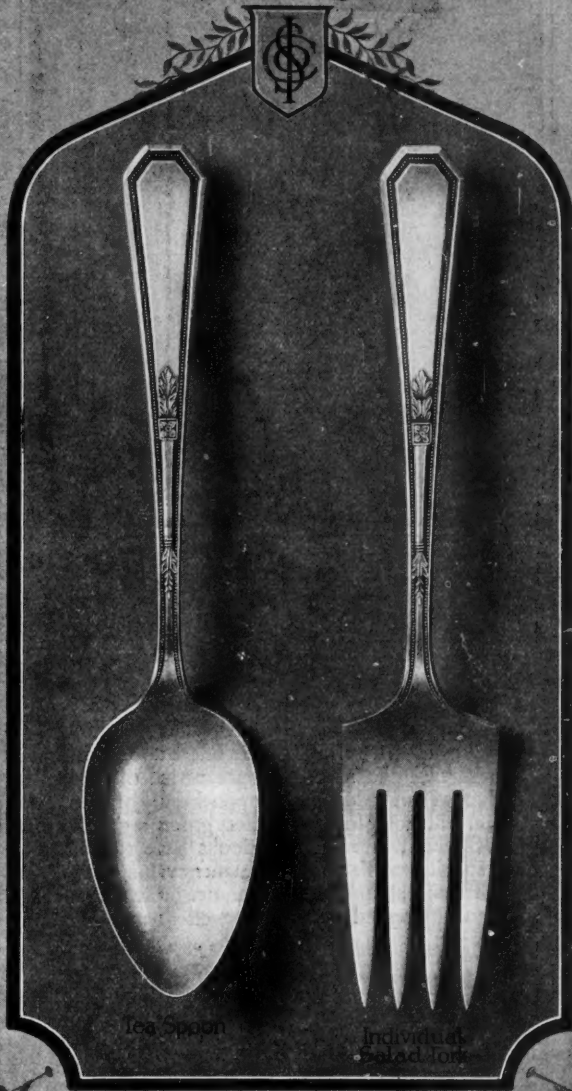
But "Dog-gone, boy," Armstrong was soothing him, "take it easy. This ain't no waltz. This is work." And, "Easy baby, easy. I'll say when." And the big horse eased down, galloping sweetly, confidently. They took the second hurdle. Ahead the course forked to left and right. They swung to the right hand side. Americaine still led. Entente, an outsider, swirled along, in a mad rush. None paid any attention to him. The battle was not on yet. They swept toward the first water jump, a hedge with a treacherous dyke on the far side. The little mare skimmed it. The outsider faltered, took it clumsily, came down. He rolled over on his jockey. The jockey lay still. Carbusy's iron caught him on the head, where he lay. A woman near the rails screamed like a rabbit caught by a stoat. The field swept on.

But for the slow thunder of the hooves all was silence. The jockeys were still as clay figures set on moving platforms. Their eyes never left the ground ahead of them. Their eyes were half-closed, wary as eagles'. Their hands were still. Their peaked, wizened faces showed under the silk caps like creations of some artist with a morbid twist in his mind. They galloped on. Behind them the mountains rose, before them the sea chimed. About them, hemming them on all sides, were dark rings of people, on the rails, on the tops of motor cars, in trees. They paid no heed. They might have been riding between land and stars.

Big Hans, ugly-headed, splay-footed, with his clumsy, deceptive, dangerous stride came creeping up on the favorite. Rankin's voice came from the side of his mouth.

"If you cross me, you Wop, I'll cut your face off with the [Turn to page 90]

Mayfair Pattern
Wm. Rogers & SON



Tea Spoon

Individual Salad Fork

Good Taste In
Silverware

a standard by
which a discerning
guest judges a dis-
criminating hostess
is shown by the use of

WM. ROGERS & SON
SILVERPLATE

Moderately Priced

Tea Spoons per 1/2 dozen, \$1.75,
other articles in proportion

Made and Guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co.
Meriden, Conn. Succeeded by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Do good looks count



for or against a business woman?

Read what a Virginia beauty who is now a successful business woman says:

"I know of no occupation in which good looks are not of value to a woman in their effect upon others, and in the assurance and self-confidence which they give her. Good looks are not dependent upon beauty of feature or coloring . . . the good looks of perfect grooming are within the reach of every woman. Good looks have to be backed up by capability to be of any permanent value but a general smartness and alertness in appearance indicates an efficiency that can be applied to a job as well as to one's appearance."

Elizabeth Percy Strong

MRS. DESSEZ'S work as Director of the Educational Department of Pathé—internationally known motion picture organization—brings her in constant contact with individual women who are doing interesting things. Combined with her background of Virginian social traditions, this professional experience has given her an unusual opportunity to observe the importance of good grooming to women.

Correct care of the skin is the first and most important step toward the good grooming she recommends. A few cents invested in a jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—a few minutes faithful care every day—and your skin will begin to take on that clean, fine, wholesome look that is called "well-groomed".

D & R Perfect Cold Cream is so good for the skin because it is so beautifully made—blended with all the skill of 36 years of experience. For Daggett &

Ramsdell is a famous old firm, which has devoted its chief energies for many years to the perfection of this one exquisite cream.

D & R Perfect Cold Cream is suitable both for cleansing and moulding. For best results apply with a bit of cotton wrung out in cold water. Use it always before retiring and as often during the day as occasion demands. It not only cleanses the pores, but refines the texture of the skin. Don't subject your skin to the strain of a lot of different applications. Choose this one sure treatment that has been found beneficial by so many lovely women.

For those who want a powder base that really makes the powder stick, try D & R's new Perfect Vanishing Cream. As dainty, as pure, as fine in every way as the cold cream. If you don't already know these two creams intimately, send in the coupon for free samples. Do it now!



D & R PERFECT COLD CREAM

D & R Perfect Cold Cream comes in 35-cent, 60-cent, and \$1.00 jars. Also a large fat jar for \$1.50. Perfect Vanishing Cream in 35-cent and 60-cent jars. Both creams in inexpensive tubes.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Makers of Perfect Shaving Cream, Ha-Kol (Headache Cologne), Perfect Cold Cream Soap



D & R PERFECT VANISHING CREAM

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
214 West 14th St., New York City
or 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Canada

Please send me free trial tubes of your two creams. M 10-26

Name.....
Address.....

TWO DESSERTS IN ONE WILL DOUBLE THE FUN!

[Continued from page 46]

This means approximately an hour a week saved for something that will be fully as worthwhile to my family and more stimulating to me. It makes one feel that the old saying, "Make your head save your heels," is worth putting into practice.

DATE AND BREAD CRUMB PUDDING

This serves a family of 4 twice. It can be served the first and second or first and third days.

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups bread crumbs, (soft broken bread)
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon baking-powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup chopped dates

Beat eggs until light. Add sugar, then bread crumbs, nuts, baking-powder and salt mixed. Add dates and bake in shallow pan in slow oven (325°F) about 45 minutes. Cut in squares and serve with cream.

GINGER BREAD

This serves a family of 5 twice. It can be served first and second or first and third days, serving it fresh with butter and powdered sugar the first day, then steaming it a few minutes the second or third day and serving it with Foamy Sauce.

3 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 1/4 teaspoons baking-powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon clove
1 cup sour milk
1 cup molasses
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening

Mix and sift flour, soda, baking-powder, salt, ginger, cinnamon and clove. Mix sour milk and molasses. Add sugar, melted shortening and eggs. Stir in flour mixture and bake in shallow pan in moderate oven (350°F) 30 to 40 minutes.

[Turn to page 137]

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

[Continued from page 89]

whip." But his eyes never moved. His hands never moved. They took the hurdle easily. The little American mare fell behind. Now the race began to quicken. Velvet and Viouret, Hans and Parakeet began duelling for position. The biggest of the hurdles rose before them. The leaders took it carefully. Armstrong heard the crash and thump behind him as more of the field came down.

Suddenly Parakeet began to slow up. They passed him. "Estropié," his rider called. "He's gone lame."

They huddled the left hand side now, going toward the big bank with the hedge. As they went for it, each called on his horse. "Hip!" Rankin shouted, and brought his hand down sharply on his horse's ribs. "Ey-ah," shrilled the Italian jockey, and Hans rose like an aeroplane. The Frenchman sent Velvet over, with a vicious dig of the heel. Armstrong gathered Kilkenny Boy gently. The big horse slowed a little, then suddenly drove forward. He gathered his hind feet prettily in mid air. They were over.

Now, the field had broken into three parts. Ahead were Hans and Viouret, with the big black, Velvet, sparring for mastery. Behind them a few lengths Armstrong lay, quietly biding his time. Back of him four lengths were the rest of the field. They scrambled over the earthen ditch. They swung toward the dyke. They took it easily, Velvet and Viouret gaining a little at each jump on Hans, but Hans regaining it each time with his powerful deceptive stride. At the stone wall Viouret faltered and almost fell, regained, went ahead. The Irish jumper cleared without laying an iron on it. They swept toward the grand stand to take the water jump. Big Hans rushed forward. They could see Daniele try to steady him. The horse seemed to bolt forward through the air. There was a crash as he came on his knees. And for an instant, Daniele appeared in the air, shot out of his irons as from a catapult. He turned over in mid-air and came down on his head. There was a long moan of horror from the grand stand. Daniele, he was done!

From the corner of his eye Armstrong could see the Italian where he lay, limp on his back, his hands outstretched as on a cross, a froth of blood on his mouth and nostrils. Behind thundered the field. Ahead, riderless, big Hans loped. Velvet and Viouret galloped on behind the other on the rails, each awaiting the moment for the other to crack. They swept around to the right again to cross the line of hurdles the second time. They quickened a little. Armstrong let Kilkenny Boy out a little. He mustn't make the leaders suspicious, but he mustn't let them get too far away. The wind had been right behind him coming down the field, bellying his silk jacket out in front,

and now as he turned the wind, the jacket whipped close to his body, and he had a feeling it was raining. He looked down. His jacket was wet with perspiration. His hands were wet. The reins where his hands held were wet.

"Dog-gone," he said, "that Italian guy, he must have made me sick."

He knew he was trembling in the saddle. His arms had no strength in them. He was afraid for an instant that the horse might feel there was something wrong.

"It's all right, boy," he said. "It's all right. Just a little weak, that's all."

They skimmed the hedge. He pulled himself together with a great effort as they came for the double fence, some inner reserve of strength giving his fingers the touch to steady the chaser, time him and send him over flying. They swept around again toward the ditch and hedge. Very hazily the leaders appeared to him, as though they were hazy horses in a hazy dream. Everything seemed furry. The landscape had an ethereal look, as though at any moment it might dissolve into nothingness. And queerly enough, the sea made a loud chiming in his ears, high above the thunder of the hooves and the shouting. For a fraction of an instant this would endure, then would come super-clear lucidity. Ahead of them was the last jump, the bank and hedge, and the stretch home. Viouret was slightly ahead of the black horse, Velvet. He saw Velvet's jockey loose his right hand. The whip would be going soon. Rankin's head moved slightly, ever so slightly, to the left. He sat down to ride Viouret home.

"Boy," Armstrong whispered, "now we go."

With the old cunning, the old craft, he swung out to the left. His knees gripped a little closer. He went down on the chestnut's neck as they thundered to the jump.

"Over, boy!" he called. And they were over like a rocket.

But the last effort seemed to have taken all out of him. He was empty, it seemed, empty of vitality, of everything. He could hear crack-crack-crack-crack of a whip before him, beside him, now behind him. He had passed Velvet. Now he was racing beside the favorite, now he passed him. Ahead of him loomed the black mass of the grand stand, the circle on top of the winning post. A great roar came to his ears, and curiously enough, above that the chime of the sea.

He heard the swish of Rankin's whip, the crack of it. The favorite crept up, crept, crept . . .

"Horse," he called in agony, "I'm done. You must win yourself." His fingers caught the mane to avoid falling off.

The big chestnut felt the favorite come along, come up to his [Turn to page 91]

Do you protect your baby's health at nursing time?



The continued health of your baby depends on clean nursing bottles. Are you sure your baby's bottle is the kind you can clean as thoroughly as you do your drinking glass?

How can you expect to keep a bottle with a very narrow neck clean? It's nearly impossible to reach all the inside curves, where disease germs so easily lodge.

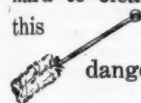
You can do away with this narrow necked bottle



and this



hard-to-clean funnel and this

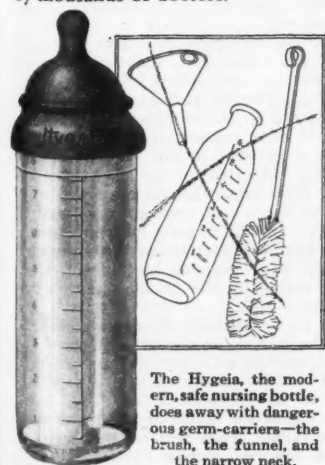


dangerous brush

If you give your baby the kind of nursing bottle recommended by Dr. L. Emmett Holt in his famous book "The Happy Baby." He says, "In selecting bottles, those which are the easiest to clean should be chosen. These are the round bottles with wide mouths."



This is the **HYGEIA**, the Safe Nursing Bottle. It has straight, easy-to-clean sides and a wide, open mouth. No brush is needed for cleaning, and no funnel is needed for filling. Sold by drug stores everywhere. Endorsed by thousands of doctors.



The Hygeia, the modern, safe nursing bottle, does away with dangerous germ-carriers—the brush, the funnel, and the narrow neck.

Hygeia

The **SAFE** NURSING BOTTLE

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

[Continued from page 90]

forehand, come to his neck. With an immense burst of fighting speed, he hurled himself forward, the stand, the favorite, the winning post were passed in four gigantic strides. Armstrong faintly heard the roar of the crowd as he won, clearly heard the insistent chiming of the sea, of a sea.

With the wisdom all good horses have, the chestnut slowed up, cantered, walked. He stood for an instant to give the little jockey a chance to sit up. He turned toward the paddock. A stable boy ran up and led him into the weighing enclosure. Canzoni's scout met him with a frown.

"You cut that a bit fine," he criticized. "Did I?" Armstrong said dully.

"Yeh," he said. "The Chief's sore. You might have lost us our dough. He says you rode a bum race, and he ain't going to come through with no bonus for a bum race."

"No?" He turned to the stable boy. "Give us a hand down," he said. He tottered on his feet when he was on the ground. He managed to get the saddle off. He turned to the horse for a moment.

"Boy," he said—he probably didn't know what he was saying—"boy, I'll see you again."

He walked toward the chair, and sat down in it mechanically, his saddle in his lap. He tipped the scale down.

"All right," said the weightsman.

But Armstrong didn't hear.

"Get up."

But he didn't move.

"He's fainted," Rankin, who was waiting his turn, suggested. "That darky's sick."

They carried him off and laid him on a couch.

"He's cold and stiff," somebody remarked.

"He's dead."

Ganzoni bustled forward, roused out of his lethargy.

"But I win my race," he called excitedly. "Don't I win my race?"

"Yes, you win your race," the officials told him. "But what about your jockey?"

"Him! He's nothing to me," Ganzoni lifted his shoulders. "Besides I paid him in advance. But there's no objection?"

"What objection could there be?" they assured him. "He weighed in."

THE gong rang. Everything was all right. The totalisator could pay. New jockeys appeared. New horses were brought out. The day merged into the short Mediterranean twilight. The moon that had just been a vague shape in the east became an immense silver penny while as yet the sun had not gone down. A little mistral sprang up, and the Mediterranean, sleek as a cat, turned like a cat, and struck back in small vicious snarling gray waves. The mountains became forbidding. The band, because there were so many Americans at Nice that year, played a medley of American songs, giving to them that faint twist of unbelief and cynicism with which French bands will always treat songs of sentiment.

"Carry me back to old Virginny," it played,

"There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow.

There's where the birds warble sweet in the Springtime,

There's where this darky's heart am long'd to go."

And two small ghouls, smoking cigarettes, removed the last of the jockey to an unseen place, where he would be kept until dark. Thence they would remove him to the house of the friendless dead. And lest his name should be forgotten, they had chucked on his chest the piece of plank from the starters' board with "L. Armstrong" on it in hasty, uncouth letters.

"No place on earth do I love more sincerely," the band seemed to sneer, "Than old Virginny, the place where I was born."

But the band might have saved its irony. He had ridden and won a great race. Also, he was in Virginny now.



Always a bargain at the same price!

OFTEN you can buy Pillsbury's Best Flour at a price as low as other flours, in spite of the big difference in quality.

It is the enormous output of the giant Pillsbury mills which makes possible the production of such a high quality flour at such a moderate price.

You can use Pillsbury's Best for anything requiring flour—cakes, bread, biscuits, pastry—and *always* have pleasing results. The quality of Pillsbury's Best is constant and unchanging. For over fifty years it has been the accepted standard of flour buyers.

You would naturally expect to pay more for Pillsbury's Best Flour. Usually you don't have to. And whether you buy flour in little bags or in big barrels, you will find that it is always most economical to *buy the best*—Pillsbury's Best Flour.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour	Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour	Health Bran
Rye Flour	Graham Flour
	Wheat Cereal
	Farina

Pillsbury's Best Flour

One of the family

for All-night sleep and Bright-eyed days



*Now from Switzerland—a new safe way to
instant restful sleep
—see what 3 days will do*

No more wakeful nerves at night. No more lousy mornings. No more afternoon let-downs. Here is a natural means (a way without drugs) to sound, peaceful sleep. It brings quick restoration to your tired body. It soothes your frayed nerves. And as you sleep you are gaining strength.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being, eager with the joy of life. With youthful energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

The 3-day test we offer here will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious sleep that restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods, which may be in your stomach.

Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

There is a quick restoration to your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves

are soothed. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

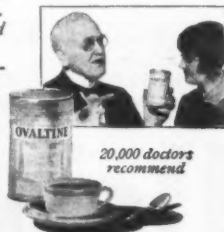
Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it, not only as a restorative, but also for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, nerve-strain, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

A 3-day test

You can buy Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use at your druggist or store. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10 cents.



20,000 doctors recommend

OVALTINE

*Builds Body,
Brain and Nerve*



"Wonderful" is the only word I can find to express the use of "Ovaltine." Both my child and self are wonderfully improved since taking "Ovaltine." Neither of us knew what it was to sleep the night through until we began taking "Ovaltine." My child is only two years old but will not go to bed without "Ovaltine." Mrs. A. J. Egbert, Bronx, New York

I took "Ovaltine" for nervousness and sleeplessness and the results were wonderful. Your sample of "Ovaltine" was just like finding a thousand dollars. I don't wake up at 3 o'clock in the morning any more and am not so nervous.
Miss Emma Cervenska, Manitowish, Wisconsin

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 1410
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
(One package to a person) Write plainly

THE BLACK KNIGHT

[Continued from page 15]

—a man who sat his horse with a knightly dignity and lifted his hat with a courtly gesture when he saw that he was perceived.

Ermine's face was as white as death; she stood as one transfixed. Twenty yards separated her from her animal, but she did not attempt to traverse those twenty yards. She stood instead as one spell-bound, and watched the new-comer approach the gate noiselessly over the soft ground, reach it, pause an instant, and then slip from the saddle. She made a movement then, but it was a mechanical one. She put one hand tightly over her eyes, as if to shut out something terrible. When she looked up again, he was beside her. "All alone!" he said.

She struggled for utterance. "I prefer to be all alone, Major Bullivant."

He put out a steadying hand. "Why are you trembling so? You have nothing to fear."

She drew back from his touch, as she might have recoiled from a striking serpent. "Oh, do you think I am afraid?" she said. "Why have you followed me?"

A faint smile crossed his face. "Well, partly to tell you that," he said.

"And the other part?" said Ermine.

His hand had fallen to his side. He did not seek to touch her again as he made answer. "The other part, Ermine, was to ask you to marry me."

"To marry—you!" Again she went back a step, but checked herself sharply. "I don't know why you should suggest that."

"But I always meant to suggest it," said Bullivant. He spoke quietly, temperately, his eyes upon her face. "You have never given me a chance, but that has been my intention from the beginning. Now that I have at last my opportunity, I hope that you will listen."

"Ah!" It was scarcely more than a gasp; she stood as one at bay. "And you think—that you can make me consent!"

He made a slight gesture of protest. "I venture to hope that you will consent, and if you can see your way to do so, it will be my business to see that you do not regret it."

"And if I can't see my way?" She seemed to speak through closed lips, so rigid were her features and attitude.

A shadow of surprise crossed his face. "I may be able to overcome your difficulties," he said, "if you will tell me."

"My difficulties!" With sudden recklessness she burst the constriction that seemed to bind her. Her words rushed out breathlessly, desperately. "Yes, I will tell you what they are if you want to know. The first is that I hate you—I hate you from the bottom of my soul—and I would rather die than marry you!"

He heard her without the faintest change of countenance. "But that surely is better than indifference," he said. "If you had told me that I was nothing to you, I might have been discouraged. Is that the only objection?"

Again she stiffened, as a fighter who realizes that by a rash onslaught he has lost ground. "No woman," she said more quietly, "no woman could feel her happiness was safe with you—at least no woman who really knew you."

"That is unreasonable," said Bullivant. "You have conceived an entirely false idea of me, and you deny me any opportunity to put myself right in your eyes. Believe me, I am not the villain of your imagination. You have built up in your own mind a monster that does not exist. You say you hate me, but I have given you no cause. And I can turn your hatred into love. For I love you, and I am determined to win you. I will give you happiness—such happiness as you have never dreamed of since you were a child. You shall have congenial surroundings, happiness, love."

"Your love!" she said.

"Yes, my love," Gravely he confirmed the words. "My love to hold you up, sustain you, keep you safe."

She shuddered.

"Ermine," he said, "you don't know me. You are clinging to a preconceived idea. Can't you realize that I love you? There is no one on this earth who loves you as I do. You are fighting against the inevitable, and you are suffering in consequence. But it is suffering caused by

yourself. Come to me, child! Stop this absurd struggle against destiny. You have met your fate, and there is no escape from fate, you know. Did I say I was going to win you? My dear, I have won you already. You belong to me, and you know it. Why fight any longer, Ermine?"

She made an agonized gesture and covered her face. "Oh, let me go!" she said. "Let me go!" And suddenly it was as if something gave way within her, for she sank at his feet in a paroxysm of sobbing.

He bent over her; his hands caressed her. "My own!" he said. "My own! Why do you hurt yourself like this? I am waiting for you, just waiting to make you happy, to conquer your misery and give you peace. Look up, dear, look up! Why are you crying? You are mine. Put away this evil obsession that you call hatred! Give me yourself! Or rather shall I say, yield me what is my own! Stop this useless battling against fate! It is the only way to happiness."

She rocked herself to and fro, cowering lower under his touch. "The only way!" she moaned. "The only way!"

His hands closed very gently upon her. "Ermine, look up!" he said again. "You know me. You know what I say has to be. It has come to this. You are a woman and I am a man—your master. What we are going through now can never be gone through again. It is the final issue, and you are beaten already. But—I will give you the honors of war, dear. You shall not endure greater suffering than you inflict upon yourself. Give me your promise to marry me within two months from now, and I will be content with that. Ermine, are you listening? Look up and answer me!"

But she only crouched lower with broken sobbing and half-uttered words of piteous entreaty.

He waited for her with grave patience. The loneliness of the woodland spread all about them. It was as if the world itself were empty, and they alone left in the slanting sunshine.

After a moment she spoke. "I shall be better soon. Please—please, will you leave me for a few minutes? I shan't run away. I just—want to think a little."

"You will give me my answer when I come back?" he said.

"In five minutes' time," she said.

When the sound of his footfalls had died away she lifted her head with a sudden wild movement and looked about her. The quietness and emptiness of the deserted wood seemed to appal her. She turned her face upward to the sun.

"O Heaven!" she said, "O Heaven, deliver me!"

The silence wrapped her round like a muffling veil; she sat waiting, with bated breath. Somehow, it seemed impossible that that desperate cry for help could go unanswered.

Over by the gate San Toy stamped again and whinnied. Bullivant's horse was near by and neighed in answer with startling shrillness. Instinctively Ermine's eyes turned to the woodland track.

In the same moment the sound of galloping hoofs came to her. Who was this? She half expected to see a knight in armor come riding through the wood.

Then, like a cold douche, came reality, and she uttered a gasp in which relief and a kind of desperate laughter strangely mingled. Sam—Sam on his old grey nag—was racing up the track as though he rode for a wager.

The grey was badly blown and showed no disinclination to moderate his speed at his rider's behest, falling into a trot which speedily developed into a dejected walk as he approached San Toy. Sam rolled out of the saddle and fastened him to the railing. Then without agitation he turned towards Ermine. She was running to him with her hands outstretched like a frightened child. "Oh, Sam!"

He stuffed his riding-whip under his arm and took her trembling hands. "What is it?" he said. "Bullivant?"

She wondered later at the unwonted quickness with which his brain leapt to the conclusion, but at the moment another emotion seized her.

Her hands gripped his convulsively, and her eyes gleamed with sudden fierce fire. "Oh, Sam," she said [Turn to page 95]

Mrs. GRACE VIALL GRAY tells why she practices what she teaches



MRS. GRACE VIALL GRAY

MRS. GRACE VIALL GRAY is that most enviable of women — a successful home-making wife and mother who is also a leader in her chosen outside profession.

Home Economics Chairman of several important women's clubs in Chicago and the State of Illinois, and Director of Home Economics for radio station W I B O, Chicago, Mrs. Gray is sought by thousands of women for advice on cookery.

SOON after Mrs. Gray's marriage she was to entertain her former Home Economics Faculty associates at tea.

"I knew," says Mrs. Gray, "that they would expect my famous little tea cakes and you can imagine my dismay when I found at the last minute that I had let myself run out of baking powder.

"The shops were all closed. I simply had to borrow from a neighbor. I noticed that the baking powder she gave me was not Royal—the kind I

always used—but I was so sure of my skill that I shrugged my shoulders and used it.

"My little cakes looked lovely. But after the first bite nobody touched them. There was a queer silence. Then a privileged friend spoke out.

"Well, marriage has certainly spoiled your knack for cake-making," she said. "These cakes do not taste at all as they used to."

"Then I had to confess about the baking powder.

"As I told my husband that night, this only proved that my laboratory teaching is true—you cannot expect superior baked products if you do not use the best baking powder. I had had a hard lesson. Since then I always have on hand an extra can of Royal."

SHE FOUND OUT what all experts learn.

Several groups of authorities were recently asked what kind of baking powder they prefer. Of those expressing an opinion:—82% of the hospital dietitians, 83% of the physicians in New York State,

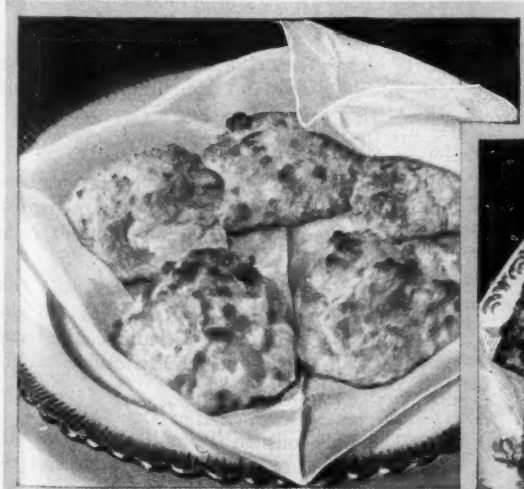
81% of the physicians in New England, and 4270 food experts and Home Economics teachers all over the United States said: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the best and the most healthful."

Royal is the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It is made of the finest quality cream of tartar—a natural product of ripe grapes—imported for 50 years from southern Europe. Royal leavens perfectly and it leaves no bitter taste.

Let us send you—free—the famous Royal Cook Book. Nearly 350 recipes for all kinds of delectable foods. Mail the coupon today.



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste.



Cheese Biscuits (to serve with salads): Sift together 2 cups flour and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cheese (grated) and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Work in 2 tablespoons butter with tips of fingers. Add 1 cup milk. Drop from spoon in uniform, small portions on baking sheet. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.).



Mrs. Gray's Date Dainties: Sift flour and then measure 5 tablespoons. Sift a second time with 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Combine with 1 pound chopped dates, 1 cup chopped nut meats, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 3 eggs (unbeaten). Bake in oiled shallow pan in moderate oven (325° F.) 45 min. Cut in squares and sprinkle with powdered sugar.



Mrs. Gray's Spiced Filled Coffee Cake: Delicious served at afternoon parties with coffee or at bridge luncheons as the dessert. Sift flour and measure 3 cups. Sift again with 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace or nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Work in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter with finger tips. Add 2 eggs (unbeaten) and 1 cup milk. Stir to a smooth dough. Turn into a well oiled round cake pan and cover with the following top mixture:

Top Mixture: Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar and 3 tablespoons flour. Cream together well. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Spread over the top of the coffee cake. Scatter over this $\frac{3}{4}$ cup almonds (cut in small pieces). Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.). When cool, split cake in half—put a layer of sweetened whipped cream over the bottom half of cake. Cover with upper half of cake and serve, cutting sections as if it were a pie.

FREE: This Famous Book of Recipes.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
118 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Please send me copy of the free Royal Cook Book—nearly 350 famous recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



"Gee! Mother—but You're Pretty"

In his heart every boy wants to think this of his mother—give him the right to do so by safeguarding your youth, in this simple way:

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for one purpose: to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

THE cares of Motherhood and of life—don't let them rob you of your youth. Thousands will tell you that you needn't. Due to correct skin care, the charm of schoolgirl days now is carried past the thirties and well into the forties.

The method is one any woman can easily follow—natural ways in complexion care; the discarding of the artificial ways of yesterday. Leading beauty authorities have learned that the preservation of youth probably rests chiefly on proper cleansing of the skin.

For that reason, the soothing lather of olive and palm oils, used in the following way, is the most widely followed beauty care in the world today.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on

over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

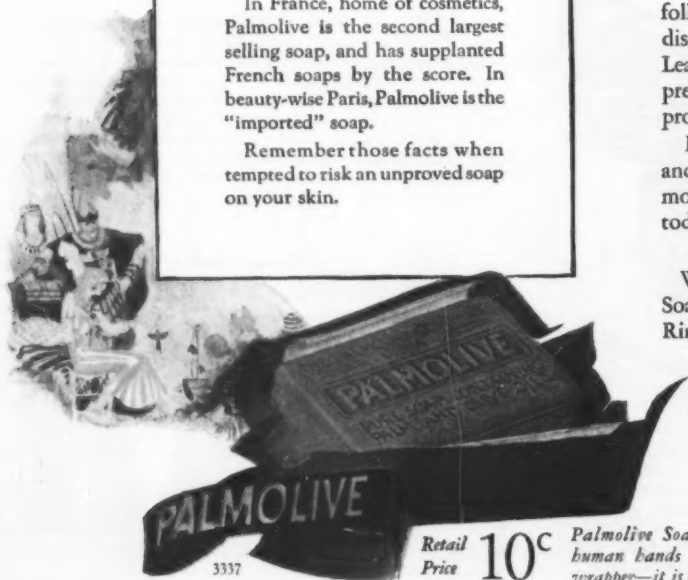
And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Retail Price **10c**

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE BLACK KNIGHT

[Continued from page 92]

again, "you're a man after all. Go after him—thrash him—kill him if you like—and I'll marry you tomorrow!"

His hands relinquished hers. "Which way did he go?" said Sam.

She pointed into the wood. "He's coming back directly. He has only just gone."

He broke in upon her. "That's all right. Get on to your horse and make for the open! I'll see you later."

He almost pushed her in the direction of the gate and walked on.

She stumbled away, obeying him half-mechanically, obeying also a primitive instinct to snatch her deliverance and escape while the chance was hers. She reached San Toy who greeted her with obvious impatience to be gone, unfastened her with shaking hands, struggled up into the saddle and guided her through the open gate. Then with sudden impulse she gave her the rein and in another moment they were off at a gallop up a gradual slope that led into a field, leaving the silent wood behind.

The relief of action and the fresh air rushing past sent the blood once more tingling through her veins. The wild joy of freedom regained was like a draught of wine. Perhaps never in her life had the glory of a gallop so possessed her.

What recalled her she never afterwards knew. It was as if some urgent inner knocking aroused her. "Sam!" said a voice. "What of Sam?"

What of Sam indeed! What had happened away behind her in the haunted wood? And what manner of person was she thus to have escaped and left him to fight her battle?

She was awake now, fully and keenly awake. "I must have been mad!" she said aloud.

She watched narrowly for any horseman, but saw no figure at all. The sun was behind her, and her eyes were keen, but only the trunks of the trees growing more and more distinct rewarded their anxious searching. She reached at length the top of the rise above the haunted wood, and there she checked her animal and stood looking down.

Silent and sinister it spread before her. She shivered uncontrollably. Could she bring herself to enter it again?

The seconds were lengthening into minutes, and San Toy moved restlessly. And then suddenly some instinct moved her to whinny. They were out of sight of the gate below them, but immediately an answering whinny came back, and Ermine became rigid in the saddle, listening. Yes, he was still in the wood; but only one horse had answered. Desperately she faced the situation, grasping her waning courage with both hands. If Sam were down there in the wood, then she ought to go to him. Every instinct insisted upon this. If it were not he—again instinct clamored. She must satisfy herself on this point. She must know. She could not leave the place without knowing.

And so at last, summoning all her strength, she forced herself to descend the grassy slope to the gate. Ere she reached it, she knew a measure of relief. Only one horse stood at the railing, and that the old grey nag that Sam rode so perseveringly in the hunting-field. Bullivant's animal had gone.

But with relief came apprehension. What of Sam?

She found herself at the gate, rode through it, and looked about her. Utter silence girt her round. She reined in and sat listening, listening; but not even the flight of a bird broke the stillness.

Her eyes went to the fallen tree against which she had rested. The shaft of sunlight had left it. The sun was beginning to sink towards the west and the place was shadowy. She came to the long dark trunk and peered over. "Sam!" she cried.

He did not seem to hear her. He had sunk back to his former position. Only at the touch of her hand upon his shoulder did he stir.

"Er—hullo!" said Sam, with an obvious effort to gather his wits together. "That you, Ermine? You sure—it's you?"

She saw his face then as he peered up at her, and for an instant recoiled. It was ghastly white. One eye was completely closed, the other nearly so, and there was a deep cut between them from which

the blood was still oozing. There was blood half-dried all down his cheek to his chin whence it had dripped freely on to his hunting-coat.

Swiftly she regained her self-control. "Yes, it's I," she said. "You've been knocked out. Let me help you!"

He regarded her hazily, as if he still rather doubted the fact of her presence. "How did you come?" he said.

"Oh, never mind that!" she made answer. "I'm here. Let me help you up!"

He shook his head. "No—no, thanks! Don't you wait! I shall be all right." Again he passed his hand over his face. "I shall be all right," he repeated, and then reminiscently, to himself, "It was a good fight—that."

"I'm afraid you had the worst of it," said Ermine.

He looked up at her again. "No, I didn't! Oh no, I didn't! I smashed him up all right. This was just bad luck."

"Get up!" she repeated. "I'll help you."

She stooped lower and took him by the arm. He responded, almost instinctively, blundering first to his knees and so to his feet. But then giddiness came upon him; he stood swaying.

"Lean on me! I'm here!" said Ermine.

He felt for her as if stricken blind, and for a space he leaned upon her on the verge of collapse. Then, with a mighty effort he began to collect himself again.

"I'll wait here," he said, "while you go and fetch San Toy."

He spoke quietly and reasonably, as though he had considered the matter, and looking up, she saw with relief that the ghastly hue was leaving his face. He grasped the railing by the gate and propped himself up against it.

Curiosity suddenly seized Ermine; she threw aside reserve. "Sam, for goodness' sake, what happened?" she said.

"What happened?" repeated Sam vaguely. "But what did you expect to happen? You told me to thrash him, didn't you?"

She spoke, her voice oddly low and unsteady. "Sam, do you tell me—on your word of honor—that you thrashed him?"

"What?" said Sam. He reached out unexpectedly and patted her hand. "That's all right, dear. Don't fret! I didn't kill him anyhow. I fought him first. I flogged him afterwards. And then I was unlucky enough to trip up—or he may have tripped me, I can't say which; and he did the rest. It's all he will do for some little time though. And that's that."

He turned about and began to climb the slope to the gate. Ermine walked beside him stiffly, not offering her help.

"Sam, how on earth did you do it?"

"I don't know," said Sam. "I sometimes think special strength is given for special occasions, don't you?"

"I don't know," she said in her turn. And then again, "Sam, did he—did you—say anything to each other first?"

"Not much," said Sam. "I just told him I was going to thrash him, and he said, 'Come on!', or words to that effect. We never have liked each other much."

"And didn't he ask why?" said Ermine.

"No, he didn't ask anything," said Sam. "I didn't give him much chance. I was so afraid you might come back and interrupt us before we were fairly started."

"I—didn't know you were such a fighter," said Ermine with an effort.

"Nor did I," said Sam honestly.

Again she stood and faced him, but she was trembling. "Sam, don't undo that horse! Please wait a minute! I've got something to say to you."

Sam was bent. He was fumbling at the bridle of the grey. "Say it to-morrow!" he suggested gently. "I'm not very fit at the present moment. Do you mind if I go home now?"

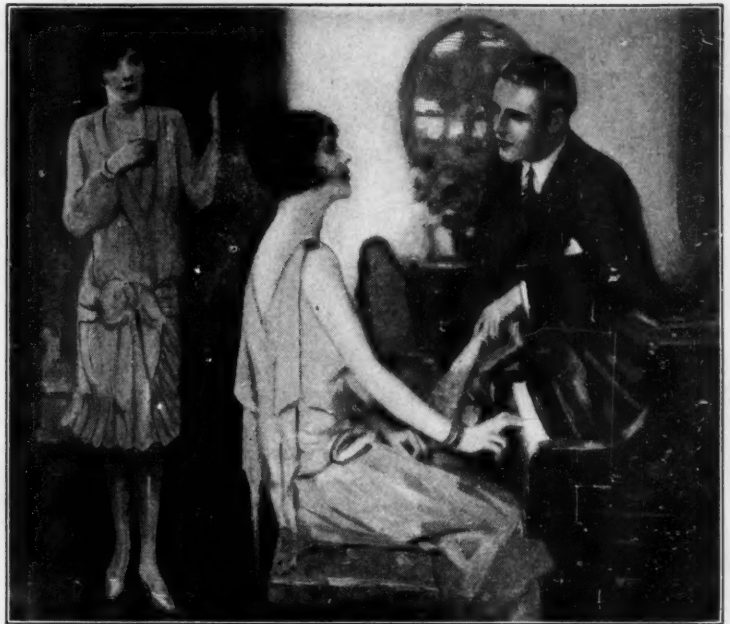
"No; wait!" said Ermine. "I—I may not say it to-morrow. Just for once I am not playing with you, and I haven't the faintest desire to hurt you."

"Not really?" said Sam again.

She put out her hand to him suddenly, rather pathetically. "You are not making it easy for me, are you, Sam?"

He hesitated for a moment; then he took her hand. "If you are going to propose to me, Ermine," he said, "I warn you, I shan't turn you down."

"No, you mustn't" [Turn to page 96]



JANIE'S SECRET

By Grace G. Reihm

JANIE stood in the doorway watching the group that passed down the front walk to Bob Merrill's car. Their laughing voices floated back to her. How gay they were! She stifled a sigh even as she waved a cheery return to their "good nights."

She was stacking sheet music at the piano when a familiar tattoo on the door presaged the entrance of Mildred Keene.

"Where's the Hungry Horde?" Mildred demanded airily. "Departed to other fields, I suppose. Who was here tonight?"

"Oh, the usual crowd. Jack and Thad and Joe, and—" Janie hesitated. Her color deepened. "And Bob Merrill."

"Humph! Likes your cooking, doesn't he? And so do all the others. What do they think you are—a professional entertainer?"

"Why, they don't think anything about it, Millie. I'm just Tom's sister to them—just Janie. I don't mind the cooking."

"No, but you do mind the lonely evenings after they're gone." Mildred's eyes searched her friend's face. Then she asked gently, "On whom is Bob calling tonight?"

Janie bent hastily over the music. She tried to speak casually. "Peggy Marsh."

"Peggy has 'class,' Janie."

"Yes, I know—" her lips tremulous. "But, Mildred, that hasn't a thing to do with me."

"See here, Janie Norton!" Mildred gripped her arm and propelled her toward the long mirror. "Look at yourself. You need clothes—pretty, colorful things of the right shades to accentuate the brown of your eyes and hair. See what that old drab serge does to you. Why did you buy it, anyway?"

"Because it was cheap. It's no use, Mildred," she added bravely, "I'll have to remain plain Janie."

"Nonsense! It's nice to be a good cook, but if you're ever to get any fun out of life you'll have to begin to consider the eye." She glanced at her wrist watch. "Mercy! I'll have to fly to keep that engagement with Hal—the last for a while, you know. I leave on the early morning train, but I'll run over the minute I get back."

Lacking her chum's comforting presence, the house seemed more desolate than ever to Janie. She had learned to dread Sunday evenings anyway. Well—one could always read. She picked up a magazine.

When Tom came in at eleven, he found his sister so engrossed in a letter that he could extract from her only an occasional monosyllable. Which wasn't at all like Janie, he observed, as he went off to bed.

It was an evening in September that Mildred again ran up the Nortons' steps and burst unannounced into the living-room.

A familiar room, yes; but the radiant Janie playing a perfect accompaniment to Bob Merrill's perfect tenor wasn't the girl Mildred had tried to comfort less than two

months before. She was a new and beautiful Janie of unsuspected charm.

It was upon Janie's frock that Mildred's gaze became riveted; a lovely thing of crushed violet crepe, satin trimmed, with rhinestones; a frock so becoming that Mildred gasped for sheer amazement.

After the usual commonplaces, with Mildred's eyes begging answer to the question she couldn't ask because of Bob, Janie whispered, "Come over in the morning. I'll tell you all about it."

"It was the last night you were here," Janie began next day. "I saw a magazine article explaining how the Woman's Institute is teaching thousands of girls like me to make their own clothes at home in spare time. I wrote that night. This is the result." She lifted a smart dress of green flannel, printed in black and cream blocks, with trimming accents of plain green.

"And you made it!" exclaimed Mildred. "Janie, it's beautiful! How have you learned so much in these few weeks?"

"Why, I started right in making lovely things . . . couldn't help learning, because everything is so clear and the Institute guides you in every step. And I'm making money sewing for others. I made two dresses for Mrs. Ward, and she's so pleased she's going to tell all her friends."

"And—Bob?" queried Mildred.

"He takes me everywhere. Oh, Mildred—her voice broke through sheer joy, "for the first time in my life I'm really happy. I didn't know clothes could make such a difference in a girl's life."

Send for Handsome Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes"

DON'T you want to write the Woman's Institute too—just as Janie did? Just a word of interest will bring you—free—an attractive 32-page booklet with the full story of what the Institute can do for you.

It tells how you can have lovely dresses just in free minutes at home—make them at small cost . . . give them little striking touches that make them distinctively becoming to you . . . be ready for happy times . . . make money.

A mere request may bring you more good luck than you ever had before. Won't you send this coupon so we can start the booklet to you by return mail?




WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 3-K, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)


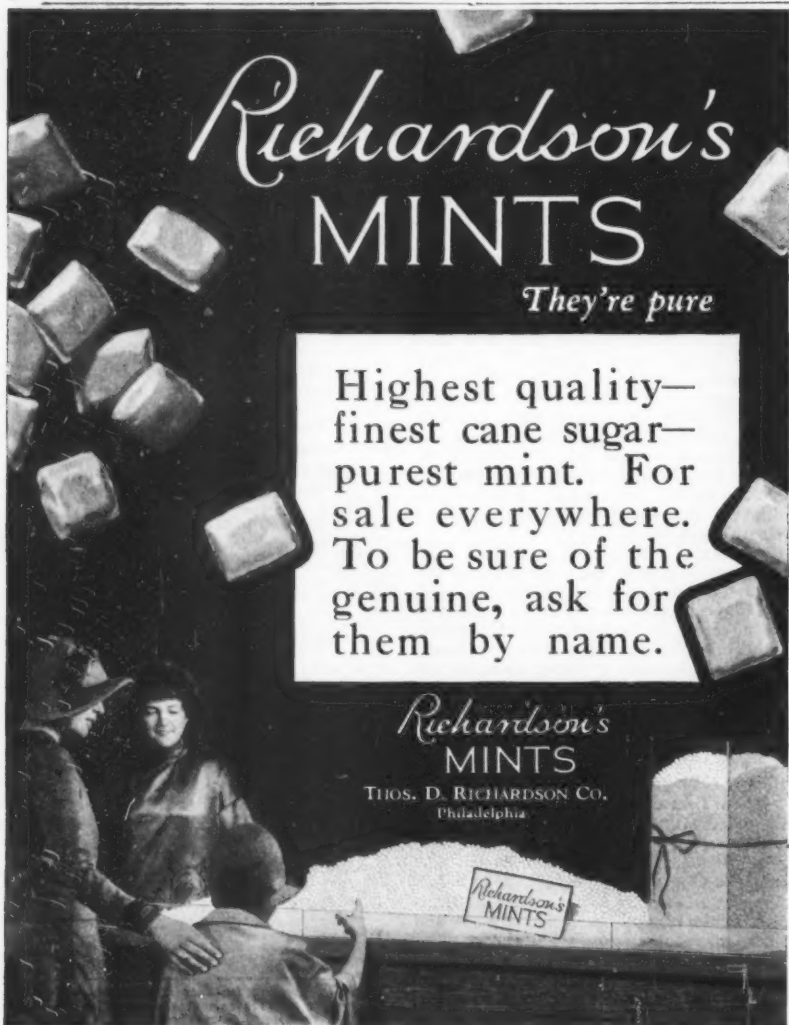
Address.....
The Woman's Institute is associated with and under the same management as the International Correspondence Schools



RALSTON owes its delicious flavor to the fact that it is premium whole wheat of such high quality. You pay no more for Ralston, but it stands alone as a nourishing porridge full of health and growth for boys and girls.

Ralston

The Whole Wheat Cereal





Richardson's MINTS

They're pure

Highest quality—finest cane sugar—purest mint. For sale everywhere. To be sure of the genuine, ask for them by name.

Richardson's MINTS
THOS. D. RICHARDSON CO.
Philadelphia



THE BLACK KNIGHT

[Continued from page 95]

turn me down, Sam," she said, a trembling note of laughter in her voice. "Because I might go and drown myself if you did, and you at least would be sorry. You're not to think I'm in love with you. I don't believe in love. But—I'll marry you if you'll have me. Will you have me, Sam?"

Her voice went into silence. Again, curiously, he hesitated. But his hand had closed upon her own. After a second or two he spoke, almost in a whisper.

"Ermine, you know the answer. But if by to-morrow—"

She interrupted him with a hint of anger. "Sam, there is no to-morrow. Tell me the answer now!"

He bent a little in response—as though he stood in a holy place; yet his voice when it came had a flippant note.

"In that case—of course—the answer is in the affirmative."

I am very, very glad," said Peggy, and slipped a sympathetic hand on to her friend's knee as they sat together before the fire.

Ermine did not respond to the friendly action. "I don't know why you should be," she said. "I've accepted him, and I suppose I shall marry him. But I'm not in love with him, and never shall be."

"Don't, dear!" said Peggy softly.

"Hildebrand will be delighted," said Ermine. "Or at least he would have been a fortnight ago. But he has entertained other and higher ambitions for me."

"You mean the Lancelot man?"

Ermine's mouth took a bitter curve. "Yes; that paragon of all the virtues! Well, anyway you will be glad to know that he is out of the running."

She stood up before the glass over the mantelpiece and began to pull at her cravat with petulant fingers. "I must go, darling," she went on. "I've got to break it to them at Courtenaye. You see, we are going to marry and get it over pretty soon. It's no good hanging about. As soon as Sam is presentable."

"Oh, Ermine, you accepted him out of pity!"

"That was it, my child!" agreed Ermine rather grimly. "It's a funny world, isn't it? What on earth attracted that very humdrum and virtuous young man to me I have no idea. I don't think it argues a very great excess of brain. However, perhaps I am wrong. It may turn out an ideal arrangement. Anyway, it will be a complete change."

She picked up her gloves and whip and turned to go. Peggy put an arm about her. "Perhaps," she whispered shyly with a final hug, "perhaps you have found your trusty knight after all."

"Oh, don't make me laugh!" said Ermine, but there was no laughter in her voice as she said it. She uttered a weary sigh as she rode away. The strain of the previous day had told upon her. She wanted some one, something; what, she hardly knew. It was not in the least likely that Sam could have supplied the want, but there was no one else. There never would be any one else now, she told herself drearily. It would be Sam—and only Sam—forever.

"I wonder how long I shall endure it," she said bitterly.

Strongly urged by Jack Crofton, Sam emerged from his seclusion on the following day and went to Courtenaye "to consolidate his position" as Jack put it. He was wearing a shade over one eye, a large cross of strapping-plaster on his fore-

head, and his cap pulled well down over the other to conceal as far as possible its still vivid tints. But, clattering up the Courtenaye drive, he carried no signs of anxiety on his battered face. As a matter of fact, the Roarer was not going nicely and occupied most of his attention, so that when he reached the house he did not at once ask admittance but opened the bonnet of the car to investigate.

He was still occupied thus some five minutes later when Ermine, dressed for walking, came unexpectedly forth.

"If you have called to see me by any chance," she said, "I am not at home."

He straightened himself, his hand to his cap which he did not remove. "I've come to take you out."

"In that?" said Ermine. Beyond a cursory glance she barely looked at him, but levelled a disparaging scrutiny at the car.

"That's the idea," said Sam, "if I can persuade the beastly thing to run."

She laughed. "I hope you are not going to ask me to go for the honeymoon in it."

"No, we'll be original and go by train."

"Well, how are you by now?" she said.

"Fit as anything," said Sam. "I'm wearing a shade for appearances alone, and the cut is healing all right. I don't think I shall be any uglier than usual in a week's time."

"How did you get that wound?" asked Ermine abruptly. "Was it a kick?"

"It may have been done by a spur," conceded Sam.

She shivered as she walked; the day was raw and grey. "And you haven't thought better of it yet?" she said.

"No!" said Sam. "Have you?"

"I've thought a great deal," she said. "And I'll tell you this. If you really want to marry me—if you are quite sure you do—yoi' had better do it quickly."

"Then it shall be now," said Sam. "I'll go up to town and get a license this afternoon. Will you marry me to-morrow?"

She relaxed her pace abruptly and laughed. "Oh, not to-morrow, Sam! I can't marry you to-morrow."

"I think you can," said Sam.

She stopped in her walk and faced him. "Sam, it can't be to-morrow. Please don't be stupid! It isn't wise—or even feasible. I've no intention of backing out. I'll marry you before Christmas if you like. But—not to-morrow!"

"Why not to-morrow?" said Sam.

"For a thousand reasons." She spoke with a nervous jerkiness. "To begin with, my people are not too pleased about it. It's only for yourself you're urging me."

"No!" said Sam. "I don't deserve that. You've got to trust me a bit, you know, Ermine."

"I don't trust any man," she said rather tremulously. "I—hate men!"

"You don't hate me," said Sam with a curious conviction.

"You're different. But I don't love—even you," she said.

"That's understood," he said. "But since you've decided to put up with me you must let me do my bit. Look here, Ermine! You shan't marry me to-morrow if you don't want to. Make it the day after! That'll give you time to pack."

She looked at him with an odd relief in her eyes. "Very well, I'll do it."

"The day after to-morrow?" said Sam.

"Yes, the day after to-morrow."

She threw him a smile and turned away with a queer embarrassment in her eyes.

[Continued in NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

IS YOUR HOUSE TIED TO THE GROUND?

[Continued from page 65]

a well-drained, peaty soil that is free from manure, and in exposed situations their roots should be protected against summer drought and winter's inclemency, with a mulch of rotted leaves or grass.

In arranging a planting-plan about a house wall care should be taken to feature, and not destroy, the lines of the house. Occasionally, a house of severe aspect demands a low, straight line planting across the front, and then box, Japanese barberry, or kalmia latifolia—our native, pink-flowered laurel—is a good choice. The barberry should not be clipped, how-

ever, but allowed to droop gracefully.

Nearly all plantings of shrubs are more interesting if some green ground-cover plants are used about their roots: Pachysandra, myrtle, plants of daphne cneorum which flowers in May with clusters of delicate pink bloom—deliciously fragrant or iberis sempervirens, the perennial snow-white candytuft. Indeed, by using these in combination with azaleas, rhododendrons, yew and the taller conifers one may not only plant one's house "into its site," but create of the semi-formal planting a very real garden.



Diaper rash is often traced to this one thing

A LITTLE baby's skin is so tender, so sensitive the slightest irritation causes him discomfort. Often it is the source of more serious trouble—diaper rash!

Diaper rash is often traceable to this one thing—washing diapers in harsh soap containing alkali.

Alkali, if not thoroughly rinsed out, clings to diapers in a thin white powder which irritates and inflames baby wherever it touches his tender skin.

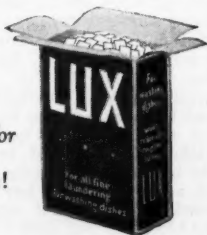
Wash baby's diapers in Lux! Lux contains no free alkali, no harmful ingredient of any kind. It is so pure and bland that anything water alone won't harm is equally safe in Lux.

*Keep baby's woolens
soft, unshrunk*

WEE woolen shirts and bands that are rough and scratchy, that bind baby's body—what a source of discomfort! No wonder baby gets peevish and fretful.

Wool is as sensitive as your baby's skin. Rubbing with cake soap mats the delicate fibres, makes them stiff and harsh, shrinks them.

With Lux there is no ruinous rubbing. It's such a joy to use it, too! Just a few tissue-thin flakes make a whole bowlful of rich, creamy, bubbling suds. Get a package of Lux today—use it for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin. Directions on the package tell you the easiest, safest way to wash them. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Sparkling
clean bottles for
baby—Lux
washed—safe!

THE MAGIC GARDEN

[Continued from page 7]

The sun was shining and the birds were singing, and there were not very many people passing. The day was warm and the chauffeur had been up until very late the night before. His head fell forward several times more and finally it dropped back and rested against the cushion and his shoulders relaxed. His hands slid from the steering gear. Very softly Amaryllis stood up on the rock and looked at him and saw that he was sound asleep. That was exactly what she had hoped he would be when she promised him her five dollars. That was why she sat quietly on the rock when she was wild to chase butterflies, and gather daisies, and oh! that running noisy, teasing, coaxing water!

Amaryllis got up and stood on the rock and looked down the footpath. It was just as bare and smooth as a floor, except for the footprints; and there were flowers, little white daisy flowers that she knew from pictures, and lots of other flowers that she did not know, and many kinds of bright birds, and it smelled wonderful. No one had run a cutter over the grass. No one had trained up the flowers until they looked like dead things. It was all mussy and things grew where they pleased and birds sang as they pleased and flew where they would. Sometimes they came down and splashed in the water, and when they did that Amaryllis decided that splashing in that water would beat any bath tub in all this world, and if flowers grew as they liked and birds and sheep and cows were free, why should a little girl be locked behind big lonely gates?

So Amaryllis stood up and she looked hard at the tumbling water of Roaring Brook. She looked at the path of luring invitation, she looked at the sky so serene and smiling, then she listened to the birds, singing to split their throats. Then she looked at the driver and remembered the money she had promised him. A long time she had planned and waited for her hour of freedom. Now it had come. There was not a living soul to say "Amaryllis don't!" There were the flowers beckoning "Come," the birds crying "Come!" and the little fish daring her—"Chase me!" A long, long time she had waited for such a chance. Today she had made her chance; so just as still as a faint breath of air, Amaryllis climbed the fence and slipped back to the car. Why she did this was because she was a dead game little sport. For weeks she had waited; this was her first chance; but she had made a promise. She was forced to go back to the car.

The bank was very steep and it was hard to reach the running-board on that side. So, softly, on tiptoes, she slipped around to the other side and climbed up. She worked until she got the back door of the big car open, and stepping into it, she reached into the driver's compartment and dropped the money she had promised him on the seat beside him. That was Amaryllis. If she told Benson she would hold still and be good while she was bathed, she did it. Whatever she said she would do, that thing she did.

Today she was going to put the first stain on her record. She was not going to keep her whole promise. She had told the driver that she would stay on the rock and she had not intended to do it when she told him, because that day the ache in her side was so very dreadful and Peter had not been the slightest help. In fact, Peter had not done a thing but make it worse, because as far as Amaryllis could see, Peter was more help-less than she was. She knew that he was twice as old as she was. She had heard it often enough. But Peter looked hungrier and lonelier than she did. There had been a nice engine. They could have had some fun with it if Peter had gotten down on the floor and played; but Peter only stood at the window and looked across the big island to the one spot where he ever had a good time, and remained grumpy.

So Amaryllis had at last a chance to work out a thought that for a long, long time had been hidden in her heart. She felt slightly sorry for the chauffeur as she laid the money beside him and closed her purse with her hanky and her small silver in it. She thought very [Turn to page 98]



Your Skin Must Breathe to be Beautiful

Keep the Tiny Skin Pores Open and Clean

Too much care may spoil a good complexion. Keep the skin actually clean and the pores free of all impurities. Soften the skin with fragrant Frostilla which does not fill the pores or coat the surface. This delicate lotion will marvelously aid you and Nature. It cleans and softens perfectly. Relieves irritated skin.

Remember that fragrant Frostilla also protects the skin from sun and wind, makes powder cling with wonderful smoothness, keeps the hands always attractive. For after-shave comfort.

At all stores, 35c and \$1.00

Write us now for trial bottle, FREE.

THE FROSTILLA COMPANY, Dept. 510-A, Elmira, N. Y.

Frostilla

FRAGRANT LOTION



"E-Z" Leadership



Leaders of Tomorrow
Play at Leadership Today

Your Children— What Will They Grow Up to Be?

WHO knows what wondrous possibilities are developing in those little ones of yours? Will there be among them a great artist, a musician, a leader of his country's destinies?

What your children will become depends in large measure upon the care with which you safeguard the years of their development. First in importance comes health, and every mother knows how important is comfortable underclothing, providing needed protection, yet allowing perfect freedom of movement.

"E-Z" Waist Union Suits

have maintained unquestioned leadership for 35 years, because they provide the utmost in health and comfort, with economy and convenience for mothers. The tubular knitted straps insure comfort, freedom and wear. The real bone buttons are taped on to stand strain and wringer.

Read the nine points of "E-Z" superiority in the panel at the left. Then examine "E-Z" Waist Union Suits in the children's department of your favorite store or write for the free illustrated booklet showing and describing all these important features in detail.

"E-Z" Waist Union Suits

are made in high or Dutch neck—long sleeve or short sleeve, ankle or knee length styles, in white or gray, in winter weight (blue label) at \$1.00, and extra heavy weight (purple label) at \$1.25. Each suit is sealed in an individual sanitary glassine envelope.

Look for this label:



The Standard by Which to Measure All Children's Underwear

SOLD IN THE
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT OF
MOST GOOD STORES

The E-Z Waist Co., 61 Worth St., N. Y.

Compare the following features of superiority of "E-Z" WAIST

Union Suits for Children

1. SIZE—"E-Z" Waist Union Suits are made to fit children—not a price. Use a tape measure and compare with other makes.

2. SEAT CONSTRUCTION—Compare with other union suits the liberal roomy seat which children require. Cannot gape at sides. Comfort-cut to allow "E-Z" freedom.

3. FABRIC—Knitted of fine soft yarn into durable ribbed cloth, which conforms readily to the body—absorbs moisture and allows the pores to "breathe."

4. FINISH—Uniformly excellent workmanship throughout. All seams flat-locked, leaving no bulky ridges to irritate tender skins.

5. STRAPS—Genuine "E-Z" tubular knitted straps, the only kind of straps for real comfort and satisfactory wear in a knitted suit.

6. BUTTONS—All of real bone. Garment-supporting buttons all taped on and doubly secured. Won't break in the wringer and can't tear off during play.

7. BUTTONHOLES—Special "E-Z" reinforced. Will not tear, break or unravel.

8. GARTER HOLDER—No metal tube to rust or smash in the wringer. A "tube of tape" keeps the garter pin straight and always in perfect position.

9. PACKING—An attractive individual glassine envelope for each suit. Insures sanitary, spotless cleanliness.

THE MAGIC GARDEN

[Continued from page 97]

likely they might scold him when he went back home without her, but that could not be helped, because home (when there was nobody in it but one little girl and a number of big people who were so selfish that they did not care what became of that little girl so long as she was alive) was not a place that did anything but make a big, hard spot in your left side and a big hard place you could not swallow down in your neck.

Just as still as thistle seed on the wind Amaryllis turned, ever so tiptoe softly, to step from the running-board to the road, and as she lowered herself, one of the big blue loops of ribbon on her floppy hat caught over the latch and tore the tie loose at one side. In an effort to save the hat, Amaryllis dropped her purse. She had some little difficulty disentangling the ribbon. When she finally got it loose she was so frightened for fear a car would come whizzing down the road or the driver would wake up and her beautiful scheme would be spoiled that her little hands trembled. With the ribbon loose at one end she could not tie the hat on her head. Neither could she hold it while she climbed the fence. What difference did it make whether she wore a hat or not? There were boxes of them of all colors at home. In desperation she threw it as far into the middle of the road as she could, while she never thought of the purse.

But with this picture clear in your mind it is easy to see what the chauffeur thought when he awakened and Amaryllis was not on the rock, while the car's back door on the street side was open and before it lay a little purse, and in the street lay a torn, floppy little hat!

Amaryllis slid down the embankment and oh, so soft and easy she took her ruffles over the fence, and on tiptoe, and looking back until she was very sure that she was not going to be seen, she reached the little path, the nice, black path that had the imprints of children's bare feet on it, the path that seemed to lead back into a land the like of which Amaryllis never had seen.

Once she was past the stone, she gripped a hand into her skirts on either side and lifted them high, and down that path she went as fast as ever her legs could carry her. They were rather sturdy legs and they could carry her quite a distance. Down that path she went as fast as she could race, and when she grew tired at last and her breath began to come in short gasps, she sat down and rested awhile. The farther she went, the thicker the bushes became, while the little path was not so well travelled as it had been. But it was still a path. She could make her way. The sun kept on shining, the birds cried: "Come on! Come play with us!" There was not a soul anywhere to say: "Amaryllis, don't!"

It would not have made any difference if there had been, because this was the thing that Amaryllis had been planning for a long, long time. She intended to run away from every one. She had planned for months to beat those barred gates. She was going to go on and on, until she found some house that looked friendly, that had a mother in it. She was going to go into it and knock on the door and in her very prettiest party way she was going to ask the people if, please, they didn't want a very good little girl at their house?

The one thing that bothered Amaryllis was where the house was going to be. As far as she could see, there was not any house and a marshy place was coming into the stream. It was a land of wonder in the marshy place. There were yellow flowers, and there were red flowers and blue flowers. There were more birds and there were great velvet butterflies. Oh, it was a wonderful place!

Amaryllis stood up and went on more slowly and the nice path led around the edge of the marshy place and went right back on the bank of the singing brook again. Here the brook was prettier than it had been below the marsh. The water was clearer and the bed was rougher, so the water roared louder and laughed and chuckled.

Amaryllis sat down and pulled off her shoes. She did not pay much attention to where she threw them or to where she

threw her stockings. Then she slipped down the bank and set her little feet, which were velvet soft and tender, the little feet that never had touched the earth before in all her life, she set them bare, right down on the creek bank. The feel of it was the most delightful thing, so soft and cool. The narrow green blades of grass dropped over and tickled them. Two or three steps and she kicked her toes in the water. It was the greatest fun! Then she stepped in on a pebbly place and let the water run over her toes. That made her dance and squeal for joy. She had to be careful not to fall.

So she held her skirts on each side and followed out the little pebbly shoal and stood still. The sun smiled down on her and the birds sang for her, and oh! how that water did sing! Back up a short way it came roaring over a fall and it laughed and chuckled about it, and then it swirled out into a deep pool where more of the tiny fishes were. Then it straightened up and came right down toward her and went between two big stones and said, "Glug! Glug! Glug!" Amaryllis stuck the tip of her little pink tongue out then and said, "Glug! Glug! Glug!" after it. That was fun! Water beat Peter all hollow. Water would talk to her! So she stood there kicking her toes in the water to make it splash and mocking what it said and laughing for pure joy.

Then she heard something. Something coming. It seemed as if it were coming down the brook and yet it could not be coming down the brook because what she heard was music. Amaryllis knew about music. She had seen people play pianos and harps and violins. She had heard bands and orchestras. She knew about the instruments that you blew in one end and wonderful tones came out of the other. Her governess played tunes on the piano for her to dance to. She knew what this music coming toward her was. Times when her mother had been having a party, men or sometimes women, had played on violins standing beside the grand piano in the music room. She knew a violin, but she had never heard a violin played the way this one was being played. This violin played like sunshine and flowers in bloom. Sometimes it stayed in the same place quite a while. When a bird up on a branch very carefully said: "Pee-a-wee! Pee-a-wee!" right over after it the violin said the same thing. When a lamb across the meadow said: "Maa-a-a-ah!" the violin said "Maa-a-a-ah!" too. That was a joke—making a violin talk like a bird and baah like a sheep.

Amaryllis stepped from the shoal and started up the stream to find the violin that sounded like magic. It was rather rough going. Some of the stones that looked so perfectly nice to step on were not nice at all. Something slippery was on the tops of them that tried to throw her down, but soap had been good practice. She never fell once. The pebbly places were the safest, but there were not always pebbly places to step on, and sometimes she just had to step on the slippery rocks to get ahead. The bushes and shrubs were coming more thickly—willows and elders and button bushes and all sorts of things that Amaryllis never had seen before, not to be right up to them and to touch them with her fingers. But because she was going up-stream and the violin was coming down-stream, it was not so very long before she found it.

Amaryllis' mouth fell open and her eyes grew very wide because when she found the violin she found something else she had not reckoned on. She had thought maybe it was a magic violin that was floating through the air and playing tunes all by itself the way the water sang gay tunes and the birds sang glad notes, and the flowers made little waves of color-music. So when Amaryllis got her first sight of the violin, her mouth fell open the widest it ever had and her eyes grew the biggest and roundest they had ever been, because that violin was right out in the middle of the brook and that violin was in the hands of a boy, and the boy had a head as black as the blackest wing on the blackest blackbird that came [Turn to page 99]



A fact no woman can afford to overlook

THE vital importance of keeping their pores open and active is an accepted and well known fact to most of the intelligent women of today. They know that a sick body and a blemished skin usually result from pores that are clogged and unable to function properly.

There is one fact, however, which many women overlook—the absolute necessity for preserving the natural oil of the skin. Remove this protective oil and the skin becomes dry, cracked, rough—a prey to many of the more serious forms of skin disorder.

The soft, luxuriant lather of Resinol Soap most thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, yet its action is so gentle the delicate oil is preserved and the skin remains soft and supple. These results are possible only because of the Resinol properties in this delightful toilet soap—those properties which give its rich color and distinctive fragrance. It's the soap that makes and keeps skins lovely.

If little irritations are already present, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating itching, burning skin troubles. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing home remedy. At all druggists.

Free—Send this coupon today

Dept. C-1 Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

THE MAGIC GARDEN

[Continued from page 98]

down to the brook to bathe and drink. He had eyes big and round and wide open and almost as black as his hair, while his cheeks were a soft, creamy color and there were splashes of red in them. His mouth was red and his teeth were even and white. He was tall and slender. He must have been three or four years older than Peter. He wore a grey shirt and grey linen trousers rolled up above his knees and held with a belt at his waist. His feet were bare and he was standing in the water.

He was looking up at the sky and all around him, and every note that a bird sang, and every "Moo-o" that a cow called, and every "Baa-a" that a sheep made, he repeated on the violin. Sometimes he would look down at the brook and make the violin laugh and chuckle and leap down a steep place and whirl out into a shallow pool and chuckle between stones and warble over pebbles. It was the funniest thing. Nothing like it ever had been done before in all the world—not in any picture in all the stacks of picture books Amaryllis was dead tired of.

Then, standing there in a pause, when the birds had forgotten and the sheep were quiet, the boy began to play his own music. But Amaryllis did not like what he played then, because the notes he made were the thoughts that were in her brain spoken on a violin, when worst of all she wanted to sit on somebody's lap and lean her head on somebody's breast. Amaryllis had gotten to the place where she did not care the least little bit whose lap she sat on, or whose breast pillowed her, just so it was some one that wanted a little girl, some one who loved all little children. So when the notes grew so lonesome and so hungry that they told Amaryllis that this boy wanted to sit on some one's lap and put his arms around some one's neck and kiss some one with those soft red lips of his, Amaryllis started bravely through a rather deep place right up Roaring Brook toward the boy.

When he heard her and looked down at her and took the violin from beneath his chin and smiled at her, Amaryllis walked up to him and held up her hand. In a rough little voice, because of the hard spot in her throat, she said to the boy: "Aren't you got any one to love you, either?"

The boy looked down at her and said: "Not today."

Amaryllis looked up at him and said: "Then I'm worse off than you, 'cause I haven't any one any day."

Amaryllis was very wild-rose pink, and sky-blue and sun-gold, and she'd had splendid luck about not falling into the water on account of experience with Castile soap. Her lacy skirts and her ruffy dress were billowed out around her. There was not a head of goldenrod in the swamp, nor any gold flower anywhere, that was one half so lovely as her head. The boy shifted the violin and the bow to one hand and took Amaryllis' offered hand and held it very carefully and led her over to the bank. He looked at her from her dimpled pink feet to her dainty little hands and her delicate face. He looked at the fineness of her exquisite clothes and he asked: "What's your name?"

Amaryllis looked at him and remembered a fairy story she had heard one time. She remembered something else. She remembered that if she said: "My name is Amaryllis Minton," when the chauffeur woke up and found out that she had run away some one might put it in the papers the way the butler had said it was in the papers about her father and mother when the judge with the big knife divided up her family.

So Amaryllis took refuge in the fairy story. She realized that she was being very bad. She had not kept her word about staying on the rock. That was hardly fair to the chauffeur. And now this nice boy, the very beautifullest boy she ever had seen in all her life, was asking her a question and she was not going to answer it true, because there was the fairy tale, and the [Turn to page 100]



© THE R. L. W. CO.

Your Hair is Twice as Beautiful Shampooed this way

*Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use.
See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.
Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all
the wave and color.
See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.*

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified Coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the

hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26M-52
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name.....

Address.....

City or Town..... State.....

Canadian address, 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario

**More than a Shampoo,
it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE"**



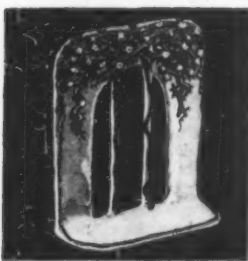
Gesso Picture Frame



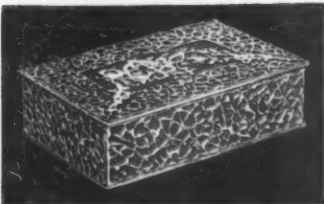
Gesso Candlestick



Gesso Book-End



Gesso Book-End with Confetti-tree design



Gesso Jewel Case

LE PAGE'S GLUE
That makes LePage's Gesso-Craft possible

Something NEW!

Recipe for making LePage's Gesso

TO MAKE ONE CUP OF LePage's Gesso, you need 1 gill can of LePage's Glue, 1 1/2 cups whitening, 3 teaspoons linseed oil and 3 teaspoons varnish. Place whitening in mixing bowl and pour in slowly in this order, LePage's Glue, linseed oil and varnish. Mix until smooth. All ingredients obtainable at nearest hardware store.

Decorative Gesso Plaque

This wonderful new book and this FREE recipe will show you How to make Christmas Gifts

Try this easy, fascinating, new way to solve your Christmas gift problem. With the help of LePage's New Gesso-Craft Book and this free recipe for making LePage's Gesso, you can now make all the Christmas gifts you need, right at home—gifts that your friends admire, because you made them, and because they are unique, attractive, practical and useful. LePage's New Gesso-Craft Book opens a wonderful new field for you—a gift-making opportunity. It will show you how to be a more skillful craftsman than you ever dreamed. It revives the old, old art of Gesso, known and used by the Masters of decoration in the days of Egypt's ancient Kings and later by the old Italian Masters of Beauty. Thanks to the convenience of LePage's Glue, you can now use Gesso to make modern gifts, valued for their beauty and usefulness, for LePage's Gesso-Craft is easy and simple, a surprise and delight to all who try it.

Make these and many other gifts

You can make all of the articles illustrated and many more besides. You can make a handsome decorative plaque like the one shown above, with a fanciful ship sailing across deep blue waves; and in colors, for LePage's Gesso takes any colors beautifully, and in relief, too, so that the ship and the waves stand out from the surface. You can make a charming jewel case with rose and trellis design; a picture frame for a favorite picture or the photograph of someone you dearly love; a quaint arbor or confetti-tree design book-end; or adorable candlesticks. Careful directions for making these and many other gifts, together with many illustrations in color and in black and white are given in LePage's New Gesso-Craft Book.

There are no expensive materials to buy. You already have LePage's Glue in the house for mending. Now, just by buying inexpensive articles, you can make lovely Gesso-Craft things.

You can make attractive articles for home decoration, for birthday and Christmas gifts, to sell at church fairs, to make money at home, for party and bridge prizes. Truly wonderful things—useful, attractive, practical, and above all so easy to make. You can decorate five and ten cent articles and give them a Fifth Avenue look. Department stores are giving demonstrations in Gesso-Craft. Home Demonstration Workers, employed by the Government, are teaching Gesso-Craft to their classes.

No expensive set to buy

ONE of the great advantages of using LePage's Gesso-Craft is that there is no expensive set to buy. All the ingredients are readily obtainable at the nearest hardware store, and it is a simple thing to mix your own Gesso. Above, in a small panel, we give you freely a simple recipe for making inexpensively your own Gesso, though Gesso recipes have long been kept practically a trade secret. And of course we tell you a lot more about it in our new Gesso-Craft Book. Prepared according to our recipe, LePage's Glue will not crack, and may be applied to practically any surface, including wood, cardboard, wall-board, tin, glass.

Opens new opportunities for you

HAVING become the owner of LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, all these things that have been mentioned are open to you. LePage's Gesso-Craft Book opens new fields, new opportunities for you. It not only tells you how to make Gesso, but also tells you where to get the ingredients, tells you what to make and how to make it, and tells you where to buy the unfinished forms, like boxes, plaques, candlesticks, etc. Once the skillful craftsman, lying hidden in your fingers, is awake and conscious of his powers, you will be a very much surprised and delighted person.

Send 10 cents for New LePage's Gesso-Craft Book

Try this new way of making Christmas gifts at home. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, tear the coupon out and mail it today with 10 cents in coin or stamps, and we will at once send you a copy of this new LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, postage paid. There is no further payment of any kind. Address LePage's Craft League, Dept. G2, Gloucester, Mass. Tear out the coupon now so you will not forget it, and your gifts will be ready in time for Christmas.

LEPAGE'S CRAFT LEAGUE
Dept. G2, Gloucester, Mass.
Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Gesso-Craft Book. Please send a copy of this new book to:

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

THE MAGIC GARDEN

[Continued from page 99]

fairly tale was the thing that was true. So when the boy asked: "What's your name?" Amaryllis answered what the boy might have thought was promptly because Amaryllis had practiced thinking so much she could think very quickly indeed for five years old. What she answered was: "Little Hungry Heart."

The boy with the soft black eyes and the silky black hair many, many times longer than Peter's hair, opened his mouth and his eyes wider still and stared at her, and as if he could not at all believe what he had heard, he repeated: "Little Hungry Heart?"

Then softly and gently he ran a hand down her chubby little legs and took the sole of her dimpled foot in one of his hands and so dazedly and so tenderly he studied her.

"Little Hungry Heart?" he repeated as if he could not believe what he had heard any way at all.

So Amaryllis resolved that she would make a clean breast of it, even if she did not know exactly what a clean breast was. She decided to tell true. So she said: "The big judge took a big knife and cut our family right spang in two. Peter belongs to Father and Father lives at the club, so Peter's standing at the window so lonesome he doesn't care if he dies. And I'm right here and Mother's away off across the ocean and she doesn't like me a-tall. I dasset sit on her lap or put my arms around her neck or lay my head on her breast, and an old, paid nurse takes care of me when I'm sick, and a nurse bathes me in the evening, and a governess teaches me, and there is no one to play with me and no place to go, and a house so big I'm afraid of it, and oh, Boy, what's your name? And if there isn't any one to love you today, will there be some one to love you tomorrow?"

The boy laid down the violin and sat down on the embankment very deliberately. He gathered Amaryllis up and sat her on his lap. He put one arm around her and he leaned her head up against his breast and the long, slender fingers of his other hand combed down through her shining hair again and again. His lips came down on the top of her head and he kissed her curls and kissed them. Then this loose hand slid down her arm and took one of her little hands and held it close.

He said: "My name is John Guido Forrester and the reason I haven't any one to love me today is because my father has gone away on a journey. He paints the most beautiful pictures in all the world. No one else can make the trees and the water and the clouds and the sky come true on canvas as he can. But sometimes people want him to come and live with them for a while and paint things that they own in their forests or in their meadows or their mountains, and they don't want a boy around, so I have to stay at home and keep house and wait until Father comes back. It is awfully lonely when I have to stay alone, because when Father is here we walk together and we fish together and we hunt together, and he tells wonderful stories and we read great books. We have a bully time when Father's here. But he has been gone so long, and I don't know when he is coming back."

Then Amaryllis looked up at John Guido and asked: "Did the big judge—?"

John Guido shook his head quickly.

Very softly he said: "No! A long time ago when I was only a little fellow. I can remember a few times, in a soft dress like this of yours, with oh, such big eyes and such wavy black hair, high up on a big stage so she looked a little bit of a person, my mother sang songs to a world of people and Father sat in a box and held me tight and we cried because it was so beautiful, and all the other people cried with us. And some times they stood up and waved their handkerchiefs and it was wonderful! Then, when her songs were sung, we could slip through a door and go back to her little room and she would hold us in her arms and kiss us nearly to death. I can feel her kisses now. Then, all of a sudden, God needed her up in Heaven to show the angels how to sing, and Father and I had to give her up for a little while, but we have her picture,

and some of the notes she made in her songs I can do on the violin because I can remember them. When I grow bigger Father is going to take me back to her land, and I am going to learn to play so I can stand up on a big, high stage and make the violin say the things she did, and I am going to make the people stand up and wave their handkerchiefs and have tears all running down their faces."

Amaryllis lifted her head and looked at the boy and asked: "Well, what do you want to make 'em cry for?"

The boy smiled at her and said: "I don't want to make them cry to hurt their feelings. It is good for people to cry because their hearts are full of happy tears. I only want to make them remember sunny days and laughter and love and Italy. What I want to do is to go back to Italy."

But Amaryllis was practical.

"What are you going to do right now until your father comes?" she asked.

"I am going home and get my supper," answered the boy. "Then I am going to practice my music lesson."

"All right," said Amaryllis. "I'll go with you."

John Guido looked at her with his big eyes and said: "Isn't your father going to come from the club, or isn't your mother going to come after you?"

Amaryllis shook her head.

"No," she said. "Father doesn't come from the club more than once a month, and Mother doesn't ever come at all any more. Neither of them cares where I am; so it will be all right for me to go."

But John Guido was older and he knew better than that. "But there must be some one," he said. "There's got to be a nurse or a governess or some one."

Amaryllis answered with perfect logic: "I'm here, aren't I? I got away from them, didn't I? It doesn't make any difference to them where I am, or I couldn't be here, could I? I'm not their little girl. They don't want to hold me on their laps. They don't want to love my hair. They don't want to bover with me. I'm going with you, John Guido. I want the kind of supper you eat, and I want to sit on your lap some more and if I hadn't given away all the money I got, I'd give it all to you and the purse, too, for more kisses on my hair."

John Guido's arms tightened up suddenly and right then and there he felt more kisses on her hair and Amaryllis nestled up against his breast and turned up her little soft, sweet face and pulled down his head and offered him her baby lips instead. John Guido touched them lightly because he was afraid of anything so fine and so sweet, and in a voice that did not sound a bit like the voice he had been using he said: "You little darling! You little Hungry Heart darling! Where are your folks? Isn't there a grandmother, or an aunt, or a cousin?"

Amaryllis shook her head and said: "No. Not any one at all. Not even Peter. I went to Peter first, and he wouldn't play with me. He turned his back and stood in the window. That's honest and true. Peter's worse off than I am. He can't get along as well without being taken care of as I can."

Amaryllis stood up and reached her hand and said: "Come on, John Guido."

But John Guido stood still.

"I think," he said, "that we must go back and find your car."

Then Amaryllis lifted her chin and looked him in the eye and said: "John Guido, if you take me back down to the road and find my car and send me back to those nasty people that don't love me and don't belong to me, I'll get away again, and the next time I'll not give you a chance to take me back. I'll go where the water is deep and I'll get right into it and I'll stay there until the big fish eat me."

John Guido stood still and looked down at Amaryllis. Then he asked: "You really have a father?" Amaryllis nodded her head.

"And he stays in the city and only comes once a month?"

Amaryllis looked him straight in the eye and said: "Sometimes he doesn't come for two or three months."

[Continued in NOVEMBER McCall's]



You need have no regrets

PRECIOUS memories of happy times need not be overshadowed.

Through all the years to come you will recall the passing of your loved ones, the great sorrow, your irreparable loss—and how you cared for those pitiful forms that were all you had left. Any remembrance of neglect will cling to you to sadden your heart and fill your mind with regret.

Why not be sure you provide positive and permanent protection by using the Clark Grave Vault?

Water cannot enter this vault—it is designed according to an immutable law of Nature, the air seal, as illustrated by the "diving bell." It is not porous, because it is made of metal. It is rust-resisting because Keystone Copper Steel is the material used. Never has a Clark Grave Vault failed to protect.

Now even greater assurance of permanence may be had in the Clark Grave Vault plated with pure cadmium by the Udylite Process which affords a measure of protection against rust heretofore unknown.

Conscientious Funeral Directors recommend and supply the Clark Grave Vault together with our guarantee. It may be had with double Udylite plating in silver-tone finish; with single Udylite plating in copper enamel finish; or without Udylite plating in white or grey enamel finish.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse
Kansas City, Mo.



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

THE COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM

[Continued from page 68]



The lamp, desk and chair are well placed. Buff walls with chintz in cream, green and yellow. Smith College

of theatrical gauze, hemstitched and hanging in straight lines. The écu is thirty-five cents a yard, but if you want to emphasize a particular color in your room, the roses and saffrons and blues and greens at fifty cents a yard, are lovely.

Your couch will present fewer difficulties, but don't forget that you must have a binding harmony with your window-fabric. Burlaps and denims and stiff linens all are apt to wrinkle, and to be a little prickly; but mercerized poplins, self-figured to break the monotony, reps in full, clear colors, and monk's cloth, especially in the wide weave, will serve you admirably. It is this last fabric, hinting as it does at warm grays and creamy browns, lingering gently between the two shades, that the Littlest Daughter will have for her couch when she goes up to be a verdant Freshman. I saw the loveliest cover of monk's cloth the other day; the border stenciled deep in a formal blue-gray pattern, and little embroidery notes of green-blue and rosy orange set between. Any girl or resourceful mother could easily devise one.

If you like you can use chintz or cretonne or printed linen for your couch-cover, from the same piece that you have used at your windows. The slip-cover perfectly plain, and bound and piped with the dominant tone of the chintz. But if the pattern of the fabric is very bold, or you have several windows, they might find the re-echoing of it rather tiresome, and it would be better to use a plain material for your couch-cover. Border it may be made either with a pleated frill, or with the chintz—I saw this scheme carried out in soft rose-reds, and it was very captivating—and then cover your cushions (you should have at least four of them) with the curtain fabric, and with the solid color you wish to intensify, while I usually like at least one in black for it gives stamina and weight.

And on a figured background, I'd emphasize the plain colors only, for thus you avoid confusion. And before I say farewell forever to what must be your bed by night, your comely couch by day, may I tell you that woven coverlets, either genuinely old ones or good reproductions, or, if you get the right colors, the soft blankets woven in the Southern mountains, will embellish almost any interior! Nor are they over-expensive—if you are a gifted "antiquer" they won't be so much; I bought the Big Daughter's "Chariot Wheel" design for seven dollars and a half—and, anyhow, just divide the thirty-five or forty dollars that they may represent, by the four years that you will use them, and think how much cheaper and more attractive they will prove than any "boughten" couch-cover you could find. Such weaves are a permanent asset; later on you can use them in your hall-bedroom, or when you go to housekeeping.

But to go back for a moment to your hangings, if they are very striking, and you have many windows, use solid colors for your chair-cushions, though strips and squares of écu linen, bordered with the figured material, make very agreeable bureau-scarves and tea-table covers.

The two chairs that the college will bestow, can be left perfectly plain if you prefer, but the wicker armchair, which you should have for [Turn to page 107]

Don't expose your hands to Kitchen Soap

3 times a day in the dishpan



Wash dishes this new way—keep your hands from getting red, rough, uncomfortable

Just one teaspoonful of Lux is enough for a whole pan of dishes. Lux won't roughen or redden your hands, it treats them as gently as the finest toilet soap

MORE than half a million women have entirely eliminated the most disagreeable after-effect of dishwashing—


Refused to expose their hands to kitchen soap an hour and a half every day—10 times longer than to toilet soap!

Women themselves discovered how to save their hands. Washing out their finery in Lux—their silks and laces and delicate wools—they found that Lux not only protects their precious possessions but their hands as well! Lux leaves their hands soft, smooth, white.

Then on to dishes, of course! In home after home Lux replaces kitchen soaps in the dishpan. Women welcome its smooth, caressing suds—so harmless! Lux doesn't hinder the work of the beautifying oils which nature placed just beneath the outer skin to keep your hands from getting rough and scratchy.

Don't expose your hands again to harsh soap which roughens and reddens, which dries up nature's protecting oils. Get a package of Lux today for your kitchen shelf! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.


Enough in the big new package for 135 Dishwashings!



YOUR boys and girls should have whole wheat—the best wheat that grows, with all its nourishing goodness retained. Ralston is made of premium hard winter wheat with all the nourishment and vitamins retained.

Ralston

The Whole Wheat Cereal



Let Those Tiny Feet Develop Nature's Way

DAINTINESS and good looks need not be sacrificed to secure a healthful baby shoe. For all their smart attractiveness, Simplex Flexies are Nature-shaped—designed so the little foot rests squarely on the ground. Rocking sidewise, which tends to bow the pliant limbs in or out, is impossible in Flexies.

Glove-smooth inside—no wrinkles, rough seams or jagged nail-ends to torment those tender feet. Soles so flexible you can bend them backward with your fingers. Designed to combination measurements to give perfect fit at ankle and instep. Flexies are prescribed by many physicians because they protect Baby's right to perfect feet in years to come.

Ask your dealer about these wonderful little shoes—and write for Flexies Twin Books.

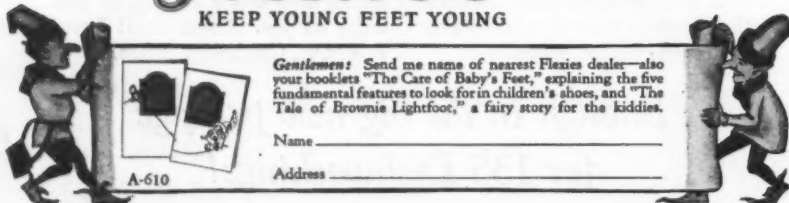
Simplex

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. A-610 Milwaukee, Wis.

Creators of Daintier Footwear
for Young Feet from 1 to 21.

Flexies

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG



Gentlemen: Send me name of nearest Flexies dealer—also your booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the five fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name _____

Address _____

A-610

POST GRADUATING IN PARIS

[Continued from page 8]

lovely old melodies of an earlier day.

Not for a week after our arrival in beautiful "lemon-colored" Paris did the wealthy Boulevards, radiating from the Square of the Opera, draw me into their gay, perambulating throngs. Once there, however, one naturally—indeed, quite unconsciously—studies one's fellow tourists. Among them all—and nearly every one appeared to be some breed of tourist—it required no great acumen to pick out the Americans.

Singly and in groups they drifted along under the Arcades of the *Rue de Rivoli*, strolled in and out of hotels, and occupied half the sidewalk tables outside the fashionable *Café de la Paix*. In fact, their excessively wide trousers were to be seen flapping in every breeze that blew. Literally, they were everywhere: everywhere, that is, except in the museums which, though crowded with our countrymen—whole families together, older people like myself, occasional groups of school girls—yet seemingly held no attractions for the young male of the American species. And then I began to see that these young fellows had, really, much more the air of gentlemen-conquerors than of humble pilgrims to a shrine of culture.

What kept them constantly in mind was the fat envelope locked away in my trunk, still uncalled for, despite a message to my friend's son sent in care of the American Express, that great clearing-house for tourists; I had even described to the *concierge*—or, as we say, the desk-clerk—of my hotel exactly the sort of caller to expect and requested him to be especially on the look-out.

"A young gentleman, an American student, is he, Monsieur?"

He was, of course.

"Ah, Monsieur, you should leave a note for him somewhere—say, at Harry's New York Bar, in the *Rue Daunou*."

To my surprise, when a day or two later I acted on this suggestion, in less than two hours the boy presented himself. He explained with characteristic frankness that his own and the business hours of the American Express seldom coincided! And, indeed, that seemed highly probable. For wan cheeks and shadows under eyes too young for them whispered of late hours and, at least to me, who connected them with Harry's resort, of many, many drinks. After the fat envelope and the messages of love had been delivered, I recounted—rather pointedly, I fear—what was apparent of the sacrifices made by two stay-at-homes for his trip: the small car put in storage for the summer, the single maid-of-all-work dispensed with, the father's annual vacation to be passed at home. John seemed rather abashed at this. As he was leaving, I observed that the best of Paris was not to be found in the *Rue Daunou*. "Oh, yes,—of course," he laughed, "the museums—and all that."

Then was the time to write my rashly promised letter to the mother; but I simply had not the heart—nor the head; for all my faculties were numb with dismay that my Paris, my beautiful Paris, so dearly beloved of all the world, could have done this thing to a fine wholesome boy.

I had always smiled at the many red, white and blue signs displayed in the shopping districts, supposing them merely clumsy compliments to the American trade, without remarking that each bore the legend: American Bar. I remarked them now and counted dozens.

In Paris you hear from all Frenchmen: "The Americans cannot drink in their own country, so, *voilà*, they come here to drink." And, to a great extent, the Frenchman is right; in fact, to this extent: At home we can do our best to protect young citizens and wayward citizens from the abuses of liquor. We can use legislature and personal supervision. Yet, dispense with both these restraints too abruptly and the liberated cannot help feeling a sudden exhilarating sense of freedom, a sort of giddiness, which may lead to all sort of foolish, unpremeditated excess.

To make this clearer, let us, like the story-tellers and novelists, take an example—Any Young Man, say, resting calmly in his deck chair on a liner out-

ward bound from New York or Boston. He has been poring over his guide book for an hour, when some one near at hand cries to a friend, "There's the rum fleet—see?—that dark streak over there. We're passing the twelve-mile limit now. Bar'll be open in a minute, I guess." Hearing this our young occupant of the deck chair is bound to feel, "Why, so it will! No more Prohibition now. I can get anything I want." As soon as possible, he sets to work whole-heartedly to prove this.

Whether his ship land at Cherbourg or Havre, or Boulogne, our young protagonist is sure to find a heavy-laden wine table on the dock beside the Paris train. He may or may not stop for a "little something." It hardly matters. Because he is already foredoomed; not merely through my caprice or his own, but through a most unfortunate suite of circumstances, of which the first will be Paris at nightfall.

The oldest quarters of the metropolis, lost in dusk, are slipping by. Boat trains have a habit of arriving at just that time in the late afternoon or early evening when the comely order of the work-a-day world is entirely lost in violent agitation.

The expectation of pleasure is in the air. True, for the great majority, it will be merely the modest pleasure of dinner and a good night's sleep, but its expectation lends to all home-going humanity a festive air.

To our young traveller, thrust abruptly from the *Gare St.-Lazare* into an unsteady taxi driven by a mad-looking Russian, this is all very exciting and mysterious. He feels that, on such a night, in such a city, "almost anything is more than likely to happen."

It is with considerable relief that our young man finds, at his hotel, many Americans—and among them several of his own particular order, whom he joins for cocktails before dinner. (Dinner sans cocktails would be unthinkable; why, we've been doing without them for years at home!) And with dinner he and his new friends—or old if they chance to be—will order wine, not a reasonable amount, as the wise Frenchmen do, but several bottles. It seems to these young Epicureans that never before was such freedom amid such congenial surroundings. At last, at the stage of crumpled napkin and empty *demitasse*, their triumphant progress is arrested by the question, "what shall we do now?"—the identical query with which they once plagued mother on a rainy day. And just as the out-doors called to them then, so does the city now.

"Garçon, where do people go at night? What's to do in Paris now: theatre?"

"A little late for the theatre, *M'sieur*," answers the waiter. "You should go to Montmartre. It is very interesting, very gay."

Here, allow me to interpose a Frenchman's rather high-faluting but correct enough exposition of this locality.

"Ah, Montmartre, what cannot be said of you! Your name derives from the slaughter upon your once grassy slopes of Saint Denis and his fellow martyrs. Now it is the innocents—the poor boobies with a few francs to spend—who are led to slaughter in your fool-traps. Of your hundred mills, which once ground the bread of Paris, all that now remains is that red electric effigy outside a music hall. Your crown is a beautiful white cathedral; yet so degraded is your religious spirit that the waiters in certain of your resorts are attired as monks and mock angels. By day, you stand there a peaceful enough hill; but after dark you deck yourself in those gaudy electric jewels which lure the innocents and dazzle them into buying of your wares."

And very tawdry wares they are, too; even those exhibited along the two main arteries of Montmartre's gayest nightlife, the *Boulevard de Clichy* and the *Rue Pigalle*, the latter lined on both sides with cabarets and dance-bars. Among the foreign patrons of these establishments—and they are nearly all foreign—the Americans predominate. But perhaps you have never heard of a dance-bar. I never had.

Picture to yourself then a narrow room, smoky, airless and hot; [Turn to page 105]

Every Housewife is interested in this modern method of preparing greaseless fried foods

ISN'T it logical that the best medium for frying is a *pure vegetable oil* pressed from the hearts of full-ripened corn kernels? Naturally—and the result of this logical thinking on the part of modern housewives has made Mazola the most popular salad and cooking oil in America.

In the modern home you will find Mazola being used exclusively for all frying. Mazola fried foods retain their full, *natural* flavors; when ready to serve are *greaseless*, wholesome and easily digested.

Further—there is no smoke when frying with Mazola—because this pure vegetable oil comes to cooking heat long before it reaches burning point.

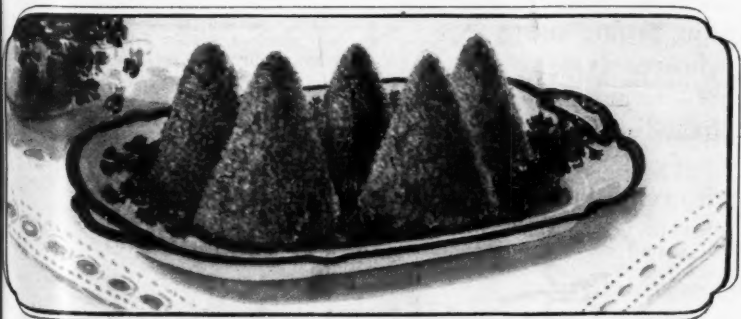
Another Mazola feature is its *economy*: after frying, strain the remaining oil and use it over and over again. Mazola never carries flavors or odors from one food to another.

Try this modern method of frying foods by following the simple recipes below.

FREE: Send for New Beautifully Illustrated Cook Book. It contains over 100 recipes for preparing delicious foods. Write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. 15, Argo, Ill.



THE young lady in the illustration above has just finished preparing FRENCH FRIED POTATOES in the modern greaseless way with Mazola. This is the recipe she followed: Wash and pare potatoes. Cut in eighths, lengthwise. Let stand in cold water at least one hour. Dry thoroughly between towels and fry in deep, hot Mazola. Sprinkle with salt.

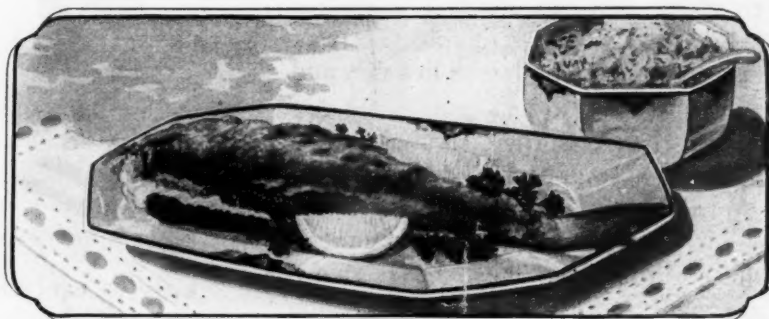


Chicken Croquettes are always popular because they are easily prepared and are always a welcome, wholesome dish to every member of the family.

This recipe proves it:

- 2 cups Chopped Cooked Chicken
- ¾ cup thick White Sauce
- ½ teaspoon Salt
- Dash of Paprika
- 1 Egg Yolk
- ¼ teaspoon Celery-Salt
- 1 teaspoon Lemon Juice

COMBINE chicken, sauce and seasonings. Stir in egg yolk. Shape, roll in cracker crumbs, then into slightly beaten egg or evaporated milk and again in cracker crumbs. Fry in deep, hot Mazola.



FRY FISH THIS WAY—SERVE WITH MAZOLA-MADE SAUCE TARTARE

CLEAN, wash and drain fish. Cut in convenient sizes for serving. Dredge with flour or corn-meal and fry in deep, hot Mazola. Fish fried in this way will not be grease soaked and is therefore more palatable and wholesome.

SAUCE TARTARE

- 1 cup Mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons Capers
- 2 tablespoons Olives
- 2 tablespoons Gherkins
- 1 tablespoon Parsley
- ¼ tablespoon Onion Juice
- or Finely Chopped Shallots or White Onions

Chop capers, olives, gherkins, parsley very fine and add seasoning. Fold into the mayonnaise and serve cold.



Have you tried Bon Ami POWDER?

Thousands of women are enthusiastic about Bon Ami Powder. They like it because this soft, scratchless cleanser saves them time and work in a new and convenient way.

In their letters, they tell us that they prefer Bon Ami Powder for many cleaning tasks. Pots and pans of aluminum, copper, agate and tin, the refrigerator, the bathtub—and many other things are made spotless in a few moments.



for refrigerators

Of course, they also use their old friend, the handy Bon Ami Cake for cleaning windows, mirrors, painted wood-work, etc.



for white shoes

Bon Ami, in cake or powder form, is fine and delicate. It does not scratch off the dirt and grime, but simply blots it up with a minimum of effort on your part.

Easy to use! Easy on the hands! Easy on the surface it cleans! That's why Bon Ami has been so great a favorite with housewives for more than thirty years. It's unequalled for cleaning and polishing dozens of things around the house.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet"



Cake or Powder
most housewives use both

POST GRADUATING IN PARIS

[Continued from page 102]

a pyramid of bottles on a counter at one end, a jazz band at the other. The guests sit at little tables, huddled against the wall to leave a bare space for dancing. They are mostly men: South Americans, Spaniards, Japanese, a few Parisian boulevardiers, with faces as dark and distorted as the wall pictures above their heads. Among these hardened *débauchés*, the American boys with carefree laughter and frank wholesome eyes, appear as out-of-place as in a penitential chain-gang. Waiters are posted by each table to see that the wine is kept flowing and joy unrestrained; especially, that the Americans have a good time, so that their tips may be large. At intervals, a couple in artificial rags does an *apache* dance. Apparently, it is the same old thing we have seen for years on the vaudeville stage. But here, towards the end of the dance, the little-faced *apache* really kicks the girl—hard, so that she gives quite a genuine cry of pain—and he really throws his burning cigarette into her hair. When the performance is over, the *boulevardiers* leer over their green bottles, hissing and chattering derisively. But the Americans applaud—too young, they are and too good-natured to offend willingly even these poor creatures. Now the orchestra strikes up with an American jazz tune and the dancing, or what passes for dancing, becomes general. Two French girls—eyes elongated with black, lips pursed with red—approach the American boys at the table next to ours. They ask the boys to dance, they ask for wine, they try to sit down with them. The boys laughingly wave them away. But these young women will try again; they are very persistent. Perhaps, after the waiter has uncorked a couple more bottles, they may succeed in planting their powdered elbows on that table; which won't, however, prove much satisfaction to them, because their unwilling hosts are very awkward at conversational French and also rather inclined to view the boldness of these persons with alarm. At any rate, that is a dance-bar and the sort of thing that goes on in one.

There are, of course, better dancing places. They are called "better," although, to be accurate, one should say "more polite." And essentially there isn't, after all, a great difference between polite misconduct and simple misconduct. These more polite establishments subsist entirely upon dollars and pounds; their overcharges are so great as to be prohibitive to all except Americans and English—and, of course, those Continental barons who had the forethought to marry Anglo-Saxon heirs.

It is to be feared that the aim of these places is, after all, merely to add dancing to that old trilogy: wine, women and song. However, judge for yourself, and come for a peep at one of the "better" places. It is advertised as "the most select cabaret in town;" it boasts a "tango-orchestra," and you are warned in large type that "you can't pretend to know Paris until you have heard Fels Naptha's world-renowned Jungle Jazz."

We arrived at the brilliant grilled gate at about three in the morning, for we wished to see the fun at its height without having to remain very long.

We began to question the uniformed doorman as to the possibility of getting in. He replied in excellent English, very courteously but negatively. He added, however, that by giving the head waiter a "little something," we might—we might just possibly—get in. We followed his advice—to the outrageous extent of a hundred francs—and were rewarded with four places in a corner, a very good point of vantage from which to observe this manner of life.

And a great deal of it there was, too, in this huge, balconied hall, made to seem more huge by the use of indirect lighting of a delicate orange color.

Coniatti was everywhere, over everything, depending from the balcony like a gay tropical vine, writhing in a multi-colored morass on the floor, clinging in the women's bobbed hair and in the beards of several Frenchmen. Waiters were desperately collecting it, girls selling and guests throwing it, and here two hundred men and women were living out their

exciting night-moment, gossiping, laughing, drinking, here and there picking indifferently at some choice morsel of food.

Everything spoke of money: the best commercial houses of Paris had supplied the napery, silver, and sumptuous appointments of the cabaret; the pockets of the waiters fairly bulged with banknotes received in exchange for their *Oui, Messieurs* and *Non, Messieurs* and attentive genuflections; Poirat, Marshall Field, Hollander, Lalic, Tiffany, Elizabeth Arden—the most expensive dressmakers, jewelers, beauty specialists—had worked day and night to give the women their present striking appearance; and the gentlemen had been groomed by the best New York, London and college-town tailors; even the smoke swirling lazily towards the ceiling had its origin in the most costly cigars and cigarettes.

For the price of a bottle of wine here one might eat well for a week in the average Parisian restaurant. Yet you realize, of course, that most of these people were spending other people's money; they were the sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, husbands or friends of wealth.

Presently, the orchestra began to mumble and the ladies and gentlemen drifted on to the waxed parquet. Henceforth, the music never stopped. As advertised, there were two orchestras, one French for the Tangos, the other American negro for the jazz and "Oriental" tunes. When one stopped, the other began. The negroes were the more interesting, for Fels Naptha and his brethren accompanied their "jungle jazz" with the wildest genuflections. While Fels and the other saxophones strutted a cake-walk, the trombone stuffed various derbies into the mouth of his instrument and the coal-black deacon at the traps banged upon every known cooking utensil. I think, as we four watched and listened, we felt a little dizzy although, much to the waiters' annoyance, the wine grew flat in our glasses. In that respect, ours were unique, however; it grew flat in no one else's.

On our left, two college boys were throwing away their fathers' money like the proverbially drunken sailor: sending champagne to the orchestras, and buying pink silk dolls for their *débutantes*.

Abruptly, during a dance, the ceiling and balconies were lost in darkness. The spacious orange glow had given way to little incandescent bulbs, hidden beneath the glass table-tops, so as to light the faces of the guests faintly, from below, as on a stage. The dancers returned to their places, and waited quietly. We felt that something momentous was about to happen. It was simply this:

A splash of green light is born on the parquet and into it steps an "Oriental" late of Beale Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee. Her costume is the usual grass petticoat and banana leaves. She begins to weave a slow arabesque followed by the splash of jungle green. The orchestra, playing now for its witch, its medicine-woman, exerts every savage nuance. The sleepy snore and wail of the "sax" and trombone, are subordinated to the deacon's tom-tom. The tempo, holding over our heads some awful suspense, gradually increases and with it the dancer's distortions. She tosses her bare legs and mop of fuzzed hair, meanwhile pouring forth some oriental love story, jerkily, with inarticulate gurgles, as though she had a bottle in her head. At last, Fels Naptha cried out "Jump back, honey, jump back!" The lights flashed up and she was gone.

Thereupon, such an ovation burst forth as would have made even a Tammany leader proud. Hands clapped, forks rattled, clagues whirled.

We were thankful to learn that there would be no encore and no more "attractions." The jazz hounds had treed their quarry, whatever it was, and virtually the evening's fun was over. Already most of the guests were paying off the French Debt and looking for their hat checks. As we waited on the sidewalk for a taxi, they dribbled out in groups, young, well-bred, but with incongruously glazed eyes and silly smiles.

Again remarking the excellent English of the young doorman, [Turn to page 110]

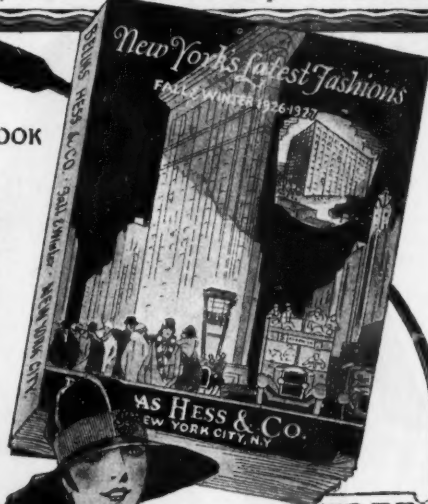
READY FOR YOU

The largest and most magnificent book of latest styles in America

FREE /
BELLAS HESS NEW
FALL & WINTER STYLE BOOK



Send the coupon below for your copy of this handsome big book with hundreds of pages in brilliant full colors, rotogravure and black and white half-tones, Thousands of money-saving offerings in all kinds of fashionable wearing apparel for the family,



FREE
Beautifully
Printed and
Lavishly
Illustrated
Big Book
of Latest
New York
Fall and
Winter
Fashions!
Send for it
NOW!

Our
prices are
guaranteed
LOWEST
in America



The big sensation of the season in fashion circles is our beautiful new Fall and Winter Style Book which has just come off the press. It is without question the most handsome, most complete, most accurate forecast of a season's styles that has ever been published. Every conceivable style note that Fifth Avenue has sanctioned for the coming season appears in its pages, styles not only for the feminine members of the family but for father and sons as well. There are two hundred and forty-eight big pages with the most charming illustrations depicting the latest modes in coats, hats, suits, dresses, underwear, shoes, hosiery, infants' wear and marvelous gift suggestions for the holidays. The two models pictured here are typical of the high class styles shown in this handsome big style book. Also household requisites, such as linens, piece goods, toilet requisites, etc.

There's a feeling of security in ordering from Bellas Hess & Co. You are protected by our sweeping guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. You know that your purchases have come from the store that is acknowledged to be the leading style house in the country. You have the benefit of prices that are cut as near cost as it is possible to get them. Our unique "Lowest Price Guarantee" assures you of a big saving on everything you buy.

Your copy of the new, big Bellas Hess Book of New York's Latest Fashions for Fall and Winter 1926-1927 is ready for you. Fill out and mail the coupon below today, and you will get this Free Style Book promptly, sent postage paid to your address.

BELLAS HESS & CO. — New York, N.Y.

McM. 10-26

Gentlemen:—Please send my FREE COPY of your Fall and Winter Catalog No. 126.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

Slenderizing Fashions for STOUT WOMEN

SIZES
38 to 58
BUST



This
Style
Book
Sent
FREE

New Fall
Fashions

Pictured above: Examples of the Slenderizing
Styles in the new Lane Bryant Style Book

WHENEVER you see a well-dressed stout woman, haven't you always wondered where she found such smart, well-fitting clothes? You will *know* where she found them if you will send for the new Lane Bryant Style Book pictured above.

This beautiful style book celebrates our Twenty-fifth Anniversary. It is the finest book that we have ever published. Featuring Anniversary Specials in new Fall coats, dresses, hats, shoes, undergarments—each in sizes for all stout women.

Latest Styles—Lowest Prices

Lane Bryant is the largest maker of slenderizing apparel in the world. Thus Lane Bryant apparel is always low in price, but is high in quality and value. The styles are always smart—the workmanship superb—the fabric the best, and *every* stout woman is assured a perfect fit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send for FREE Style Book today.

Lane Bryant

39th Street at Fifth Avenue

CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
DETROIT

NEW YORK

ADDRESS DEPT. 92

BROOKLYN
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

[Continued from page 23]

a check on gadding." "But Bess is gay," he said. Bernice nodded.

"Bess does as she likes. Mine's been the simple life, but after this semester, I'm going to play."

"That will be fine, if you let me play with you. I live in University Town, you know."

"No, I didn't!" Her eyes rounded at him. "You're not the Tyle Mill, and the Tyle Furniture Factory, are you?"

"Why not?"

"No reason at all, except I'm stunned. You're a mythical figure, that's all. I just supposed Mr. Tyle was an ancient. Or perhaps you're the son?"

"No—I'm the whole family, all there is of it."

"This is terribly thrilling. And I wouldn't talk to you last night. 'Had I of knew' as my little sister says! It would have been very different, I assure you."

"You're ragging me. I'm not sure I like it."

"Then I'll stop." And she did.

Theremy was miserable. "You aren't offended?" he asked her at last, humbly.

"I?" she smiled at him. "Never! I'm just—you see, I'm used to the boys at school, and we all talk such nonsense. I guess I've gotten in the habit of reserving my brains for classes. I didn't want to tire you."

"Tire me?" Theremy drew a long breath and stared at her. "You could never tire me," he said a little heavily.

"You see—I've fallen in love with you." She was startled. "You don't mean—really?"

"I mean really—and forever. I'd like to meet your people. I'd like to ask for you."

"You believe in doing things that way? It's old-fashioned."

"You make me feel old-fashioned," he answered soberly. "You show what sort of a family you've got behind you. I like that. But all by yourself, you make a man's dreams come true, Bernice. I'd be good to you, always—if you'd marry me."

His voice faltered. She dipped her fingers in the frosted bowl the waiter had set beside her plate, dried them on her napkin, and rose, picking up her gloves and purse.

He followed her from the room, and stopped to pay the bill. When he came out into the hotel foyer, she was gone. He waited about for half an hour, before he realized that she was gone.

"I frightened her," he thought ruefully. "Why couldn't I have waited, taught her to like me?" He cursed himself for a fool, and sitting in the dining-car, on his way home that night, he recalled every moment of their contact, and wished for her to be sitting opposite him. "She's just a baby!" he thought tenderly, and felt his own heart, which had grown hard, swell and hurt with his growing love.

IT was a week before he was able to reach her at her sorority house. But finally he heard her voice.

"This is Tyle," he told her.

"I'm afraid I owe you an apology," she answered.

"Not a bit, if you mean for running away. But if you'll see me again, I'll not make you feel that way. Will you drive with me Sunday?"

"I'm dated up—but I tell you, there's a good movie Friday night. Call for me in time for the first show, at seven."

He felt like a sophomore, walking up the hill to town, and going to a seven o'clock movie! It was the beginning of a new relationship between them. He began to feel a wistfulness in her that answered the needs of his own heart.

Everything she did and said only made him admire her more. He felt increasingly that sense of her family behind her like a bulwark. Her simplicity impressed him. Her gentleness, her personal refinement, made her more precious every time he saw her.

It was not until after she had been home for Thanksgiving that he spoke to her again of his hopes. After her return from home, he sat with her, on a big upholstered couch, in one of the sorority

house parlors.

"Would you listen to me now, Bernice?" he asked. She did not answer. "My dear, I want you so!" he whispered, clinging to her hand. She turned, and looked at him, and in her eyes were both flight and surrender—a bright, youthful fire. "You've done something to me," she told him, as he sat and waited for her to speak. "You're always in my mind—always present, like the very air I breathe. I think of you first thing in the morning and last thing at night. And I'm glad, for you carry me away—" She put her hand against her throat, and looked into the fire. "I ran away from you once, but I can't do it always. You'll have to see my father. I can't marry without his consent. There are so many things—I can't tell you—you'll just have to come home. I told my mother I would invite you to come after Christmas—you can come on Saturday, and stay over, and bring me back to school on Monday."

"And if I can satisfy your father?" She looked at him, all the fire gone from her eyes, only a desperate pleading there, that he could not understand.

HE reached the town at dusk, and although it spread out, a small and dingy place, his preconception was so determined that he still expected to see a gracious beautiful white house swell out from the winter dusk. For behind every thought of Bernice was the background of the Halcroft House party. He thought at first that he had mistaken his directions, but Bernice had been very explicit. There were a number of children playing on the shabby porch, under a small electric light globe. A big boy, ten or eleven, scrambled down the steps and stood staring at the shining big car.

"Does Bernice Slocum live here?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, sir," said the little boy, and spat. "Are you her feller? Come on in, they're looking for you." The lad opened the house door, and Theremy, his bag in his hand, went into the presence of a big base-burner, into the rich, warm smell of baking bread. "Hi, Sis," yelled his escort. "Here's your feller."

Bernice came through, from the kitchen, a gingham apron over her dress. She greeted Theremy with a quiet, self-possessed smile. "You brought your bag? Fine. Take off your big coat, and sit down by the fire. Supper will be ready as soon as my father comes in. Go on out, Bud, and play with the girls till Dad comes." The boy went out, and the door slammed behind him so that the little house shook. Bernice left him, and Theremy found himself seated in an old-fashioned oak rocker, with a crocheted doily on its back, by the heater. Bernice stowed his big coat, his hat and bag in a closet under the stairs, and went on back to the kitchen.

Presently, she came back, with a short stout woman, in middle age. Bright black eyes regarded Tyle from a rosy plump face. "Pleased to meet you," she said to Tyle, bobbing and shaking his hand. He recognized the endearing quality of Bernice's young voice. "Bernice told me what a kind friend you was to her. We're a big family here, in a little house, but I want you should be comfortable. Just sit here, and talk to Sis," she said in her kind, tired tones, trying to make him comfortable. "Pa will be in in a minute or two, from the store."

She went back to the kitchen and Bernice sat down in the chair with the broken rung. "Did you find it cold driving?" she asked primly.

"Not at all. I came in the closed car. Thought it would be better for you, going back. What kind of a store has your father, Bernice?"

"A feed store," she answered. Her head was high, the red spots burned in her cheeks. "He sells coal, too, and hay and grain, and wood. It's quite a business."

At that moment the door opened and a cold breeze entered, bringing with it a tall gaunt man, and a flock of children.

"This is my father," said Bernice, and Tyle got to his feet. "This is Mr. Tyle, Daddy. He's come to visit, and take me back to school."

Theremy met a pair [Turn to page 108]



25¢

The youthful bloom and velvet texture of the skin is preserved and enhanced by the incomparably soft purity of Italian talc; the distinctive Mavis fragrance breathes a delicate perfume of alluring charm.

VIVAUDOU MAQUIS TALCUM

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
New York • Paris • Los Angeles • Montreal

Agents!

Our thousands of men and women agents are making a stupendous success taking orders for the greatest fabric discovery of the age! Malloch Super-Rayon underwear has **All the Beauty of Silk at 1/2 the Price!** Now—every woman can gratify that "Secret Silk Desire!" Malloch Super-Rayon garments have the most beautiful, everlasting lustre—exquisite colors that never fade—mid they wear longer than thread silk with no more care. Super-Rayon sells itself! No experience needed. Besides Super-Rayon we have the most complete and beautiful line of hosiery and underwear in America. Malloch goods are worn all over the world!

Big Pay Every Day! commissions as a deposit paid by the customer, to whom we ship direct. Three other selling methods to choose from. We pay shipping charges.

Write for Free Selling Outfit! It will come postpaid by return mail, so you can start making money at once. And our Sure Sales Plan shows you how to build up a big business. If you hurry, you can have other agents working for you—just act quick! Just say: "Send me your Free Selling Outfit and Sure Money Making Sales Plan." Write Today!

Malloch Knitting Mills, 210 Ottawa Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

50¢ **FASTEST CUTTING CUTTER**

Rapid Slew and Veg-table Cutter is lighter and easier to use, more durable, more attractive, more easily kept clean than old-fashioned cutters. Guaranteed to stay sharp and rust-free 10 years. 6 keen edge knives, indispensable for salads. At most good dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Special Offer to Agents and Church Societies

Send to **BLUFFTON SLEW CUTTER CO., Dept. H Bluffton, O.**

Extra Dollars For Your Spare Time

YOU can earn \$5-\$10-\$15 easily for your spare time in securing new and renewal McCall subscriptions in your locality.

A plan which has proven successful for thousands, who have been anxious to make their spare time worth real money.

Address Dept. 10M
McCALL'S MAGAZINE
250 West 37th St., New York

THE COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM

[Continued from page 101]



Warm gray walls with reddish-apricot and blue in the hangings and cushions. Painted tea-table. Smith College

completing comfort, demands a downy ease. And both that and your tea-table should be stained to match the rest of the furniture though if you have a particular reason for emphasizing what I might call your "chosen color," by all means paint them just that shade. One ingenious girl I met, desiring to reflect the gay apricots of her curtains, mixed salmon and orange to get the precise tone, and painted the table herself.

Walls, on the whole, didn't trouble me so much as either curtains or couch-covers. Because I realize that a feeling for walls, together with their proper treatment, are Heaven's last, best gifts, to any decorator; also that wrong pictures can be much more easily eliminated than wrong fabrics. Pictures should be large rather than small; they should suggest the general colors of your room, and, if possible, your own individuality (I loved one I saw with its ships a-sailing!) and four will be quite as many as you will need; indeed, I'd rather replace one with an interesting mirror, preferably gilt. And be sure to hang them with two straight cords or wires, not with that unpleasant triangular effect.

I do not urge you to prodigality; on the contrary my counsels are intended for students of middling purses and single rooms.

For I have been pretending that I, myself was a student, not with a middling purse, but a very flat one, and I have made for my delight a room that I am convinced would be within the reach of almost anybody.

My curtains, a joyous little cretonne, its gray-flecked ecru ground adorned with formal, improbable fruit: saffron and yellow and blue, set in a foliage of green and black leaves, cost thirty cents a yard, and the theatrical gauze for glass curtains was, as I told you, thirty-five, though, instead, I was tempted to go to a five and ten cent store, and buy some of the ruffled scrim, dotted with blue or yellow, for twenty cents. Soft monk's cloth, the wide weave at a dollar and a half a yard, was a great extravagance I know, but think how my couch-cover will last, and for cushions I have two covered with the cretonne, two with the dominant color, and one with black, these last three made of broadcloth-finished tub-silk—it washes beautifully, you know—for a dollar a yard. My easy-chair and wicker tea-table, both brown-stained, were, respectively, \$8.45 and \$7.95, and, at a ten cent store, I bought six pretty cups and saucers, a lustrous glaze, blue outside, yellow within, for twenty cents apiece. And, praise be, I didn't have to agonize about the floor; college authorities for the most part include in their furnishings good rugs in a brownish taupe shade.

Don't you like my modest Castle in Spain? And can't you see how inexpensively attractive it would be? If you are a collector, beguile your summers by picking up the brass candlesticks and pewter teapots and old prints yet to be found inexpensively in many parts of the country, and, above all, from the useful habit of rummaging in ancestral attics and other places in which discarded treasures may lurk.

Luxurious, Velvety Rugs From Your Old Materials

Any Size or Color.

at New Low Prices!

Woven by the Wonderful New Olson Patented Process



1 Any Color. Your choice of 23 fashionable colors, including Taupe, Mole, Blue, Brown, Moss, Beaver Brown, Mulberry, Mahogany, Rose, Tete-de-Negre, etc., regardless of colors in your old materials.

2 Reversible. Every OLSON RUG is woven reversible, with the same smooth, firm nap on both sides. Twice the wear. Softer underfoot.

3 Seamless. Woven in one piece without seams. Your own experience tells you that rugs wear out first along the seams.

4 Any Size. Olson Rugs will be made to your order in any size or shape, in one week. Special sizes, runners, stair carpeting, etc.

We'll Put Them in Your Home on Trial!

Sent FREE
This Beautiful Book
on Rugs
and Home Decorating



NOW . . . by a remarkable Patented Process—you can get luxurious new rugs at half price by sending in your old carpets, rugs and clothing! Old materials are reclaimed like new by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, bleaching, picking, carding and combing—then dyed any color you choose, and woven on power looms into brand new OLSON RUGS that rival high grade domestic rugs in quality and texture.

No Matter Where You Live

It's so easy to order, no matter where you live. And really, it's fascinating to send away a bundle of old material and, in a week, receive new rugs that will win the admiration of your friends.

WE PAY Express, Freight, or Parcel Post, all states, as explained in catalog. **SENT ON TRIAL**—Olson Rugs are sent on full trial. Examine them—compare them with other rugs costing twice

as much—get the opinion of your friends. If you do not agree that Olson Rugs are the biggest rug value you have ever seen, simply return them to us at our expense and we will pay you for your old materials, and the trial won't cost you a penny.

In a Million Homes

Over a million families are enjoying these latest, improved Olson Rugs—the biggest values ever offered in our 52 years of rug manufacturing.

Write today for your copy of our unusual, new book, "Beauty and Harmony in the Home." This book shows all the fashionable new shades and patterns in actual colors in rooms arranged by experts. You will find hundreds of useful suggestions. Write today.

Olson Rug Co., Dept. G-22, Laffin St., Chicago

Mail This Coupon

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. G-22
28-42 Laffin Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please mail to me, FREE, your latest book "Beauty and Harmony in the Home", your new low prices, and free trial offer.

NAME _____

Street (R. F. D.) _____

City _____

State _____

To those writing promptly we will include, free, the wonderful new Olson Color Guides for home decorating.

The Latest Improved OLSON RUGS

.....the finest rugs we have ever made



FOULDS' for FLAVOR

How the family will enjoy "Foulds" and wonder what magic puts such zest into a dish of spaghetti! That wonderful flavor comes from the Durum wheat used for Foulds' Macaroni Products—the only real macaroni wheat. It is this wheat, too, that gives Foulds' its creamy color and tender firmness.

To know the delights of real spaghetti—that can be used in making many delicious, wholesome dishes—buy Foulds' and send for FREE RECIPE BOOK.

FOULDS' Ready-Cooked SPAGHETTI in cans—ready to use when heated—firm, tender and generous with sauce of cheese and fresh, red-ripe tomatoes.

Special Offer

If you cannot buy Foulds' from your grocer, send \$2.50 for a Foulds' Macaroni and Vegetable Cooker worth \$3.75—a 6 qt. kettle, colander, and self-strainer combined. Heavy-gauge, pure aluminum. This offer is made to introduce Foulds' Macaroni Products—and 4 packages will be included.

THE FOULDS COMPANY
522 Fifth Avenue
New York



Also makers of HAVACONE—the guaranteed, pure cake, ice cream cone

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

[Continued from page 106]

of brilliant green eyes under heavy dark brows. The man's face was unshaven, his clothes worn and stained.

"How-de-do?" he said briefly. Theremy sensed a warning, almost a threat in the touch of that hard palm.

"You found it possible to leave your work on Saturday?" he asked.

"Yes, I arranged it," said Tyle quietly. The older man took off his coat, and piled it, with his hat, on a chair, from which Bernice promptly removed it. The mother came to the door. "Supper's ready, Pa, if you want to wash."

He went into the kitchen, and another daughter, Marie, a rosy plump girl like the mother, came and marshalled all the children in to the kitchen pump. Bernice and Theremy were alone for a minute, before they went into the dining-room, and the girl stood by the heater, looking at the bright glow of coals through the isinglass doors without a word. She did not look at him, nor speak, and her silence was so forbidding that he could not find a word to say to her.

The supper was terrible. The food itself, hot biscuits, chicken, beaten potatoes, and deep apple pie, was excellent, but the children ate in noisy greed, the chairs had been gathered from all over the house, the dishes were remnants of a dozen sets. Si Slocum was inclined to talk, his elbows on either side of his plate.

"My girl says you've got a furniture factory at University Town. Your own business?"

"Yes. We had the mill, you see, and I found it would mean a great deal of money if we sold the mill products to ourselves. So we built a small factory five years ago, and it soon outgrew the mill."

"Do you know anything about the feed business?" asked Bernice's father. Theremy answered meekly, and then listened for a long time to the history of the Slocum's business adventure.

After the meal was finished the two men sat by the heater again, while the girls washed dishes, and Mrs. Slocum put the younger children to bed. Bud was spanked, and his roars filled the house. Slocum put his feet on the floor with a thump. "Arthur!" he called in a terrible voice, and the silence of the void followed. He winked at Theremy. "Got 'em bluffed," he said softly. "They mind. Even Bernice minds me. I don't believe she'd go against me."

He looked at Theremy sharply, and was answered, man for man. "I believe that, sir. I've been trying to persuade her to become engaged to me and she wouldn't do it till I'd seen you."

Slocum's look was ironical. "Ye-ah," he drawled. He sat up in a moment and spoke with considerable force. "I never wanted her to go over there to school. I told her mother it would give her notions, set her above us, but she would go. She's made high grades, to satisfy me, and she's worked in the feed store in her vacations. A quiet, good girl, too, that does as she's told. I know her. Burning with ambitions, lusting for the beauties of life. She'll never be happy with a man that can't control her. I'll warn you of that. If I thought she'd set herself up—above her own mother, I'd smack her, big as she is!"

Tyle was very uncomfortable. "I think you do her injustice to suggest such a thing," he said.

"H-mmmm," said Slocum.

The ladies joined them—from the kitchen, and they all sat around the stove till half past nine, and went to bed. Tyle had no chance for a word alone with Bernice. The next morning he ate breakfast with the children, and walked to church in the procession the family made. Here he shook hands with Slocum's friends. He sat on a hard seat, at the end of the family pew, and watched Bernice's father, shaved and decent in a heavy black suit, pass the plate and hand out hymn books.

They all filed back to the house, and ate a big dinner.

"Come with me," Slocum said, after they had eaten. "I have to go to the store, and make fires. I'd like to show you my place." It was, Tyle understood, a mark of favor, and he went along, and

spent the best part of the afternoon in the feed store, talking with its owner, and they reached, eventually, a basis of common understanding and respect.

There was early supper, and church again, and Slocum was convinced that Bernice, pale, silent, was avoiding him. Monday morning he sought the feed store again, and in a lull in business he asked directly, "You'll let us be married then, in the spring?"

"I'll leave it to Bernice," said the father heavily. "You'd better tell her all that you told me. You're rich. That's all I don't like. You'll take her from us."

"Never," replied the other, and so it was left.

It was two o'clock when he finally got Bernice away, snug beside him in the car, her bag piled in with his, behind. He turned the car north, for the long drive, back to good roads, and school.

He realized in a moment that she was crying. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked her, and she leaned away from him.

"Oh!" she cried, "I'm so ashamed!"

He suffered a cruel sense of disappointment. "You're not ashamed of your folks?" he asked her sternly.

"Ah, no," she said, "not now. I'm just ashamed—of myself. I'm ashamed that I ever was ashamed," she said, wiping her eyes and blowing her nose softly. "You see, when I met you at Halcroft's I knew you were somebody wonderful. I knew you must be somebody wonderful—rich, and secure. I was sick of boys, and their ways, and you were a man."

She turned to him now, making a little gesture with her gloved hand, a small half circle of entreaty for his comprehension. "I wanted you to like me—and you did. And then—oh, it is terrible, but I thought you'd be through with me forever, if you knew my folks. Everything I said, that was honest enough, gave you a wrong impression. My father is strict with me. I have been brought up close at home. But it wasn't what you thought. Why, we're not swells at all! We're just as common as can be. I'm the first one in the family that ever finished high school. And I was ashamed of my home, and my people!"

She began to cry again. "My mother could have had everything nice," she told him defiantly, "if she hadn't tried to send me to school. She's good. That's what she is. Just good! My father knew me. He said I'd set myself up. I didn't realize, till I saw you there, and saw how she wanted to please you, how good she is, and I could just kiss her old tired feet! And my father's worked hard, and lifted himself from simply nothing. I hate myself. I'd not marry you now—not for anything. I'm going to teach and help my mother, and help to educate my brothers and sisters—"

She grew incoherent, and stormy, and then subsided again. He leaned forward, against the wheel, and laid his gloved hand on her knee with gentle, reassuring pressure. "Don't cry!" he said. "It's all right. Everything is all right."

He drove on, and after a little she said, in a shaky voice, "That's not the road."

"I'm going through West City," he answered. "We've time. I want to show you something."

The car fled through the winter afternoon, passing farm houses cuddled deep in snow, roaring through little towns, and climbing slowly toward the ridge where West City gathered itself around Halcroft House. When they reached West City, Tyle did not turn toward the hill, but, instead, crossed the ridge, and picked his way slowly down among streets that grew meaner and meaner, until, at the bottom, they came out on a kind of flats, where factories crowded one another, and where rubbish, heaps marked the empty lots. They turned, beyond one such lot, into a street that ran along a muddy stream. A row of houses, one of which was almost falling to pieces, stood here, and Tyle stopped so that she could see through the broken windows, to an interior hideously bare and dirty.

"Look well," he said, pointing to the house. "That's the first [Turn to page 110]



When it comes to keeping in the good graces of my family, the easiest way and the best way is to feed them well. Whether I serve soups, fish or salads, meats, stews or vegetables, I season them with

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

The family likes it, I like it, and everybody's happy.

Send for free recipe booklet to

LEA & PERRINS
238 West Street, New York



Shy, demure—protected!

Within that prim little mouth was a delicious Smith Brothers' Cough Drop! Since 1847 wise mothers have given their children this absolutely pure "candy". It guards tender little throats against coughs and colds.

Two kinds: S-B and Menthol.

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



5¢

DINGEE ROSES
for Fall Planting
Our "New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1926
Autumn Edition, also offers new Darwin
Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Crocus, Lilies,
Shrubs. Send for free copy. Established 1850.
The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 1032, West Grove, Pa.



... you can't keep little shoes from scuffing... but you can keep those ugly scuffs from showing... the touch of Dyanshine's magic dauber works this transformation.

NO NITROBENZENE, NITROBENZOL, ANILIN OIL NOR SHELLAC IN DYANSHINE

**BARTON'S
DYANSHINE**
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH
Copyright 1926—Barton Mfg. Co.

Real Coffee

Made as harmless as a substitute

Science has now found a way to take the caffeine out of coffee. We open the pores and remove it, without disturbing a single delight.

The result is Kaffee Hag—exquisite coffee, rich in flavor and aroma. The finest hotels now serve it. In countless homes it has become the favorite coffee blend.

All that is lacking is caffeine, the source of coffee's harm. No one misses it, for caffeine has no taste. All the joys of coffee are intact. The quick bracing effects remain.

The result is pure, delicious coffee which anyone can drink without stint. One can drink it at night and sleep. It has no ill effect on heart,

nerves or kidneys, so no one need turn to a substitute.

More and more homes are adopting Kaffee Hag. A coffee all can enjoy without a thought of harm.

Someone at your table needs this delicious coffee. Coffee you can drink at any hour, as much as you want. Your grocer always has it fresh.



Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cents

KAFFEE HAG

1410 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Name.....
Address.....

THE BEST STORY I CAN TELL ABOUT RADIO

[Continued from page 70]

FIRST PRIZE

occupies the chair. Great silvery-tongued preachers talk to them of life's significance. There is music: soft cadences of many-toned pipe-organs lift them to the very throne of God. Beautiful chants from trained choirs speak to them of eternal love. On week nights those who will, may hear Galli Curci, McCormack, or any of a host of others. And the church which Dr. Lowe so loved goes on. For the Radio Memorial enables it to do so. This is the best radio story I know.

SECOND PRIZE

noon I returned to the village after a thirty-two mile drive in an open cutter with the glass at 34 below: I had been holding a service at one of my missions, and a funeral service in the afternoon. I was really on the verge of collapse. I went to sup at my organist's home, and was surprised to find a powerful Westinghouse set newly installed. The first item which we picked up was my old regimental march played at Shenandoah. Around me like phantoms mustered the boys of my section of olden days, laughing and cheering; the organist wondered why I was laughing, but they only see who have eyes to see with. Then we picked up a classical concert: my! it was good. They told me after the service that evening, that I had out-shone myself: in any case, the music gave me a new lease of life. Whenever there was a classical concert announced, I was there for refreshment. We taught the choir how to sing by mustering them around the radio to listen to other choirs singing. To cut a long story short, the radio introduced good music where it was badly needed. Sickness prostrated me last fall, but I didn't mind, for instead of the work's breaking my heart, I broke its back: they have a good congregation and an ordained man there now. I'm not likely to die just yet, because I don't want to and also because a foolish girl thinking I needed looking after married me, and she's pulling me through fine. Soon I'll be on the warpath looking for the shekels to pay a doctor who says he doesn't want payment for helping me to good health. And then—we buy a radio ourselves.

"Invictus."

THIRD PRIZE

filled with such wonderful music, is really worth living in.

Then, I have been able to listen to our President, and other noted men of our country. Have become interested in things going on in the world, to talk to my friends, and to understand what they are talking about. I am no longer cut off from the rest of the world.

When I get discouraged, as we all do, I listen to some good sermon, or poem, that tells me, that we all have our place, and our work to do. And if we do the little things, and do them well, the big ones will take care of themselves.

I have enjoyed many baseball games, and football games. Have found myself as excited, and interested in the game, as though I was seeing it with my own eyes. Seeing the games through Graham McNamee's eyes, one cannot help getting excited.

I listened, and enjoyed music given by an artist, who was blind, so wrote, telling how much I enjoyed the music, and wished that I might give a little encouragement. My letter was so much enjoyed, that I received an answer, I was so pleased, that I wrote the second, so we have been exchanging letters I have found a new friend, that I would not have known, only through my radio.

So I can feel sure that I have been able to reflect some of the sunshine, that I have received from my radio, into other lives. I find myself with more friends, and interests, since I have had my radio.

makes wood work charming



Furniture that catches the golden lamp glow and throws it back; furniture that is full of soft tones and colors—that's the kind you have when you use O-Cedar Polish, the friend

to woodwork of all kinds. Just apply with a damp rag then rub with a dry one. So quick! So easy. And such results! Sold everywhere. 30c to \$3.00.

Trial Bottle FREE—Clip this Coupon

**O-Cedar
Polish**

O-CEDAR CORP., Dept. A
4501 S. Western Blvd., Chicago
Send trial bottle to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Gargle



ASPIRIN

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package. Look for the "Bayer Cross."

For
**TONSILITIS
and
SORE
THROAT**

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence; and in other complaints attended with sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.

Each bottle contains tested and proved directions. Accept only genuine "Phillips."

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON



America's Leading Authorities Endorse The Kindergarten Children's Hour



Edited by LUCY WHELOCK
Head of The Wheelock School for Kindergartners, Boston

The Kindergarten Children's Hour offers a rich library of the most carefully selected material to help mothers in guiding and instructing their children.

A New Idea in Helps for Mothers

In one volume you will find 135 matchless stories especially adapted for very little children—and such stories are the hardest of all stories to find. Another volume is crammed full of just the right suggestions for games and occupations to answer adequately the cry of "What can we do now, mother?" A third volume tells you how to explain, in a way intensely interesting to your children, the everyday things of life that every child wants to know. Still another volume contains wonderfully inspiring and helpful advice by one of the world's leading experts upon child training, telling how best to handle children of every temperament on all occasions. And lastly a volume of 155 songs that children love, together with singing games.

This gives you but a faint idea of the wealth of material in these five volumes.

Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. The postman brings the five volumes to your door. We want you to inspect these books for a week at your leisure, free.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Private Library Dept.,
4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Send This Coupon Now!

Please send me the five volumes of The Kindergarten Children's Hour. If they are not just what I want, I will return the books within seven days after receiving them, without obligation, or, if satisfactory, I will pay \$1 within seven days after receipt of the books and \$2 a month thereafter for seven months, or \$14.25 within seven days after receipt of the books, in full payment.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

McC-10

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

[Continued from page 108]

home I can remember. It's just as it always was," Tyle told her. "Bernice," he said impressively, "your folks are grand, compared to what mine were. My mother had a terrible life, and she was cruel to me. My father came and went, with long unaccounted absences. He was no father to me at all. After my mother died I never saw him again. The only consolation I ever had to hug to myself was that I was white!"

He shook his head, in silent, tragic contemplation of that pink and white child, cuffed about on this miserable street. "After my mother died, the state farmed me out, and for the first time in my life I was treated kindly. When I finished High School, I worked my way east, and got a technical education in a night school, while I worked in a mill, and saved my money. I came back here, but I always just let it go that I was from the east. It checked surmises, and I

couldn't bear to drag that miserable kid out and show him to the world. Then, when I met you, I was afraid I couldn't have you. I guess I wanted you to be a real little aristocrat. I wanted to establish myself. I was at fault too, Bernice. But you see, I was really right. A man couldn't ask for a better background for his wife, than you've had. You've got everything I hoped for—gentleness, and loyalty, and the real virtues. If you'll only have me!"

A small crowd had begun to gather, and Tyle drove on, and turned to climb the hill again. Bernice said nothing till they were out of town, then she lifted his hand, and laid it against her cheek. "Just think—out of all that mob at Halcroft's, we were probably the only pretenders," she said softly, "and we found one another."

He stopped in a little valley, and gathered the old-fashioned girl in his arms.

POST GRADUATING IN PARIS

[Continued from page 105]

we questioned him on his nationality. "American," he replied.

He was a graduate of an Ohio university, it turned out, now studying medicine at the Sorbonne. This doorman job was the only work he could get as his courses took up the day. Because of all we had seen, all the wrong sort of "post-graduation," I think we were genuinely grateful to this poor medic for being, in the homely phrase, "the boy his mother thought he was."

Unconsciously we turned our eyes toward the street where five of the cream of our race, leading citizens of the next generation, were bombarding one another with oranges filched from a passing market wagon.

"Oh, they'll outgrow that," the doorman assured us. "But I'll be glad when fall comes and some of them go home," he added. "We can close a little earlier then and get some sleep." He looked very tired.

Let us return to the young man whom we left with his friends climbing the hill of Montmartre. Assume that he has amused himself, this first night in Paris, after the fashion we observed, for that is the only fashion Montmartre knows. Next day, at tea time, with a heavy head, he follows the beaten track to one of the American bars in the central part of the town. And I repeat, they are legion, one in every good hotel and independently two or three in every street. Here our young friend sees something entirely novel. He may have visited the New York or Chicago or Los Angeles cabarets at some time. But bars and saloons were driven from American streets before he became of "sporting age." The Paris bar, therefore, enchants him. Surrounded by comfort and hospitality, hearing only English spoken, he feels at home, manly and confident.

Thus, in a night and a day, the habits of his life in Paris during the period of his stay are established—not by any malicious or particularly wayward intent on his part; simply by an unfortunate combination of circumstances: sudden freedom, a pocket full of money, and the continual presence of the worst sort of temptation. We ought not to forget either that he finds a certain moral support and justification in the conduct of many well-groomed American business men. He sees them doing just as he does, from evening until the small hours, in bars and cabarets. What he fails to realize is that these older men are spending their own mere pin money; that they have worked hard and successfully for ten, twenty, thirty years; and, most important of all, that they are too wise ever to let this manner of life become a habit.

In this manner, our young American drifts from day to day. A visit to the Louvre—perhaps even two out of the remnant of a sense of duty—leaves him cold. All that treasured beauty can wring only a slight response from his distracted senses. Anyhow, from a few pages of any

guide book he can cull enough information to write home an entertaining letter now and then.

You are wondering, perhaps, why I have not said more of our girl visitors to Paris. Because, thank goodness! there is not so much to be said. I believe very nearly all travel with their parents or other chaperons. During the day, they are much in evidence in the Rue de la Paix and the museums, usually in the company of older women. In the late afternoon, however, these chaperons retire, overcome, no doubt, with fatigue after so much shopping and sightseeing. Then, like true four o'clocks, their young charges expand—as gaily as the flower but often without its sweet discretion. For I have seen many girls of the finishing-school, college and débutante age and type sipping cocktails in public bars. It is hardly surprising even that one hotel, the Ritz, has established a "ladies bar," or that its patronage is largely American, especially when you recall the "smoker" recently instituted in one of our most important women's colleges.

However, it is in dancing that our American young ladies take the keenest pleasure. They patronize regularly—needless to say unchaperoned—the *thés dansants* in the Bois de Boulogne, where they are conspicuous as the only young gentlewomen present. For the well-bred young Parisienne does not frequent public dancing places of even so pleasant a sort as those in the Bois. French mothers hold up their hands in horror and dismay at the freedom accorded to our *jeunes filles*. After midnight, these same *jeunes filles* of ours are often to be seen at the "better" cabarets and even, sometimes, at those not so "good."

I am not one to "view with alarm," but gradually, over a period of months, the conviction has been growing within me that American parents ought to know about all this—about the life of the studios as well as that of the cabarets.

No army of missionaries of culture is going to return from foreign cities to dress our American civilization in the "taste and beauty it merits." I see now that that is all nonsense. We must look to ourselves for everything—the training as well as the talent.

When my own children shall come to me and say "Tom, Dick, and Harry, and all their sisters are going to Europe. Won't you take us?"—I shall answer, "No." And I think I shall be wise. Because even with an older person along to point the way, the trip would not necessarily be a good investment.

When my son and daughter are older, when they have made good American homes and put money in the bank, then will be the time for their trip abroad. Then and then only, Paris can do them no harm.

There is a saying that all good Americans go to Paris when they die. That may be, but certainly they should not go there before they have yet begun to live.



For Cuts and Skin eruptions

ALWAYS treat cuts and abrasions at once. Prevent any chance of infection. Treat skin eruptions promptly and regularly, to hasten their healing and to guard against trouble from infection.

Absorbine, Jr. assists nature by first cleansing the wound and killing the germs, and then soothing and healing the affected tissue. Absorbine, Jr. relieves pain quickly. It is not greasy, and does not show.

At all druggists, \$1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT




Paris BOURJOIS France

JAVA

The Wonderful French Face Powder

A tint for every type
EIGHT FRENCH HAND-MADE ROUGES
and our new creation
COLD CREAM POWDER JAVA

BOURJOIS, Inc.
37 West 34th Street New York
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Blue Bird Shade Pulls

Harbinger of happiness—messenger of cheer. Decorated in natural colorings, swinging in dainty brass perches, hung by silken cords to be attached to your window shades. Especially appropriate for living rooms and sun parlors. Send for them. You'll order more as Christmas remembrances. No. 5337 Box of three \$1.25

ODD and THOUGHTFUL GIFTS FROM POHLSON—at all prices

Send for Gift Catalog. It is free. It will solve your gift problems. New ideas in Gifts for all your family and friends.

THE POHLSON GIFT SHOP
Dept. 147 PAWTUCKET, R. I.

IS YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER GOING TO COLLEGE?

[Continued from page 9]

engineer or pharmacist depends entirely on himself.

The chief thing that the cultural college can give is not an end but a means to an end; it does not turn out a finished product, but a product capable of finishing itself. It can lay the foundation, and give the tools with which to build the structure of life upon it. It should give him a new appreciation of beauty and of the intellectual and spiritual side of life, the things that we commonly call "culture." But there is much that the college cannot accomplish.

It can give a student facts, but they are useless unless at the same time he has learned to go to the sources and to seek out his own facts; it can give him a good foundation of general knowledge, but this is useless unless he has learned at the same time not to accept knowledge unquestioningly, unless he has learned to do his own thinking, unless he has learned a sense of value.

Those who are going to college should be sure that they are properly equipped for it physically, emotionally and mentally. If a student has not the physical stamina or the emotional stability to stand up under the strain of the life and work of a college, he should find some other place or occupation within his limitations. Or if he has not the type of mentality that will enable him to keep up with the work without constant struggle and misery, he should not go. Four years of going to lectures that go in one ear and out the other because there is nothing to stop them, contributes nothing to a person's happiness or equipment. No matter how much one may want to go to college because of the social life or the athletics or other similar secondary reasons, he must remember that a certain amount of academic work is necessary. If he does not intend, in the words of many students, "to let his academic work interfere with his college course," he had better stay at home.

The records of the secondary schools, the opinion of teachers, mental tests, all help to indicate those who should not go to college, even if they or their families lack the wisdom to see it. The problem is less to ascertain who they are than to educate their parents and their own ambition not to force them into a life for which they are unsuited, because of some fetish that a college degree is necessary to success, the lack of it a social stigma.

While there are not, nor can be any hard and fast rules about the age at which a student should enter college, he is likely to get more out of it if he is not too young. It is so easy, and so advantageous physically and mentally, to put in an extra year in travel or outdoor life or even in the business world, that it is better for the young student to do so, if the economic factor does not press him on. Physical and spiritual and social maturity are just as important for complete oneness with the group as intellectual maturity, and that sense of unity, as well as the sense of values that increases with years, are essential to a full appreciation of the opportunities of college.

A prominent alumnus of one of our finest colleges says that he has obtained his education since he left college; that he did not realize until his senior year that he had taken all the wrong courses, had not known what he wanted to get out of college or what there was to get; that when he left he had just reached the mental state where he should have been when he entered.

The colleges realize this situation and many of them are doing much to better it. Some of them now have freshmen courses which train the student in thinking and adjust him to the serious purposes of the university as distinguished from those of the high school; they give him a bird's-eye view over all the fields of learning; they give him glimpses of branches of knowledge that he might otherwise never know existed until too late to take advantage of them. Thus he has a general familiarity with them whether he pursue them further or not.

The difficulty is [Turn to page 112]



Whittall Rugs

The wonder is that rugs so beautiful can be so durable yet not expensive.

Look for the name "WHITTALL" woven into the back of the rug you buy

WHITTALL'S
THE MARK OF QUALITY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRIDE dictates that the coverings of our floors be beautiful in design and texture. **Thrift** demands that their durability be in keeping with their use. Whittall Rugs possess both of these requisites and, fortunately, are not expensive.

Whittall Rugs have nothing in common with those cheap, tawdry rugs which are "oriental" only because they come from overseas

The rug illustrated is a 9' x 12' Whittall Harvard Wilton, priced at \$120, to which your dealer will add transportation charges.

Whittall booklet in colors will be mailed on request

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES
140 Brussels Street WORCESTER, MASS.

THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

PERFECT HEMSTITCHING AND PICKING ATTACHMENT, PRICE \$1.00

Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by \$275.00 machine. Pay postman \$1.00. Free days free trial. Money back if not satisfied.

Hemstitcher Co., Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas

Home Made Candies for Profit

The Candy Business is about the only business where the little fellow has the big fellow at a disadvantage. Turn your kitchen or spare room into a small candy shop and start making a handsome income almost from the very first day. Many now rich started with no capital. Trause (taught by man who made a big success) Home, French, English, CAPTOL CANDY SCHOOL, Dept. T-10, 621 Penn. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.



"It floats" for your bath

IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

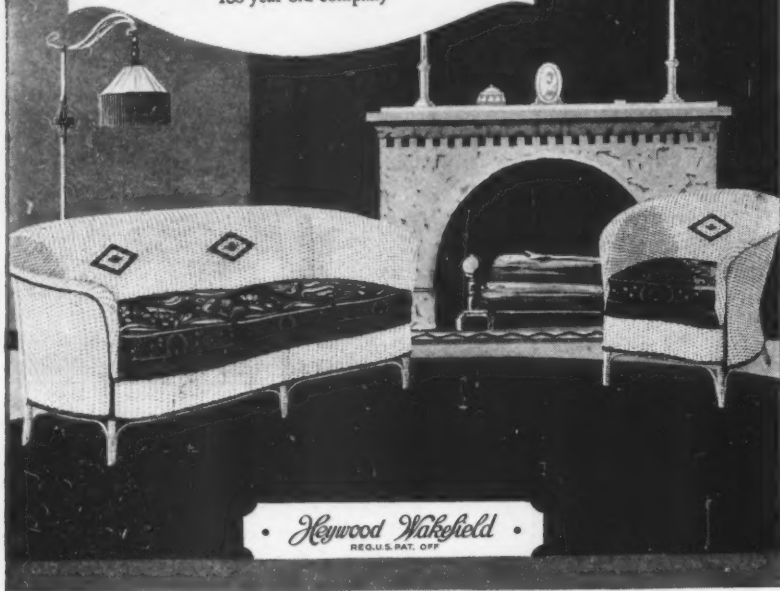
© 1926, P & G Co.

REED and Fibre Furniture, as designed by Heywood-Wakefield, combines decorative beauty with unusual comfort.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY

Executive offices: Boston, Mass.
Six Factories and Eleven Warehouses in the United States. Canadian factory: Orillia, Ontario

Baby Carriages, Breakfast Room Furniture and Windsor Chairs are also manufactured by this 100 year old company



The residence of
Dr. Henry Van Dyke,
at Princeton, N. J.

The windows of "AVALON" are shaded by Hartshorn

"AVALON", the residence of Doctor Henry Van Dyke, former Ambassador to Holland, author, lecturer and clergyman, is shaded throughout with Hartshorn Shade Cloths, mounted on Hartshorn Rollers.

Proper shading of your own windows improves the looks of your home so much that you

will surely consider it. And yet the cost is small compared to other decorating work!

Your dealer will be glad to supply you with Hartshorn Shade Cloths and Rollers. Ask him to show you the newest colors. Stewart Hartshorn Company, 250 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Hartshorn
SHADE PRODUCTS
Established 1800



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

IS YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER GOING TO COLLEGE?

[Continued from page 111]

that most students lacking this help, and many of them even with it, do not know what they want to do. Many of them have not made a choice even when they leave college. Several years ago the *Harvard Crimson* carried an editorial which said:

"Barring those who have post-graduate plans for the Law, Engineering or Medical Schools, it is astonishing how few members of 1921 know what they are going to do. Many intend to drift through the summer months, perhaps in travel abroad, guided by the hope that 'something will turn up.' Others have vague ideas about starting 'on the street' usually for lack of a better notion as to what they are qualified to undertake. Still more expect to ask the 'old man' for a job in his office until they can decide what their life-work shall be. But the man who has a definite thought as to his future occupation is hard to find."

It is a splendid thing for a student if he be one of the rare ones who knows early in his college course what he means to do when he gets out so that he can plan his course accordingly. If he changes his mind, he will at least have learned his unfitness for, or his lack of interest in the thing before it is too late; if his interest continue, he will have the advantage of having directed his education toward the right goal.

Many colleges make contacts with the incoming students through faculty advisers. The most successful advisers are those found in a few colleges who are there only for that purpose and who are chosen for their fitness for that job alone. They mean much to groping ambitious youth.

One of the first things that many students have to consider in making a choice of college, is the expense. But let it be said here and now that, unless he has some one dependent on him, no American boy or girl need give up the idea of college because of poverty. Nor is his choice very limited because of that, except for considerations of distance.

The majority of colleges make provision for needy students to earn part of their board and tuition during the term; most of them have scholarships available for exceptional students who need them; many of them have loan funds which can be paid back after graduation; and our summer camps and hotels are full of students earning, not only their board and keep for the vacation, but a substantial sum toward the winter's expense as well, as councillors, waiters, clerks, telephone operators, etc.

The American Association of University Women has compiled a set of statistics of the expenses at eighty-five colleges for women, including some of the coeducational institutions. They show that the catalogue expense, that is the cost of board, tuition and fees, varies from \$257 to \$1270; the extra-catalogue expenses, which include books and supplies, dues and contributions, vary from \$5.00 to \$270; recreation varies from nothing at all to \$243.

The highest catalogue expenses are at the large eastern private colleges, Bryn Mawr, Wells, Columbia, Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Radcliffe, and Mt. Holyoke; the lowest are from the University of Nevada, the University of Kentucky, Miami University, Central Wesleyan, Millsaps College and Jamestown College, all small institutions.

The extra-catalogue expenses are particularly high at the coeducational colleges, Stanford University leading, followed by the University of Kansas, Baylor University, Columbia and Washington University. These expenses are lowest at the small religious colleges such as Agnes Scott College and Penn College.

In none of the figures given has allowance been made for their reduction by scholarships and students' work. Not only is there ample provision in this democracy for the poor but ambitious youth to get all the education he wants, but in no institution of learning is "working one's way" an academic handicap or a social stigma.

A recent report of an organization for helping students to help themselves, in a large eastern college for women, mentions with pride that, among the sixty-eight girls to whom loans and gifts were made during the year, there were five members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, whose key is the badge of the highest scholarship, and twenty-five other honor students; the majority of the rest had high scholarship records. Ten of them held important executive offices such as class or organization president, and others were leaders in all sort of activities, social, athletic and intellectual.

Moreover, strange as it may seem, and hard on the private schools as it may be, college records show unmistakably that the average record of students who come from the public schools is higher than that of the pupils who come from the private schools!

Another false idea on which people base a choice is one formed largely by recent fiction. It is that large colleges, or colleges located in large cities are conducive to depravity and vice among the students. This is no truer of large places than of any other places where youth gathers. Most young people are innately good, and more of them at that age are cherishing secret good thoughts and high ambitions than low thoughts and desires. If a parent has brought his child up to think and to do right and to have the will power to do it against odds, he need not worry about him anywhere. If he has not so trained him, then his chances of keeping straight, of having the good brought out in him instead of the bad, are as good in a large place as in a small one.

There are other reasons on which a choice of a college is made, which should not enter into the question unless other things are equal. Boys and girls choose their Alma Mater because father or mother or some other relative went there. But the child may be totally unlike the parent, or the college may have changed since the parent's day, or, what is worse, stood still. Or young people choose an institution because their friends go there, which, in some cases, is the best of reasons for not going. There is nothing so narrowing as to have always the same viewpoint, to see always the same people.

No man is educated who knows but one side of a question. Education means well rounded development, a broad vision. Moreover a student is much more likely to get into the general life of the college if he does not enter it with a ready made circle of friends.

Often a boy chooses a college because it has a famous foot-ball team.

The choice of a college must be made on things larger, more important, more related to a boy or girl's life than these.

If a youth has spent his whole life in a small community it is well for him to spend his student years in or near a large city where he will have such cultural advantages as access to music and art and outside lectures.

One of the most important questions from the point of view of the happiness of the individual is his fitness for the large or the small college. For the student whose outlook has been the narrow one of a small community, but who has sufficient self-confidence to take his place in a larger circle, the large group is advisable. It makes him see himself in relation to many people.

The student of a retiring, studious nature is better off in a small college. He has better opportunities there for the companionship with the faculty which a boy or girl of that type craves, and which means much to his intellectual development.

American youth realizes its strength, its responsibilities, its opportunities. Despite all the talk about flapperism and demoralization among the young people, never before have such large numbers of them taken themselves and life so seriously; never before have so many of them sought all the education that they could get, for that purpose.

KRAFT CHEESE

has taught the public that in cheese there is no substitute for flavor. Flavor alone makes one cheese superior to another. If the cheese you buy has the Kraft Label on the outside, it will also have the unmatched Kraft Flavor on the inside.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK—CHICAGO—POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA
Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese



1/4 lb., 1/2 lb.
and 1 lb.
cartons and
5 lb. loaves

Send 10c in coin or stamps for the new
and enlarged Recipe Book C—"Cheese
and Ways to Serve It." Address, 406
Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

~ PASTEURIZED FOR PURITY ~

ORIGINAL
IMPORTATIONS
OF THE
McCALL COMPANY

*These Models were selected
by our Representatives
at the recent
Paris Openings*

Models by

*Lina Mouton, Mignapouf
Suzanne Dubin, Brisac
Decré Soeurs, Jorterre*



Mignapouf

4679

Suzanne Dubin

4639

Decré Soeurs

4672

Jorterre

4671



Lina Mouton

4666

Brisac

4678

Mignapouf

4676

4638

Emb. No. 1528

Decré Soeurs

4673

Suzanne Dubin

PARIS FROCKS FOR SMALL PEOPLE

AMERICA has adopted the French idea of dressing children sanely and simply. Such importations as these, therefore, are of importance. You see that skirts are still brief and knees conspicuous. Pockets are plentiful. Necklines are oval, the kind we call "crew necklines," after college oarsmen sweaters. There are even ensembles imitating grown-ups. Flounces, pleats, yokes and cravats are repetitions of the tricks used on grown-up clothes.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



ORIGINAL
IMPORTATIONS
OF THE
McCALL COMPANY

*These Models were selected
by our Representatives
at the recent
Paris Openings*

*Models by
Lina Mouton Brisac
Mignapouf
Forterre, Decré Soeurs*



*For descriptions and back views
see Page 131.*

MINIATURE EDITIONS OF THE MODE

CHILDREN'S clothes are small editions of our own, this season. There is more sophistication in their garments than for years. Their coats have shoulder capes. Their frocks feature low-waistlines, boleros, and flounces, in imitation of ours. They wear bows and Peter Pan collars like their mothers. They even cut their hair like older folks. The difference between their hats and ours is merely in size.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

ORIGINAL IMPORTATIONS OF THE McCALL COMPANY

*These Models were selected by,
our Representatives at the
recent Paris Openings*

*Models by
Premet, Berthe, Bernard
Redfern, Lelong*



Premet
4668

Berthe
4643

Bernard
4661



Redfern
4655

Lelong
4651
Emb. No. 1450

MOVEMENT THE KEYNOTE OF PARIS GOWNS

AGAIN our frocks flutter in the breeze. The fashionable woman is slimly contoured but the difference lies in a subtly introduced fulness. Paris having determined on this silhouette, we should take care to follow it. As for necklines, round or V shaped ones are used, with much white or flesh color to frame the face becomingly. Skirts are full enough to run in, which is a comfortable thought. All of which is a sort of prophecy of the return of more feminine things—a goal which France has been working toward for months.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

For descriptions see Page 131.



4655

4651

4668

4643 4661



Agnès
4662
Emb. No. 1300

Premet
4657

ORIGINAL IMPORTATIONS OF THE McCALL COMPANY

*These Models were selected by,
our Representatives at the
recent Paris Openings*

*Models by
Agnès, Premet, Jenny,
Charlotte, Worth*

For descriptions see Page 131.

THE SMART BOW TIES IN FRONT

FURTHER to decorate our frocks, Paris sends us models like these with bows in front and girdles that swathe the hip. This trick of fashion serves to flatten the hipline so the stout may have no fears. Worth's new ensemble copies the prevailing beach costume. Its blouse is belted to a pleated skirt. Jenny uses the gypsy girdle. Many new models feature the smart bloused silhouette.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



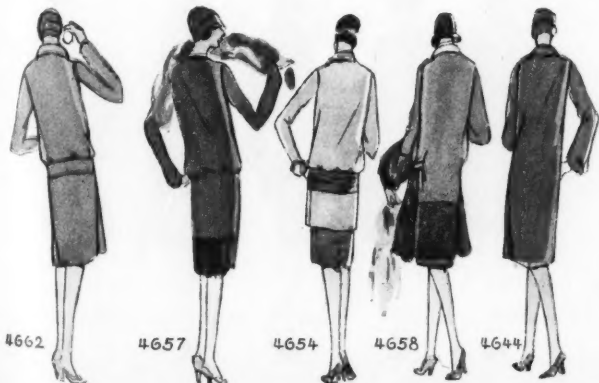
Jenny
4654



Charlotte
4658



Worth
4644



4662

4657

4654

4658

4644

ORIGINAL IMPORTATIONS OF THE McCALL COMPANY

*These Models were selected by our
Representatives at the recent
Paris Openings*



Martial et Armand

4664
Emb. No. 1466



Jenny

4653



Miler Soeurs

4665

Patou

4663



Jenny

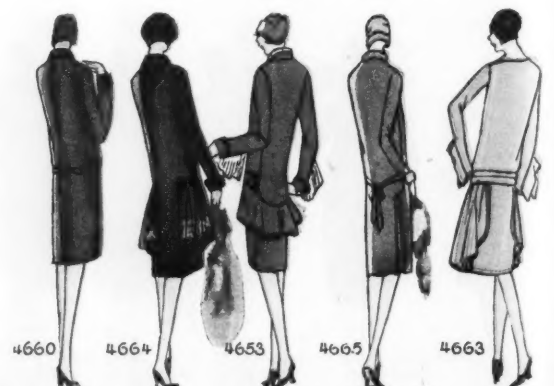
4660

THE KNEE-LENGTH SKIRT

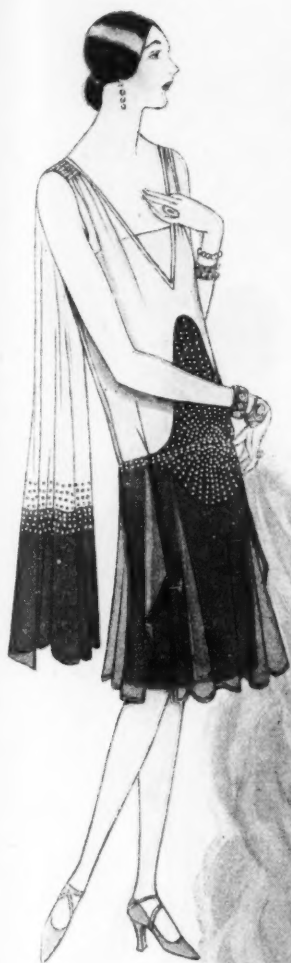
HOPEFUL prophets who said skirts and hair would be longer this fall missed their guess. Both keep short. That is the fashion no matter what each individual may choose. One appears more dressed than usual in the short frocks shown on this page, because much is added to their surface. Jenny breaks the skirt line with circular flounces at the back or petal panels in front. Patou adds flaring tunics and a soft draped collar. Ruffles and jabots further break the lines.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

For descriptions see Page 131.



LECHO DE PARIS



Patou

4669
Emb. No. 969



Lelong

4649



Worth

4652
Emb. No. 963



Renée

4647
Emb. No. 1395

SOFT DRAPERIES FOR EVENING

THE effort to achieve movement in new frocks is so persistent that Paris has created cloud-like draperies to wear in the evening. It is a most artistic idea, and a very feminine one. These frocks are built of cloud-like fabrics that cling in slenderizing folds. Chiffon and georgette, triple voile and mousseline de soie, are so light and airy they swing with every movement. Wing draperies and the scarf, petal tunics and flounces, float about us in a riot of loveliness.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



Agnès

4648
Emb. No. 927



4669 4649 4652 4647 4648

For descriptions see Page 131.



Bernard
4661

ECHO DE PARIS

PARIS SAYS PLEATS

THE openings in Paris convince us that pleats are to remain. The American dressmakers have counted fifteen different kinds that can be used on skirts alone. The new gowns seem to put emphasis on fine knife pleats and wide box pleats. Both go to extremes in size. Jenny, as you see, comes back to the slim silhouette with a long tunic effect, widely sashed. Many frocks are cut fuller above the girdle.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4645



4654



Anna
4645



Jenny
4654

No. 4661. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with narrow yoke, long set-in sleeves and circular lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4654. LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS; surplice blouse; two-piece skirt with flounce. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse and flounce, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; skirt, girdle and tie-collar, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4645. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece straight skirt with pleated front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch material; tie, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Redfern

4646
Emb.
No. 1539



Jenny
4653



Renée

4656

ECHO DE PARIS

ONE PIECE FROCK

IT is the verdict from Paris that if a frock cut in one piece has something to break the line at the hip, it is smart. The new tendency as evidenced at the Paris openings is to try to keep the two-piece sports frock for country wear. These designs indicate the method Paris takes to secure distinction and difference in its one-piece effects. Jenny's circular flounce is an innovation that promises popularity.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

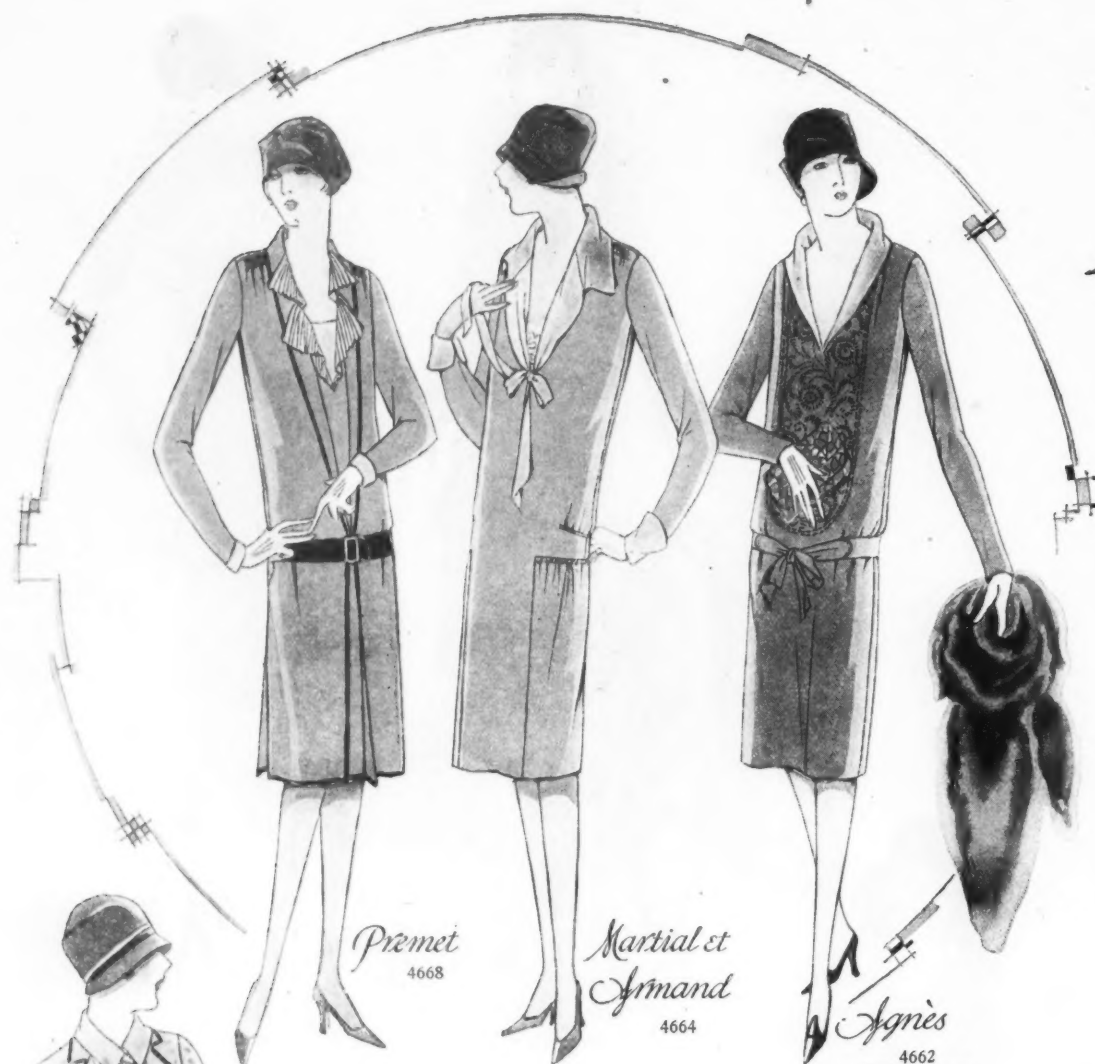


4656

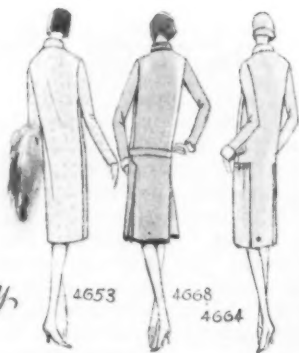
No. 4646. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest inset. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, 5/8 yard of 54-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1539 may be used effectively.

No. 4656. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; tunics attached to front overwaist. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 4 3/8 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1/4 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4653. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular flounce; set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch or 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards.



L'ECHO



ORNAMENTAL NECKLINES

THE severe neckline without a touch of relieving white has gone in partial eclipse. The demand for decoration has been acceded by Paris Dressmakers. It has become most important to frame the neckline with becoming collars. It is apparent on the new autumn gowns. Each designer gives sway to her own ideas. White is used in great abundance in everything, from chiffon to satin. The softer the fabric, the softer the effect.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



NO. 4664. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4668. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

NO. 4662. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Single-stitch Embroidery No. 1412 suggested.

NO. 4653. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4644. LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE COSTUME. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch; coat (not shown), $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1539 suggested.

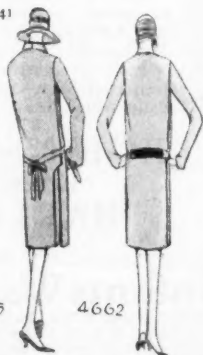


DE PARIS



Miler Soeurs

4665
Emb. No. 1541



4665

4662



Agnes

4662
Emb. No. 1504

Patou

4663

Berthe

4643
Emb. No. 1525

PARIS MODES OF THE HOUR

WHEN the hour strikes, in France, for a new exhibition of costumes, women the world over, take notice. None are so indifferent but that they look, listen and act. They should mark well the frocks on this page, each a product of a French designer whom America knows well. Their spirit is youthfulness. Their cut is simplicity. Note particularly the short jacket with gay waistcoat. It is new and exceedingly smart.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

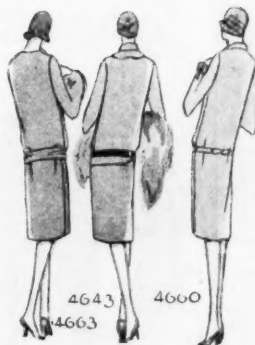
No. 4663. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; vest, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch; collar, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4662. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 1504.

No. 4665. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch; bands, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 4-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Sleeve appliqué may be made with Embroidery No. 1541.

No. 4643. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pocket motif may be worked from Embroidery No. 1525.

No. 4660. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; jacket front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



4643

4660

Jenny

4660



GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Author of "Freckles," "A Girl of the Lumberport," "The Harvester," and other well-loved books

A Message from the daughter of Gene Stratton-Porter

To my Mother's Friends:

I feel that if my mother could talk with you she would tell you she wanted you to see the picturizations of "Laddie" and "The Magic Garden."

"Laddie" was Mother's favorite of all her books. Much of it was drawn from her own family life when she was a child. The youngest of a family of twelve, she knew from intimate daily contact that the heart and soul of the world lies in happy family life. So long as a nation has simple, wholesome family life it will prosper and live. When the family unit is not the highest unit of our life, then government will fail.

Mr. Meehan and I approached the making of a screen version of Laddie, with extraordinary thoughtfulness and respect. We were particularly eager to make of it, on the screen, all that Mother would expect and want it to be.

"The Magic Garden," Mother's last novel, which begins in this issue of McCall's, will follow "Laddie" on the screen.

We hope you will ask the manager of your picture theatre to book "Laddie" and "The Magic Garden" and tell your friends to see them.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Jeanette Porter Meehan.

Gene Stratton-Porter's

Epic of the American Family

"LADDIE"

Adapted by Jeanette Porter Meehan
Direction by J. Leo Meehan
Presented by Joseph P. Kennedy
National Release Week of Oct. 10th
Produced and Distributed by

FILM BOOKING OFFICES OF AMERICA, INC.

Gene Stratton-Porter Week to be nationally
observed the week beginning Sept. 26th

Mrs. Jeanette Porter Meehan,
780 Gower Street,
Los Angeles, California.

I endorse your mother's ideals of wholesome motion picture entertainment and have asked the manager of my theatre when he will show "Laddie" and "The Magic Garden."

Name of Theatre

My Name

My Address

L'Echo de Paris

THE TAILORED SUIT AND COAT FOLLOW STRAIGHT AND SIMPLE LINES



4605
Enl.
No. 927

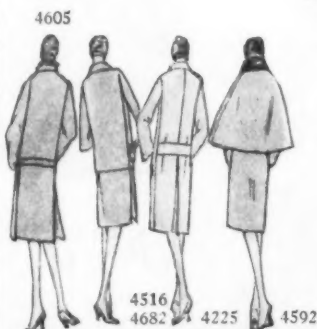


4516
4682

No. 4516. LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. No. 4682. LADIES' AND MISSES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; with pleat insets. Sizes 24 to 36 waist. Size 30, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



4225



4516

4682

4225

4592

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from
The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 134.



"But Mine is a Real Bye-Lo Baby!"

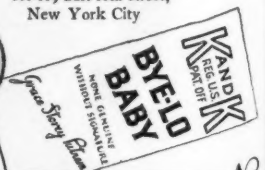
Just hear the pride in your little girl's voice when she compares her genuine Bye-Lo Baby with ordinary dolls. No other doll in the world is so lifelike, so appealing, as this wee, cuddly, three-day-old mite. A famous sculptor spent years studying tiny babies before she made this unique and artistic doll. No wonder it is so different!

Be sure to get the genuine. Look for the Bye-Lo Baby's birthmark—the name, Grace Storey Putnam, imprinted on the back of the neck and her facsimile signature on the identification tag.

At leading toy and department stores. Nine sizes, 9 to 20 inches high. Sleeps and cries. If your dealer cannot supply it, write our Dept. 16B and we will tell you where you can get it.

Sole Licensees and Distributors of the genuine "K and K" Bye-Lo Baby

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.,
111-119 East 16th Street,
New York City



This label and button are attached to every genuine Bye-Lo Baby Doll



The Standard Barley in infant feeding

FOR a hundred years doctors have used Robinson's "Patent" Barley successfully as a milk modifier.

Specialists today are recommending it because they know that baby digests it readily. Mothers like it because barley water is so simply and quickly prepared from this scientifically milled flour.

**ROBINSON'S
"PATENT"
BARLEY**

Infants' Wear

STYLE BOOK FREE. Pictures everything to outfit babies and children (up to 6 years). Also nursery furniture. Prices very low. Money back if not satisfied. Style Book sent FREE. Write TODAY.



Fane Bryant Address Dept. 93
387 St. at Fifth Ave. New York

Echo de Paris

AUTUMN COAT FASHIONS INCLUDE THE CAPE AND DOLMAN SLEEVE



4067

No. 4067. LADIES' AND MISSES' DOLMAN COAT. Sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, 3 3/8 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch.



4288

No. 4288. LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE COAT. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4592. LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 3/8 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch.

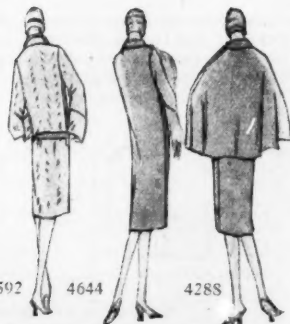
No. 4644. LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, coat, 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; dress, 2 5/8 yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards.



4592



4644



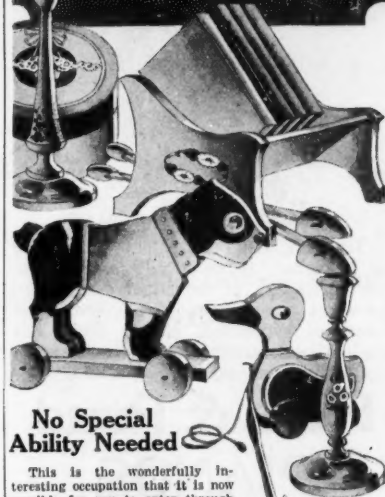
4592

4644

4288

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 134.

New Way to Earn Money at Home



No Special Ability Needed

This is the wonderfully interesting occupation that it is now possible for you to enter through the national organization of Fireside Industries. The work is wonderfully interesting and pays unusually well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery. Many say they never dreamed that such a wonderful way of earning money at home existed. You can do the work in your home, wherever you live, and under the new and exclusive system of instruction devised by Mr. Gabriel Andre Petit, the Art Director of Fireside Industries, after twenty years of experience, the work is made so easy that almost any one can do it.

Profit and Pleasure in This New Kind of Home Work

Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Art Novelties at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? Then there are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

Many women do this work solely for the pleasure of creating beautiful things, but it is also a splendid way to make money at home, for there is a tremendous demand for art novelties.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Fireside Industries guarantees entire satisfaction to each of its members. If, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased and satisfied, your money will be refunded in full. You have only to follow the directions and it is amazing to see what beautiful things you can make. Think of earning \$2.00 in just one hour, for example, by decorating a pair of candlesticks! Do you wonder that members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic about the work?



Beautiful Book FREE



The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, which explains all about this new way to earn money at home, will be sent to you on request, absolutely FREE and without obligation. Simply mail the coupon, or write, enclosing two-cent stamp to help pay postage.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 18-P, Adrian, Mich.

Fireside Industries, Dept. 18-P
Adrian, Michigan

Please send me absolutely FREE, the beautiful illustrated Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Art Novelties. I enclose two-cent stamp.

Name
Address
City State
Write in pencil—ink will blot.



THE "PRINCESS"

A MINIATURE CONCERT GRAND

This delightful piano might with justice so be called, for musically it embodies the advantages of the larger grands and possesses a surprising tone volume and range of expression. In no detail has quality been sacrificed, our well known standards being rigidly maintained.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

Combine the best traditions of old time Boston piano building with the most advanced ideas of today. Built, as from the first, in but one quality—the best—by the same interests, with the same artistic ideals, they are used in over 600 institutions and 75,000 homes. For the new catalogue showing latest styles in Uprights, Grands and Players, write us now.

How to Buy

Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos direct from the factory on approval. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name _____

Address _____

New color with SUNSET Soap Dyes

gives new life to old, discarded garments and draperies. SUNSET freshens the texture too. Only SUNSET gives perfect SUNSET results.

All SUNSET's 22 colors are fast for all fabrics, clean and easy to use.



NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Dept. 18, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

SOMETHING FOR YOU FREE

Design sheets for four of the very latest **CHOKER NECK-LACES** with samples of **JEWELS** and **RHINESTONES** used. This is our advance **CHRISTMAS** offering, from which you can make the most beautiful necklaces on the market today, either to wear, for gifts, or to sell at a profit. A good money maker for **WOMEN'S CLUBS, CHURCH FAIRS, SALES and BAZAARS**. Also picture and directions for the **NEW VIOLA RHINESTONE PURSE BAG**. Cut out this Ad. and send at once with your name and address to **ALLEN'S BOSTON HEAD STORE, 8 WINTER ST., BOSTON, MASS.**



4584
Emb. No. 1418



4675
Emb. No. 1350
Model by Lina Mouton



4666
Model by Lina Mouton

YOUNGER MODES



4680
Model by Brisac



4576
Emb. No. 1377
Model by Mignapouf

No. 4576. GIRL'S TWO-PIECE DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 54-inch; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Motif may be worked in satin-stitch. Embroidery No. 1377.



4588
Emb. No. 1473
Model by Lina Mouton

No. 4588. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; lengthened kimono sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1¾ yards of 54-inch material. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1473 suggested.

No. 4674. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with long sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 54-inch material. Embroidery No. 1506 may be used.

No. 4680. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with applied bands. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 1½ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 4666. GIRL'S ENSEMBLE SUIT; dress and coat. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, dress, 1½ yards of 36-inch; yoke, ¼ yard of 36-inch; coat, 1½ yards of 54-inch.

No. 4540. GIRL'S DRESS; with cape. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4584. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; lengthened kimono sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 1418 may be worked in cross-stitch.

No. 4600. GIRL'S DRESS; lengthened kimono sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 54-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4573. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with flounces. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.



4600

4573



4584 4540 4675 4666 4666 4680 4576 4588 4674 4573 4600

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 134.

Écho de Paris

FROM FRENCH HOUSES



4598
Emb. No. 1540

4680
Emb. No. 1120
Model by
Brisac

4650
Emb. No. 1542
Model by
Porterre

4681
Emb. No. 1457
Model by
Mignapouf

4673
Model by
Decre Soeurs

No. 4677. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; circular skirt. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1350 would be smart.

No. 4598. CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Motif may be made with Embroidery No. 1540.

No. 4680. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Rambler-rose-stitch may be used for Embroidery No. 1120.

No. 4650. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with jacket. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1542 would be smart.

No. 4574. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4681. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with apron tunic. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1457 suggested to trim.

No. 4673. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; long sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 32-inch.



4597
Emb. No. 1387

4671
Emb. No. 1271
Model by
Porterre

No. 4674. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1525 may be used.

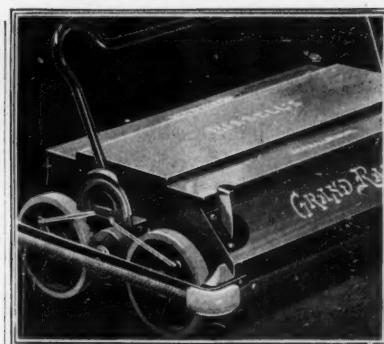
4674
Emb. No. 1525
Model by
Lina Mouton

No. 4597. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Trimming from Embroidery No. 1387 suggested.

No. 4671. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1271 suggested in running-stitch.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 134.



A thumb pressure empties it. Corner cushions protect the furniture.

"Have a sweeper on each floor"

—says Good Housekeeping Institute

"THE convenience and time-saving aspect of the carpet-sweeper is worthy of note," says an Institute writer in Good Housekeeping. "For a bit of light cleaning, it requires but a few seconds to take out and put the sweeper away. It is particularly convenient to have a sweeper on each floor. As the initial cost is comparatively low, we feel that the saving of steps would more than repay the additional expense."

This advice by Good Housekeeping Institute prompts us to suggest that you move your present Bissell upstairs and let it continue its faithful service there. For your downstairs, get a new Cyco Ball Bearing Bissell. The magical ease with which a new Bissell runs will amaze you. Its soft, close, revolving bristles pick up lint, crumbs, and all kinds of litter instantly! No noise, no flying dust, no mess.

The cost of the first half dozen brooms it saves pays for a Bissell which lasts for years. Play-size (toy) Bissells for a few dimes. At department, housefurnishing, furniture and hardware stores. The Bissell booklet—or a circular on care and use of your present Bissell—on request.

BISSELL
CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Carpet Sweeper

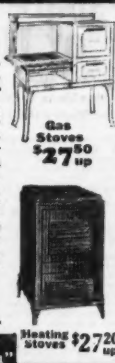
FREE Kalamazoo Book of
Factory Prices NOW READY

Save 1/3 to 1/2

New FREE book quotes Reduced Factory Prices. Introduces sensational 5-Year Guarantee Bond on Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces. 200 styles and sizes. Beautiful porcelain enamel ranges and combination gas and coal ranges in soft grey and delft blue. Mahogany porcelain enamel heating stoves. Cash or easy terms—as low as \$3 down, \$3 monthly, 24 hr. shipts. 30 day free trial. 360 day approval test. Satisfaction guaranteed, 26 yrs. in business. 600,000 customers. Write today for your copy of this FREE book.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO. Mfrs.
62 Rochester Ave.
KALAMAZOO MICH.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"



DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM RELIEVES TOOTHACHE

Relieves pain quickly. Use it until you can see your dentist. Cleanses and protects cavity. Retards decay. Destroys odor. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. Made for thirty-five years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

Henry Tetlow's Famous

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Face Powder

Your face deserves a pure powder.

No matter what you pay, you cannot buy a safer or purer face powder than Swan Down.

You'll like the fragrant odor.

An international favorite for sixty years. Five shades. Only 25 cents.

At all toilet goods counters.

HENRY TETLOW CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of Puzosvillone Powder

MAKE \$5⁰⁰ a DAY

For Work that is Play

Spare Time at Home

Delightful Work. No Studying.
No Machines to Buy. No Delay.
Make Money the First Day.

Color our Christmas Greeting Cards, and Folders. Exclusive process makes them look like artist's work. Every card you color earns six to twelve cents. Some color 100 cards in an evening—\$6.00 to \$12.00 profit!

FREE Book shows what 40,000 others earn and what you, too, can earn.

No Experience Needed

Simple FREE instructions, learned first day, give you better paying profession than many which take months to learn.

Clare Hoepfner, St. Louis made \$240.00 on Christmas Cards and large earnings other seasons. Miss Dolly Spurr, Tujunga, Cal., writes: "I can color \$10 worth in a day." Bobt. Jarvis, Springfield, Mass., colored \$325.00 worth at Christmas and nearly as much at Easter. 40,000 now use this plan; some earn \$50.00 a month; some \$80.00; some much more. You may have relative help for small part of profits. A family may make \$300 a month.

Free Book Explains

His 32-p. coloring "Pleasant Pages" reproduces 145 original Christmas designs. Every one exclusive and especially adapted for handcoloring. Shows how to color, tells where customers are waiting for you. Proves this the best spare time or full time money maker for those with high ambitions and no capital. Sent FREE without obligation to buy anything.

If You Want QUICK MONEY

Send \$1 for Trial Box

If you want to get started making money immediately, without waiting for book, send \$1 for Trial Box of beautiful Christmas Cards, which contains, also, complete easy instructions how to color, brush, colors, and sample colored card. With this assortment, will also send book which explains everything and discloses complete plan. Christmas season is biggest—and cards are selling fast already! Act quick—send for free book or set Trial Box. Costs only \$1—cards when colored will sell for \$3 to \$4.

Little Art Shop, Inc.

537 La. Ave., . . . Washington, D. C.

Send for FREE BOOK

MAKE MONEY

CANDY SPECIALTY CANDIES manufactured at home for 15¢ to 25¢ a lb., sell at 40¢ to \$1.00. Ragdale's "New System Specialty Candy Factories" save you up to 50% in big-paying business. Free Candy Book. W. Hilber Ragdale, Box 120, E. Orange, N. J.

FEATURING NEW EMBROIDERIES THAT DISTINGUISH THE SMARTER FROCKS THIS FALL

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



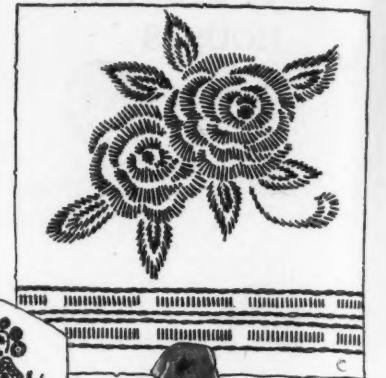
No. 4648. LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; tunic blouse attached to slip. In 8 sizes, 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material. Floral bouquets from Emb. No. 1543 developed in naturalistic colors with wools, chenille or silk floss.

4648 Dress
Emb. No. 1543
(detail above)

No. 1539. DESIGN FOR DRESS TRIMMING. Especially smart are the large motifs developed on sleeves as illustrated, in a harmonious blend of fine colored wools or silks. The chain-stitch flowers are especially new and effective. The design is adapted to 2 large motifs, 4 each of small ones, 5 yards of 1¼-inch border.



1539. Detail of chain-stitch design shown on sleeve below



1541. Detail of double-rose motif and borders



4578 Dress
Emb. No. 1541

1542. Detail of wool bandings and motifs (see dress below)



4577 Dress
Emb. No. 1542



4624 Dress
Emb. No. 1540



No. 1540. DESIGN FOR CHILD'S OUTLINE FIGURES. Illustrated on Child's Dress with Bloomers No. 4624 (in 3 sizes, 2, 4, 6 years). Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch material. Lively animal and bird motifs echo the style for juvenile embroideries. The design is adapted to pocket motifs in pairs, a duck pond motif 12 inches, and other delightful motifs.

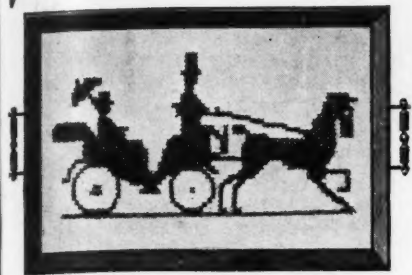
No. 4577. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with plain sleeves. In 9 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch material. The smart tailored model is appropriately trimmed with narrow bandings tipped with motifs, worked in wool or chenille. Emb. Design No. 1542, adapted to two bandings ¾ and 1 inch wide, several motifs.

No. 4578. LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS; four-piece camisole skirt. In 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material. Edge of blouse has the smart bordered finish augmented with a rose motif at hip. A solid effect is gained by working in fine wools or embroidery chenille. Emb. Design No. 1541.

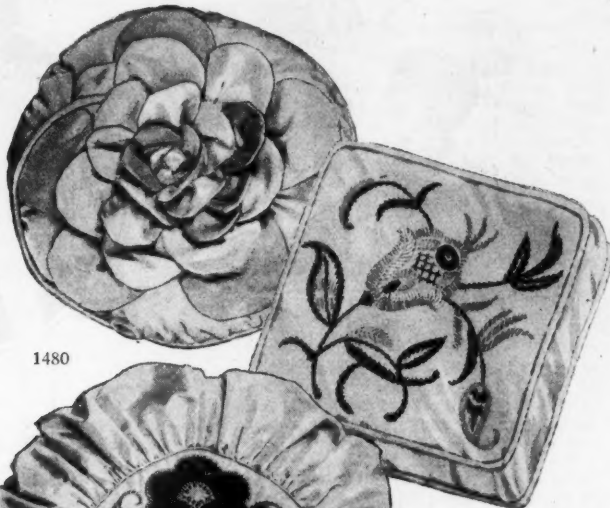
Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 134.

POPULAR TYPES OF NEEDLEWORK AS SEEN IN HOMES OF GOOD TASTE

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



No. 1491. DESIGN FOR SILHOUETTE CROSS-STITCH MOTIFS. The modern tray delights in depicting quaint scenes that are rendered in the simplest of stitches. This smart equippage, 4 x 8½ inches, is silhouetted in black strand cotton on white linen, then fitted to a tray of convenient size. Other interesting motifs.



1480

1536. Wools in tapestry tones trace the easy-going curves of this conventional design.

1480. Small Pillows, varie-shaped, add charm and comfort. Read below.



1476. The three-piece Scarf with gay embroidered garlands has many attractive features.

No. 1476. DESIGN FOR DINING-ROOM LINENS. Among the pieces of a complete set is this buffet scarf with two ends 12 x 12 inches, and middle section 16 x 24 inches. Colorful embroidery in running-, lazy-daisy- and buttonhole-stitch with French knots.

No. 1342. DESIGN FOR BEDSPREAD. Squares of black or delft-blue running-stitch make a smart setting for the gaily colored wreath in center. Bolster and curtains of corresponding design are adapted from Emb. Nos. 1343 and 1344.

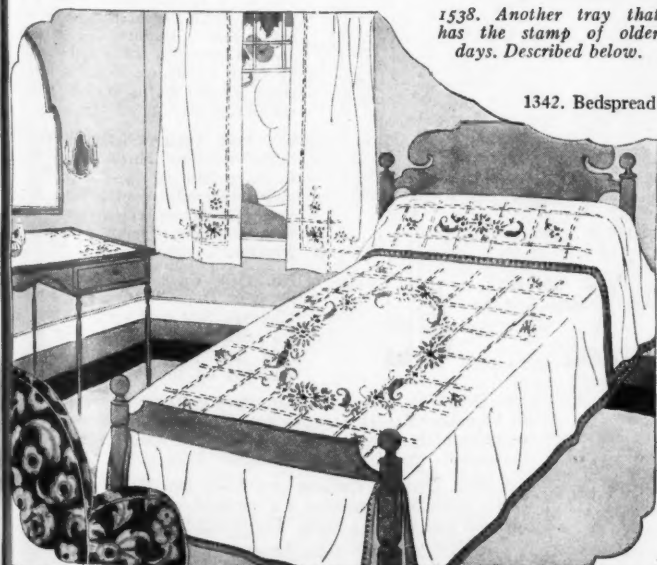


No. 1480. DESIGN FOR PILLOWS. Only 14 inches across is the petalled pillow shown above, interpreted in taffeta silks of pastel shades. Below it is an attractive appliqué creation, the rose in velvet, leaves of satin.

No. 1536. DESIGN FOR SQUARE PILLOW. Worsteds embroidery is the last word in ornamental stitchery, and because so simple, is extremely popular. This design, 10¼ x 12 inches, fits a small square pillow which may be made of sateen or heavy linen.

1538. Another tray that has the stamp of older days. Described below.

1342. Bedspread



No. 1538. MOTIFS FOR PAINTING. A parchment shade of azure blue sprinkled with stars is easily done with the modern paints. Also the oval tea-tray above, with its Godey print painted on underside of glass in tempera colors, the background filled in with white or black enamel.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 134.

10 DAYS' TRIAL
SEND NO
MONEY



NO
NEED
FOR A

The NEW PHONOGRAPH

New PHONIC Reproducer

makes an up-
to-the-minute
Phonograph out
of your old one!

\$7.85
Direct
from
Factory

Gives the New Tone and Volume
of Latest New Phonographs

Now at last you can say goodbye to the squeaky, nasal, rasping, metallic tone of your phonograph. Now you can have the beautiful, natural, full-rounded tone of the expensive new machines which are startling the world. Yet you need not buy a new phonograph if you have an old one. The reproducer is the HEART of any phonograph—and the New PHONIC reproducer makes your old phonograph like an entirely new one. Based on the new PHONIC principle. Makes you think the orchestra or artist is in the same room.

Never Before Such Tone

Tones never before heard are clearly distinguished when the new PHONIC reproducer is used. Test it on an old record. Hear the difference yourself. Listen to the deep low notes and the delicate high notes. Hear how plainly and clearly the voice sounds. Note the natural tone of the violin and the piano, and the absence of "tinny" music. You will be amazed. The new PHONIC reproducer is ideal for dancing or for home entertainments. Its volume is almost double that of the ordinary reproducer.

10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

You cannot realize how wonderful the New PHONIC is until you hear it. That is why we want to send it to you on 10 days' trial. Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only \$3.85 plus a few pennies postage when the New PHONIC arrives. Then if you are not delighted, send it back within 10 days and your money will be refunded. If sold in stores the price would be at least \$7.85. Our price only \$3.85. Over 350,000 people have dealt with us by mail. You take no risk. Mail coupon now for 10 days' trial. BE SURE TO STATE THE NAME OF PHONOGRAPH YOU OWN.

NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc., Dept. 7910
327 West 36th Street, New York

Please send me a New PHONIC reproducer for

I will pay the postman \$3.85 give name of Phonograph plus few cents postage. If I am not satisfied after trial, I will return your reproducer within 10 days and you guarantee to refund my money.

Name

Address

City State

Removes Grease Spots and Soil
from silks, rayons, lace, linen, cottons, serge, wool, mohair, carpets, rugs, upholstery and all materials, without injury to fabric or color.

Removes Chewing Gum
from all Fabrics, Carpets, Rugs, Floors, Shoes, and from everything to which Gum sticks.

Cleans Automobile Upholstery
Removes Heavy Grease, Oil and Road Tar

Cleans Carpets and Rugs
Clean entire surface to make it like new

Cleans Tan and Black Shoes
After using Carbona any good dressing or blacking will give a better and lasting polish.

Removes Adhesive & Corn Plaster
(Recommended by Eminent Surgeons)

[See booklet tucked under label for directions and countless other uses]

For Safety's Sake—demand

CARBONA

UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid

REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color

Guaranteed not to contain Benzine, Naphtha or Gasoline, and to be Non-Combustible and Non-Inflammable.

20, 30, 60 & 1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

We will send a regular 10c Trial Size bottle anywhere upon receipt of 10c in stamps.
Carbona Prod. Co., 304 W. 26th St., New York



Soothes burns and scalds

There's immediate relief from pain when you apply a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Keep it handy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and other minor accidents.

No family medicine chest should be without "Vaseline" Jelly. Famous for two generations for its soothing and healing properties.

Look for the trade mark "Vaseline" It is your Protection

Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd
State Street New York

Write for first aid booklet, INQUIRE WITHIN, Free

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY



Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Koss Co., 642 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. **CLEAR-TONE** tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. **WRITE TODAY.**

E. S. GIVENS, 430 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

WHEN MOTHER EMBROIDERS, DAUGHTER WEARS FROCKS OF INDIVIDUAL CHARM

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



4631 with Emb. Design



4632 with Emb. Design



3882 with Emb. Design



4211 with Emb. Design

4402 with Emb. Design



4124 with Emb. Design

No. 4631. CHILD'S EMBROIDERED CAPE COAT WITH HAT. Five sizes, 2 to 10 years. Size 4, 2½ yards 36-inch material; lining, 1½ yards in same width. Smart in French blue, line with gray, wool embroidery to match.

No. 4211. CHILD'S EMBROIDERED DRESS. Three sizes, 2, 4, 6 years. Size 4, 1½ yards 40-inch material; yoke and cuffs, ¾ yard 36-inch material. Garlands of rambler roses and lazy-daisy leaves are charming in pink, blue and green.

No. 4402. CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. Four sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material; 1½ yards lace edging. Dainty and chic with French-knot blossoms on lace-edged yoke and sleeves.



4583 with Emb. Design

4192 with Emb. Design

No. 4124. LITTLE BOY'S EMBROIDERED SUIT. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material; collar and cuffs, ¾ yard. Following an individual style, pointed motifs in satin- and running-stitch.

No. 4192. CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4, 1½ yards 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard 32 inches wide. Complete with smocking in colors and tiny wreaths.

No. 4582. CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. Four sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 6, 2 yards 32-inch material. The pleated skirt is held by pointed upper part accented by sprays that fit.

No. 4583. GIRL'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. In colorful contrast are the embroidered motifs worked in buttonhole- and lazy-daisy-stitch.

No. 3882. CHILD'S EMBROIDERED COAT AND HAT. Four sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material; lining for coat and hat, 2½ yards. The smocking in black and rose is delightful.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 134.

Descriptions for Page 114

No. 4679. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with pleat insets. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 1½ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4639. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 32-inch material.

No. 4672. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 6, 1¾ yards of 36-inch. Special design for embroidery included.

No. 4671. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 2 yards of 36-inch; panel, ¼ yard of 27-inch.

No. 4666. GIRL'S ENSEMBLE COSTUME; dress and coat. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, coat and dress trimming, 1½ yards of 54-inch; dress, 1¾ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4676. CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Special design for Embroidery included. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 32-inch; yoke, ½ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4678. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Special design for Embroidery included. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4670. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; closing on shoulders. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 32-inch or 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

No. 4673. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with collars and front flounces. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4638. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 36-inch; bindings, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1528 may be used to make the appliqué trimming.

Descriptions for Page 115

No. 4640. GIRL'S COAT; with scarf collar. Sizes 2 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4641. GIRL'S COAT; with cape. Sizes 2 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4650. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with pleats at center front. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 1¾ yards of 32-inch material; collar, ½ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4680. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with applied bands. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4674. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with cape. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4681. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with shirred apron tunic. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch or 2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4650. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with jacket. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 54-inch material. Wool motifs may be worked in rambler-rose-stitch using Embroidery No. 1457.

No. 4675. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with yoke. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¼ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 4677. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular skirt. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4642. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at center back. Sizes 2 to 14 years. Size 10, 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1506 may be worked in French knots.

No. 4659. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with pleated side sections. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 54-inch material. Running-stitch Embroidery No. 1448 suggested as trimming.

Descriptions for Page 116

No. 4668. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with jabot. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 4643. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with pleated flounces. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 6 yards of 40-inch material; cuffs and girldle facing, ½ yard of 40-inch; collar, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4661. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 3¼ yards.

No. 4655. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with vest. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards.

No. 4651. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with tunic. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4¾ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Darning-stitch trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 1450.

Descriptions for Page 117

No. 4662. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with overfront. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1300 may be used effectively as shown on front panels.

No. 4657. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with four-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4654. LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS; with flounce. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse and flounce, 2¼ yards of 40-inch; skirt and girldle, 1½ yards of 40-inch; collar and cuffs, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4658. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with separate slip. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch material; tunics and puffs, 1½ yards of 40-inch; collar, ¼ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4644. LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, blouse and coat lining, 4¾ yards of 40-inch material; coat, skirt and vest, 5½ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

Descriptions for Page 118

No. 4664. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with side tunics. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch or 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. Design for wool banding may be made with Embroidery No. 1466.

No. 4653. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular flounce. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, 1¼ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4665. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with pleat inset. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch material; bands, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4663. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular tunics. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 4¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, collar, vest and sleeve trimmings, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yards.

No. 4660. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with jacket front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch material; collar and cuffs, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

Descriptions for Page 119

No. 4669. LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; with slip; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, upper section, 2 yards of 40-inch material; lower section, 3 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. Beaded trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 969.

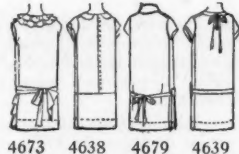
No. 4649. LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; with tunic and draperies. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 5½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4652. LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; with straight flounces draped at left side. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 5 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. Beaded border may be made with Embroidery No. 969.

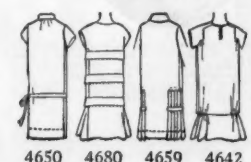
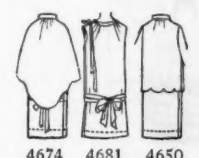
No. 4647. LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; with back drapery. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 5½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards. Panel motifs may be decorated with beaded Embroidery No. 1395.

No. 4648. LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; tunic blouse attached to slip. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 927 would be effective worked in darning-stitch.

Back Views for Page 114



Back Views for Page 115



"THEY USED TO CALL ME 'WEARY WINIFRED'"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing—how she made herself into a virile being of super-health and strength.

IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred."

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized there was anything really the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was really sick, but simply because I was too weary. I looked tired, acted tired, and was tired.

"My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpty. My age—which was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty.

"Of course I took headache powders, tried, in various ways, to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. Still I did not improve.

"But one day I read an article, telling the story of Annette Kellermann's life—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny, ailing girl, always in ill health. How she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today, was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called 'The Body Beautiful'—a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

"That little book opened my eyes. Today I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. I look fifteen years younger than most other women of my age. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl.

"And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitations of real women, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their troubles. It is so easy!"

FREE—The Body Beautiful

Annette Kellermann, in this book—which she will send absolutely free, upon request, to any woman—tells exactly how she transformed herself from a cripple and an invalid into a woman world-famous for her health and beauty. Any woman by devoting only fifteen minutes a day to her methods can obtain a greatly improved figure neither too stout nor too thin, mould each part of her body to more graceful, youthful lines; can acquire a clearer, healthier complexion; and can overcome many weaknesses and physical troubles that so many women suffer from.

If you would like to have a copy of Annette Kellermann's new book, write for it. There is no charge or obligation.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Inc.
Suite 810 225 West 39th St., New York
Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 810 225 West 29th St., New York
Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in
☐ Reducing Weight. ☐ Body Building.

Name _____
Kindly Print Name and Address

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin—NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C.
B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply must eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). Then use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blisters, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind-sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



Courtesy Juliet Wedding Ring

FOR BRIDES ONLY!

And every girl who will be—a direct message

This tells a new, simple method to keep your skin lovely, sating white. To make unsightly blemishes vanish, actually. And often in two short weeks!



PERHAPS your skin is lovely, soft and white—now. But now, before it is too late, ask yourself these questions:

Three years from now—five—ten years—will it be as pretty then? Will you be as attractive, as charming?

Will the duties of housework take their deadly toll? Will you slowly, unknowingly lose your appeal—the beauty and allure of lovely skin?

How will all this affect your happiness—in married life?

These questions, so disturbing now, can be answered today, scientifically—finally! This wonderful cream is all you need. Thousands of beautiful women have used it, for ten years or more. An "all-purpose" beauty aid that corrects—beautifies—protects.

Read the common-sense column at the left—it tells you how. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the fifty cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

Begin its daily use today. It will mean so much to you. And remember: You need only one cream... Ingram's.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

Windsor, Ont., Canada

561 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



Mend Bric-a-brac



IRON GLUE

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac etc. 10¢ and 15¢ sizes. Sold by 10¢ stores, Hardware, Drug and Grocery Stores. Mc Graw-Hill & Co., Baltimore, Md.

15¢ per oz. in 2 oz. skeins only



Samples FREE

Send for over 200 samples Peace Dale Weaving, Knitting and Hooked Rug Yarns—15¢ to 27¢ per oz. Peace Dale Yarns are guaranteed finest quality—smooth, lustrous, long-wearing. Lovely colors. We will also send you free leaflet showing a variety of old-fashioned designs for hooked rugs. Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 170, 25 Madison Ave., New York.

Name

Address

THE LAVENDER FLOWERED CRIME

[Continued from page 17]

hard. No man likes to be made a fool. So I shut my mouth tight, like the criminals in the stories he'd told me about.

"But I didn't capture her," he says, though I could see he hated to admit it. "I didn't capture her. She confessed." Then he shook hands with me, squashing the May pinks with his squeeze, and mumbled something about bringing me some clams.

It was a comfort to me afterwards. The Riverhead jailers was kind of used to criminals, I guess. It would have been lonesome excepting for the reporters, and they was a strain, asking so many questions. They was worse than the lawyers the court gave me for my defense.

The trial was hot and crowded, like a bad dream. I was so afeared they'd find me out. The whole neighborhood was there—every single one of them believing I did it. Mrs. Davis in her best black silk, red in the face, fanning herself and nodding important-like at everything everybody said. It made folks nod like they had seen it, too.

Every time a new witness went up into the box, I shut my lips tighter and hung on to the arms of my chair, all a-tremble. I was so afeared they'd give me away. I could see the people looking at me and nudging each other. And Mrs. Waters kept whispering, whispering, right through the trial. The sheriff walked out early, as if he couldn't stand it. He didn't come back, but afterwards, the matron told me some one had left a pail of clams.

The post mistress testified that I'd never missed going to the mail for fifteen years before that morning. She said how excited I'd been coming in to the Ladies' Aid room. "Different, she looked than usual," she explained it, not knowing it was the lavender voile.

It was queer how the feeling I was a criminal seemed to catch and spread and grow—until even the Judge and Jury seemed to get it. What witnesses said didn't seem to matter so much as the way Miss Wells shrunk from me as she went past, and the beat-out, dumb look of poor Mrs. Tompkins, and the way the hired man broke down and cried on the stand. A kind of shudder went through the courtroom at Miss Wells telling how she looked across the creek and seen a light in my window... at four! "And I heard the shot!" shrieked out Mrs. Waters from the floor.

I began to feel just like I really had done it.

"A good husband, a loving father, isn't that so, Mrs. Tompkins?"

"Yep," she answered in a tired voice.

Flies buzzed over people's lunches. The lawyers screeched and pounded. I was so tired I stopped following. "No extenuating circumstances," some one was saying. I didn't hear the sentence... but something in the faces of those who'd been my friends told me I was to die. Scared and strange they looked, like they was other people than the ones I'd lived beside in West Setauket. The queer way they looked made me know that even if I told the truth now, no one would ever believe me. It wasn't the Judge... it wasn't the witnesses convicted me, but them!

After I'd been took to my cell, the only one who came to see me was old Tompkins's hired man. Though his folks was Pollacks, he was as much an American as anybody. But in West Setauket, they cal'd him a foreigner because he come from the other side of Long Island. He was a blue eyed, kind of simple boy. Wasn't a mite scared of me, but they made him talk to me through bars, with the guard standing a little ways off. The boy kept his eyes down, sorter bashful.

"Howdy, Jake?" I says.

"How dy ye do, Miss Hattie," he says.

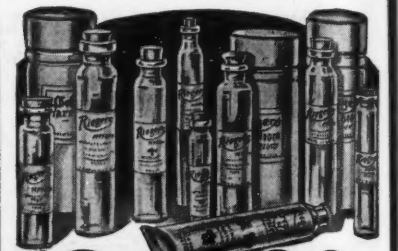
"How's West Setauket?" I says, wondering why he'd come.

"Since old Tompkins is gone, I haven't had no one to work for," he whispers, kinda dumb. "And I thought maybe I could work afternoons for you."

It seemed queer, at the time, his whispering.

"Well, what have I got for you to do?" says I.

"I thought mebbe— [Turn to page 134]



12 Exquisite Selected Perfumes 98¢

and other Rieger Toilet Articles

Special Assortment—Regular Value \$2.50

Now Rieger offers you an unusual opportunity of becoming acquainted with the exquisite creations in the Rieger line, for 58 years the choice of discriminating perfume users throughout the world. Read this list of the charming toilet articles that have been especially selected for you to try—

Read this list	Full size	Value of package
1—Rieger's Concentrated Flower Drops (oz. \$10.00)	.25	.25
2—Parfum Rahna (The Persian perfume) (oz. \$8.00)	.25	.25
3—Sweet Kiss (A tantalizing fragrance) (oz. \$2.00)	.25	.25
4—Parfum Rienz (Wonderful new odor) (oz. \$2.50)	.25	.25
5—Garden Bloom (A delightful bouquet) (oz. \$3.00)	.25	.25
6—Ideal (Enthralling and fragrant) (oz. \$1.50)	.25	.25
7—Golden Narcissus (So fashionable) (oz. \$3.00)	.25	.25
8—Honolulu Bouquet (Very popular) (oz. \$1.00)	.15	.15
9—Creme de Violets (Greenish cream) (tube \$2.50)	.15	.15
10—Golden Narcissus Face Powder (box \$2.50)	.15	.15
11—Honolulu Bouquet Face Powder (box \$1.00)	.20	.20
12—Golden Narcissus Sachet Powder (jar \$2.00)	.20	.20

All of the above sent you for only 98¢! Full size packages at all dealers. If he cannot supply you order direct on coupon below. Order from above list.

Send No Money

SEND THIS COUPON—PAUL RIEGER & CO. (Est. 1872) 185 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the box of 12 selected Perfumes and other Rieger Toilet Articles, postage prepaid. On delivery I will pay postman 98¢ plus small C. O. D. fee.

Also send me full size packages of— (indicate by nos. above) Price \$

You guarantee I will be pleased or my money refunded.

Name

Address

City State

I OFFER YOU \$100 a WEEK

Do you want \$100 a week? Would you like to have a steady income of \$5,000 a year? Then read these facts! L. C. Van Allen averages \$100 weekly. Christopher Vaughn made \$125 in one week. Mrs. B. L. Hodges makes \$18 to \$20 a day. I offer you the same chance these people had.

New Plan Makes Big Profits Easy For You

I need 700 more men and women—full time or spare time—to act as Representatives for ZANOL Products. You can be one of them and, by simply doing as we suggest, you can clear \$100 a week. You don't need experience to make big money. Our Representatives give beautiful, genuine Rogers Tableware FREE to ZANOL customers. This Free Tableware Offer is being advertised extensively in leading magazines. Read our full-page advertisement on Page 133 of this issue of this magazine. Housewives everywhere are anxious to obtain Rogers Tableware free, and this wonderful new plan will bring you hundreds of dollars cash profit in the next few weeks—if you act quickly!

Hudson Coach FREE



AUTO FREE—WRITE FOR DETAILS

Avoid Imitations



Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

Cuticura Talcum

Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented



Free to every Woman these GIFTS of Charming Tableware!



These popular ZANOL Products have found favor with housewives everywhere. Delicious desserts and perfect puddings are made instantly with Eze-Jell and Ezemake Prepared Puddings. Flakyrust takes guesswork out of baking—makes rich, tender, delicious piecrust every time. With Cocoon you can always bake tasty, soft-centered Macaroons successfully. The tableware illustrated is given FREE with these or other products, such as Marshmallow Creme, Perfection Pie Fillings, Jiffy Cake, Ezemake Icings, etc. Mail coupon for details.

WILL you accept this amazing offer—gifts of exquisite ROGERS Tableware from the makers of ZANOL Products?

The sterling worth of ZANOL Products is universally recognized. More than a million women have found in the delicious pure foods and delightful toilet preparations an unsurpassed new standard of quality, freshness and wholesomeness. They have learned the remarkable economy and convenience of the ZANOL Plan.

Now, to better acquaint you with our splendid values, we are making a special limited offer. As an advertising inducement to secure a million new friends—we are giving away the distinctive ROGERS & Bro Tableware illustrated above absolutely Free!

A few ZANOL Products are shown at the left. All ZANOL Products measure up to highest standards

of purity and value. Our line embraces purest foods, superior toilet preparations, finest soaps, household and laundry supplies. All are low in price—but high in quality. With these products pictured, each an unusual value—or with any ZANOL Products—we are giving ROGERS Tableware—free of cost!

Remember, this offer is limited. It is made simply to acquaint you with ZANOL Quality. Our gifts will be constant reminders of ZANOL Value. So—if you would learn the details of this amazing introductory offer—if you would like to have a complete set of this elegant ROGERS Tableware in the aristocratic Westerly Design—or if you want any number of pieces—just mail coupon and we will send complete details without obligation or cost to you. Learn how easily you can receive these precious gifts FREE.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio

ZANOL

The Better Way to Buy

Valuable COUPON—Mail Now for Details!

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.,
960 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please give me full details of your amazing FREE Tableware offer.
This implies no obligation on my part!

Name.....

Address.....



Lips!

There is nothing more intriguing, fascinating, bewitching than full curved, soft, luscious, delicately colored lips.

Kissproof Lipstick

Will make your lips more hauntingly beautiful than they have ever been before and **KISSPROOF** is **WATER-PROOF**. One application lasts for hours, no need for constant touching up. The color is an artist's blend—not red—not orange, but a shade so utterly natural it flatters every complexion. Get **KISSPROOF** today. Accept no substitute. Be sure the case is stamped "Kissproof." At all dealers 50c.



New Kissproof Compact Rouge 75c

If your dealer cannot supply you send direct or use coupon for free samples.

Given

DELICIA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 2087 3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

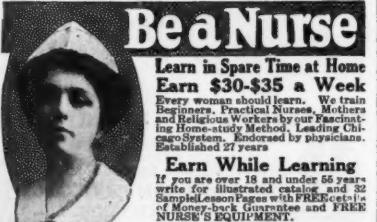
Gentlemen: Please send free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick and Kissproof Compact Rouge. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name _____ Address _____



RAT BIS-KIT

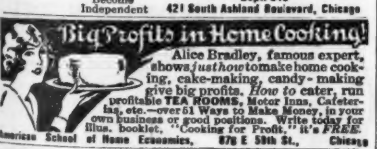
is ready to use. Sure death to rats and mice. Quickest, cleanest, easiest way. New tin package contains 18 "Bis-Kits," always fresh. 35c at all drug and general stores. Guarantee coupon in every package. The Rat Bis-Kit Co. Springfield Ohio



Be a Nurse

Learn in Spare Time at Home Earn \$30-\$35 a Week Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 27 years.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING Dept. 818



Big Profits in Home Cooking!

Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to make home cooking, candy-making, candy-making give big profits. How to cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 50 Ways to Make Money in your own business or good positions. Write today for this booklet, "Cooking for Profit," it's FREE! American School of Home Economics, 670 E. 38th St., Chicago

CUT ME OUT

and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 10L, McCall's Magazine, 250 West 37th St., N. Y. I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 19]

time to see her eyes clearly, wide as they were to him and filled with that look for which he had but lately found a name, that new look which marked her so unmistakably for another than the woman he had known—a look of fatality. "I am finding it so difficult to tell you, without any wish to mystify and pain you, Andrew. But all that is no more for me. When you speak to me of your love, you name something which is outside my understanding."

"You no longer love me!" "I am no longer able to love anybody! And yet I would not have you think I have forgotten, or do not wish you well. I think of you very often, the most gallant gentleman but one, my father, I have ever known. If I did not know I could never make you happy—if I belonged to myself and had myself to give—"

"In Heaven's name! whom do you belong to, then, if not to your own self, Denise, and no more to me?"

"I have told you," she answered without resentment. "To my purpose."

"This change will pass," Brull doggedly contended. "You've been through a frightful ordeal, you may need years to find yourself again—"

"But never. I know what I know and am too truly your friend to wish another disappointment for you. So I tell you what I know: I shall change—never."

He was sullen. "We shall see. Tell me one thing, please: Are you going to forbid me to see you again?"

"I have renounced my right to require anything of you. But I hope you will not be unwise. How long do you intend to stop on in Vienna?"

"Till I'm able to go back to Buda-Pest as myself without getting shot through the head by accident. I've been back twice in disguise; but that's no good—the man I'm after takes too good care of his hide, there's no breaking through the safeguards he sulks behind."

"Tibor Szamuely," the woman mused. "You waste your time, my friend, you risk your life to no end. I wish you would not go again to Buda-Pest while this bad time lasts."

"Sorry," Brull told her frankly; "but I'm committed in honor. The first big counter-revolutionary putsch is slated to begin next week. It will give me my first chance to make war on Szamuely under my own colors."

"I wish . . . But nothing I can say, I know, will dissuade you."

The woman lifted her head to look aside. Brull became aware of an uneasy mutter of German profaning the holy peace of night, and with this a stir in the shadows where the duenna had been left to kick her heels. "Very well, I am coming." The mutter subsided, the shadows recomposed. "It is her night to go home to her family," she who now was Gabrielle Nagy told Brull. "I have been thoughtless. I must go."

They got up. "Perhaps," Brull remarked, "you'll get your wish and never see me again."

"I never said that."

"I mean, we make a start—this lot I'm training with—for Buda-Pest, in motors from the Sacher, at midnight."

"I know: The Counter-Revolution is to blaze up next Tuesday at three o'clock sharp. You will tell me about its failure when you come back."

In a stare he demanded: "How do you know all that?"

"We Hungarians," she replied with a little, rueful smile, "are good fighters but sad conspirators. Every detail of your programme has been wrangled over in the dining-rooms of the Bristol and the Sacher, with waiters listening, for the past week. Do you flatter yourselves the Soviet is too high-minded to plant spies in Vienna? I promise you, this putsch will fail. Spare yourself the dangers and defeat that wait on it, my friend."

"I can't: I'm too deep in. And I wouldn't draw back if I could. This may be my time to meet Szamuely."

"You will not; he knows you are coming, be sure of that. But—I can say no more to any purpose. [Turn to page 136]

The Larkin Book



Just the Book You Want!



This Windsor Chair is one of 1600 valuable Premiums offered with Larkin Products—goods you use every day in your home.

A Larkin Club is Easy to Start

Just you and four others may join in a little Larkin Club of your own. Each will receive a valuable Premium just through the wise purchase of Larkin Products, home necessities you use daily. Your Larkin Catalog tells you just how to start a club and also of the Rewards paid Larkin Secretaries. Mail Coupon To-day.

Larkin Co. Inc. 496 Buffalo, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Peoria, Ill.

Send me my copy of the Larkin Catalog No. 26 showing over 1600 Larkin Premiums and telling how to start a Larkin Club.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

P. O. _____ State _____

FREE New Book FACTORY PRICES

Save 1/3 to 1/2

New FREE book quotes Reduced Factory Prices. Introduces sensational 5-Year Guarantee Bond on Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces. 200 styles and sizes. Beautiful porcelain enamel ranges and combination gas and coal ranges in soft grey and delft blue. Mahogany porcelain enamel heating stoves. Cash or easy terms—as low as \$3 down, \$3 monthly. 24 hr. shpts. 30 day free trial, 360 day approval test. Satisfaction guaranteed. 28 yrs. in business. 600,000 customers. Write today for your copy of this FREE book.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mrs. KALAMAZOO 51 Rochester Ave. MICH. Pipe or Pipeless Furnaces \$59.95 UP

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

SEND FOR ALBRECHT'S NEW FUR STYLE BOOK Now!

This book is packed full of styles and up-to-the-minute facts about furs. Shows smartest 1926-27 styles. Tells how to judge furs and how to care for them.

72nd Anniversary Sale Now on—Buy Now at Reduced Prices

Save money by getting this book and buying Albrecht Registered Furs in this sale. Get your copy now. Send \$c in stamps to cover mailing costs and coupon to E. Albrecht & Son, 400 West Minnesota St., St. Paul, Minn.

E. ALBRECHT & SON, St. Paul, Minn. Enclosed find 6c for copy of Fur Fashion Book for 1926-27.

Name _____

Address _____

No Fur Trimmings listed—Send for separate price list.

Albrecht Furs

FOUNDED 1855 Saint Paul Minnesota

BUY REGISTERED FURS—Be sure the Albrecht Registration Certificate is sealed on the fur you buy.

\$4000.00 In Prizes Be One of 1055 Winners

Enter the Great Liquid Veneer Contest now. Tell us in less than 150 words what you have found to be the outstanding quality of Liquid Veneer. Or tell us of an unusual use for Liquid Veneer.

\$500.00 FOR 5 MINUTES' WORK

If yours is the best answer received you will win the first prize of \$500.00. If not, you have a chance to win one of 1,054 other prizes. Each tying contestant will receive duplicate award. Three prominent Buffalo men will act as judges. Contest closes December 31st, 1926.

If you are one of the million that use Liquid Veneer you have found that it is not sticky. Tell us about it. Or you may have discovered that a few drops on your cloth used in dusting has preserved your furniture for years and kept the finish like new. Write your experience.

Obtain Contest Blank from your dealer. It contains full rules. If he can't supply you, write us. Don't miss this opportunity.



LIQUID VENEER

Contest Editor: Buffalo Specialty Co., 54 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Note: Check either or both squares, as you wish.)

☐ Send free Blank for Liquid Veneer Contest.

☐ Send free two weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The one dentifrice
approved by
PYORRHEA clinics



At the first sign of bleeding gums

... give them this
real protection

REAL protection against pyorrhea requires the daily use of a medicated dentifrice specially compounded for pyorrhetic conditions.

Pyorrhoid Powder is prepared expressly for the prevention and treatment of pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a germicidal and healing agent used by dentists in their pyorrhea work.

Pyorrhoid Powder has the endorsement of dentists because its unusual effectiveness in treating and preventing pyorrhea has been demonstrated in clinics devoted exclusively to the study of this disease.

Tests with thousands of pyorrhea patients in these clinics have proved that Pyorrhoid Powder is the *only* dentifrice that meets all requirements for home use in the prevention and treatment of pyorrhea.

Corrects soft, tender
bleeding gums

PYORRHOCIDE Powder relieves gum tenderness—heals bleeding gums—makes soft gums hard and firm. It thoroughly cleans the teeth and retards tartar formation. Co-operate with your dentist by using Pyorrhoid Powder daily.

A full six months' supply is in the economical dollar package.

Buy it at your druggist's. Start this real protection against pyorrhea today.

Send for free sample and booklet on the causes and treatment of pyorrhea.

FREE SAMPLE

The Dentinol & Pyorrhoid Co. Inc.
(Sole Distributors)
Dept. H-9, 1480 Broadway, New York City

Send me free sample of Pyorrhoid Powder and booklet.

Name

Address



Maybelline

DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES AND BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN. 75¢ at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, \$4.00
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1832 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 135]

So good night, Andrew—God guard you!" Brull took the hand she gave him and reverently carried it to lips that woke never the least response. And long after the night had filled with its emptiness the place by his side, his lips held a sense-memory of untempered coolness.

HE was back in Vienna with his arm in a sling by Thursday, but it was again Sunday before he saw Gabrielle Nagy again in the Belvedere Gardens. She greeted him without any amazement, felicitated him on having come through the predicted fiasco with only a slight flesh wound, and begged him to be wise and take no part in the next putsch to be prematurely launched by those wild young blades of the refugee aristocracy. "It will not be long now," she prophesied.

"How long do you guess, then?" "Wait till the first of August," she advised at length.

"What makes you give them such a short shift? Since last week, by all accounts, the Soviet Government is more strongly entrenched than ever."

She gave him her veiled look. The red cold lips in that perfect face let words drop one by one, like a doom pronounced by an oracle: "The dead ride hard."

"Do you remember when I first said that?"

"I have never forgotten."

"Our last hour together. You loved me, then."

"I know, my friend."

"Will you swear to me that memory means nothing to you today?"

"Strange," she mused; and the man who loved her had the thought that she spoke with a voice like a far bell tolling . . .

"How long ago it seems, how long ago!" . . . tolling a knell . . .

She must have been touched by the grey despair that painted itself in his look then; for when Brull went the next night to waylay her the Apafy housekeeper met him at the gateway on the Rennweg with civil civility and a note.

It is better that we do not meet again, my friend, better for you, seeing that what once was is so surely ended, and better for me, who must be free of every tie, even of simple friendships, if I am to fulfill my purpose. Go your way, then, Andrew, and may God go with and guard you—but leave me to go my own—alone. And pray for me, as I shall pray for you—that you may forget.

There was no signature.

After that he went no more to walk the gardens in their haunted dusks. The only outlet he could find lay in complete self-dedication to the true counter-revolutionary cause—not those engaging harum-scarum associations of the Bristol and the Sacher, but the more slow-footed, sturdier movement to whose standard, planted by Admiral Horthy at Szegedin in south Hungary, recruits were trooping from every county to enlist as rebels against Soviet despotism. During those weeks of restless shuttling between Vienna and Szegedin as secret courier, with his neck seldom an hour out of jeopardy, Brull heard many a strange tale of the White Terror . . .

Hungary gave that collective nickname to the vendettas they waged whose lives had been laid waste by creatures of the Red Directorate. In their agony these turned and made guerilla war of reprisals, exacting an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, till that mongrel crew which spread the Red Terror learned to cower before the White. Though they still were lords upon the heights of Buda and ruled Pest and the plains with an iron and bloody hand, the "People's" Commissaries went now in armoured cars or conveyed by troops of Terrorists when obliged to pass among the people.

In the city, lorries parked before the House of Parliament ran their motors day and night with exhausts wide and horns in continuous blast to drown down the screams of suspects tortured in the cellars. And six days out of every seven the armoured train raced to and fro between the Frontiers which carried Tibor Szamuely, his crew of pet hangmen, and his "shock-troops," hand-picked cut-throats of Czerny's recruiting to every town and hamlet that was reckoned too anaemic in

Red sentiment or suspected of having harbored a refugee making for safety across the Border.

But on the seventh day Comrade Tibor Szamuely rested. Always his work of stamping out mutinous ground-fires was wound up timely for the armoured train to return to Buda-Pest by Friday afternoon.

A call at his club, the Otthon, to saunter through its rooms in a chaste black lounge-suit, ignoring all salutations; then a visit to a magnificent flat which some magnate had fled to save his wretched life, and there a change of clothing; finally, after dark to Soviet House . . .

Soviet House! "Comrade" on one side of its threshold, "your Excellency" on the other. That was the life for a man of spirit, with the most piquant things all the time happening; as that memorable occasion when the White Terror found, no one knew how, a way into the Soviet House, and was welcomed with delight and shouts of laughter.

She made that unheralded appearance, all alone and all unknown, in the doorway to the main dining-room; a willowy beauty *en grande toilette*—something patently from Paris. For just one minute she was made to wait, the maitre-d'hôtel being busy with his back to her. The room was crowded to the walls, and the incredible picture she posed became instantly its cynosure, which, however, didn't seem to flutter her pulses in the slightest. Self-possession, indeed, was not the least striking attribute of her presence—her perfect and perfectly unconcerned consciousness of what every look meant that fastened on her whether a woman's or a man's—while she lazily surveyed that theatre of illicit good-living, letting her attention linger nowhere till it found Tibor Szamuely's.

His passion for the conspicuous had established that one at what was rated the most desirable table—Bela Kun himself was not so catered to by the hotel administration—and he had taken pains to keep three sides of it open.

The insouciance on which the creature plumed himself wasn't proof against that apparition; his head reared up with a jerk that jarred the eye-glass out of its setting. Then the maitre-d'hôtel discovered her, and squirmed over to ask her pleasure. Szamuely thrust his chair back and moved away to the entrance.

"Madame is expected?" the maitre-d'hôtel was urbanely suggesting.

The lady looked down on his from an elevation of remote hauteur. "When I see the gentleman I have come to meet," she replied in that delightful German which one hears only in Vienna, "I will let you know."

"Pardon, madame, but I—"

Szamuely slipped in between, and the maitre-d'hôtel, in disconcertion quite unprofessional, recoiled from the back he presented. "You are, perhaps, gracious lady, looking for somebody?"

The question was put in Hungarian, of course; and it caused the gracious lady to assume a blank look. "If you will be so good as to speak German—"

Szamuely mustered his best German. It was nothing to brag about, still it served, the gracious lady repaid it with a smile which left him heavily her debtor. "I wonder"—she waited through one slow sweep of a black plumed fan—"whether you are strong enough to be told the truth."

"I am afraid I do not follow . . ."

"You ask whether I am looking for somebody. The answer may surprise you, Tibor Szamuely: I was looking for nobody but—you."

"For me! You know me?"

She gave a slight bow. "As who does not?"

"But you—who are you?"

"Can you stand another shock?" She charmingly laughed. "I am—what one hears so much about these amusing days—the White Terror."

Paul Krammer, with ears pricked forward at the nearest table, gave a falsetto screech. And Szamuely, too thoroughly disconcerted to wither him with a glare of the eye-glass, was reduced to gaping and making quaint noises in his throat. So the amazing [Turn to page 138]

Laborless -and safer



THE toilet bowl must be kept sanitary. It is dangerous to neglect it. But there is no need to resort to old-fashioned scouring and scrubbing. Sani-Flush keeps the toilet bowl glistening white. It eliminates all the work. And it does a more thorough job because it cleans the hidden trap which no brush can reach.

All you need do is to sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow the directions. Then flush. You will see every mark, stain, incrustation vanish. Foul odors disappear.

Sani-Flush is a necessity in every home. Keep it always handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Little Dutch Boy Tooth Brush Holder

Just the gift for some little boy. An incentive to daily care of the teeth. Made of celluloid in permanent colors. No. 5103 Postpaid 50¢



Little Dutch Girl Tooth Brush Holder



Made of celluloid, and finished in permanent colors. Any little girl will be glad to receive this gift. No. 5104 Postpaid 50¢

ODD GIFTS AT ALL PRICES

Send for Gift Catalog. It is free. It will solve your gift problems. New ideas in Gifts for all your family and friends.

THE POHLSON GIFT SHOP
Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Dept. 147-D PAWTUCKET, R. I.



Make Amazing Gray Hair Test

In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.

Gray hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection. They urge it because it's safe. Those who know will warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. Will not wash nor rub off. You simply comb it through the hair.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If hair is auburn it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 1230 N. Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red)...light brown...light auburn (light red)...blonde....

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Please print your name and address.

NEW METHODS IN CHILD TRAINING

Now for the first time—a scientific method in child training, based on confidence, shows you in your own home how to correct cause of disobedience, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits, which, if not properly remedied, lead to serious consequences. New method makes punishment unnecessary and is producing remarkable results for thousands of parents. Endorsed by leading educators. Covers all ages. **Free Book.** "New Methods in Child Training," describes new system. Write for your copy now. Parents Association, Dept. 6710, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Campbell's Automatic "RAPID" ELECTRIC Fireless Cooker Range

Really a sensation—everybody wants one. Does everything any good range will do and also provides for the waterless way of cooking vegetables, etc., retaining health building mineral salts and vitamins. Has 18-inch oven for baking, large electric grill on top for broiling, double electric grill on top for frying. Turns electric heat automatically regulated—turns electricity on and off as needed.

Special 30 Day Trial Offer

Write for catalog and free health food book. Cash or easy payments. Low price. Write for details. Mail postal order today. William Campbell Co., 1087 Union St., Chicago, Ill.



Be a Dental Nurse

Amazing New Field for Women
Earn \$25 to \$35 a week.
Now there is a new profitable field open to ambitious women—Dental Nursing. Includes assisting the dentist while he is working, meeting patients, keeping records, and caring for instruments and supplies. We train you for this fascinating, un-crowded field by our wonderful Home Study Method—the result of our 27 Years' experience in teaching nursing. **EARN WHILE LEARNING.** If you are over 18 and under 35 and for full details and free catalog. Money back guarantee. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF DENTAL NURSING, Dept. M-15, 421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

TWO DESSERTS IN ONE WILL DOUBLE THE FUN!

[Continued from page 90]

FOAMY SAUCE

¾ cup butter ¾ cup hot water
¾ cup powdered sugar 1 egg yolk
1 egg white ½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then hot water and egg yolk. Heat over hot water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Just before serving fold in beaten egg white.

SOFT CUSTARD AND CHOCOLATE GELATIN CUSTARD

This serves a family of 4 twice. It is to be served the first and second day.

SOFT CUSTARD

3 cups milk Few grains salt
6 tablespoons sugar 3 egg yolks
1 teaspoon vanilla

Scald milk with sugar and salt in it. Pour slowly into slightly beaten egg yolks and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until custard coats spoon. Cool and add vanilla. Put aside 1½ cups custard in refrigerator for next day's dessert. Serve remainder plain or with beaten, sweetened egg white on top or as a custard sauce poured over fruit.

CHOCOLATE GELATIN CUSTARD

2 teaspoons gelatin ¾ square chocolate
¾ cup water 2 tablespoons sugar
1½ cups soft custard

Soak gelatin in 2½ tablespoons of cold water. Add remaining water to chocolate and sugar. Bring to boiling point and boil until smooth. Pour over soaked gelatin and add to custard. Chill and serve. This can be varied still further by pouring when cooked over lady-fingers or left-over sponge cake.

COCONUT CAKE AND PINEAPPLE CAKE

These two desserts are prepared with the idea that a piece of fresh, appetizing-looking cake suffices for a dessert.

Use either a foundation yellow or white cake, doubling the recipe if small. Divide the batter so that there will be enough in one portion for as many large-sized cup cakes as there are persons to be served. Bake the rest of the batter in any form desired, as a loaf or layer cake for a coconut cake. Prepare a boiled frosting and divide it into two parts. Add shredded coconut to one portion for the large cake. Leave the other portion plain. While waiting for the frosting to cool to right consistency, hollow out cup cakes and fill centers with well-drained shredded pineapple. Replace tops and cover cakes with plain frosting. These cakes keep moist and are like fresh cake for second day's dessert, although prepared entirely the day before. Put coconut frosting between and on top of layer cake and serve the day it is made.

LEMON JELLY AND SNOW PUDDING

Each dessert serves a family of 4 once.

LEMON JELLY

2 tablespoons gelatin 1 cup sugar
¾ cup cold water 2½ cups boiling water
¾ cup lemon juice

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Add sugar and boiling water, then lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and put aside 1½ cups in refrigerator for use next day. Put remaining jelly in mold in cool place. Add fruit if desired, when it begins to set, or serve plain with cream.

SNOW PUDDING

1½ cups lemon jelly 2 egg whites

Remove jelly from refrigerator ½ to 1 hour before you are ready to prepare the lemon pudding. It will then soften enough to whip into the stiffly-beaten eggs. Beat thoroughly over ice-water until almost stiff enough to hold its shape. Pour into mold wet with cold water. Chill until firm. Serve with crushed fruit or fruit juice or with custard sauce or cream.

Why your Curtain Rods should be Kirsch The National Rod



Over 35,000 Kirsch Dealers at your service everywhere

Kirsch service is in practically every city and town. Kirsch was the original flat curtain rod. Twenty years of quality and satisfaction have made Kirsch Rods "The National Standard."

Kirsch Rods are rigid and sagless, yet graceful and artistic. Invisibly reinforced by doubling-in the edges (see fig. 2 below).

Kirsch Rods are exquisitely finished. The patented StippleTone design adds strength and provides an ideal surface for a lasting, durable finish (see fig. 2 below). Kirsch Rods have proved their durability.

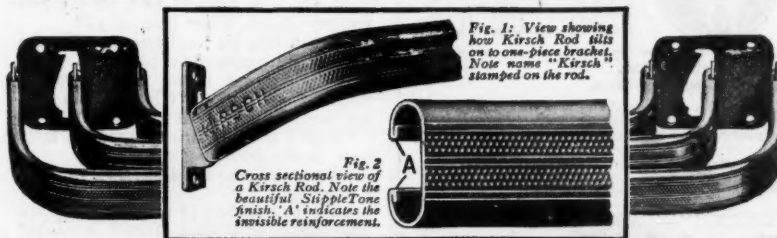
Millions of homes have had them for 5—10—15 years; thousands of others from 16 to 20 years. Kirsch Rods take care of any and every possible window and door draping need.

Kirsch Rods tilt into place on the one-piece "Snug-fit" Brackets and stay securely until removed by the same easy tilt (see fig. 1 below).

You can easily identify Kirsch Rods by the name on the rod (see fig. 1). Be sure you get the genuine. "There is no substitute for Kirsch Quality and Service."

KIRSCH MFG. CO.

World's Largest Producers of Flat Curtain Rods
258 Prospect Avenue Sturgis, Mich., U. S. A.



Maternity Apparel With No Maternity Look

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and after baby comes, as well. Latest modes designed to conceal condition and provide expansion. New Style Book, picturing latest fashions in Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Corsets for Maternity wear; also Apparel for Baby. Sent free. Write for it today.

Style Book FREE

Lane Bryant Address Dept 91 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

A Famous WING Piano \$245 No Money Down

Riches and Purest in Tone
FREE TRIAL TILL JANUARY!
Hear its rich inspiring tone, 40,000 in use. 40-year guarantee. Pianos, Player Pianos and Grands. 30 styles to choose from. We pay all freight. Easy terms arranged. Returnable at our expense. Write Today for "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos" and our offer FREE!

WING & SON, Founded 1868—80th Year
Studio Piano, \$245; with Player, \$375 Dept. 20-67, 13th Street and 9th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Baby Grand. \$425

It's 15¢ CENTURY SHEET MUSIC

You can't buy better—why pay more?
CENTURY gives you the world's best music, beautifully printed on the best paper! What more can sheet music be! There are over 2300 compositions in the Century catalogue all 15c (20c in Canada)—masterpieces like "Rigoletto," "Prelude," "Flower Song," "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Cannonetta," etc.—all certified to be exactly as the masters wrote them. Ask for Century—Patronize the Century dealer. Century's low price is only possible because of his small profit. Complete catalogue of over 2300 compositions free on request.

Thousands of successful teachers use and recommend CENTURY CERTIFIED MUSIC exclusively—because they know it is all that good music can be—yet its price is but 15c a copy; and they know parents appreciate the saving.

Century Music Publishing Co., 241 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.



GIVEN 50,000 Dover Pattern Heavily Plated FISH FORKS

YOU may think this is a very unusual offer. You may wonder why I make it. It's because I want to get acquainted with you. My name is Davis—Frank E. Davis of Gloucester, Mass. Gloucester is the greatest fishing town in the United States. And I've been in the business close to 40 years. I supply sea foods to over 100,000 people throughout the United States by mail. They keep on buying from me because nowhere else can they get such wonderful quality. I want to get acquainted with another 50,000 people who like the most delicious sea food possible to get. That's why I want to send you this fish fork—as an inducement to send me your name. All I ask is 10c to cover the cost of postage and packing.



These fish forks are made by one of the most famous of silversmiths and manufacturers. They are the famous Dover Pattern and are heavily silver plated. In stores they would probably cost \$5.00 to \$6.00 a dozen.

Just Send Me Your Name

After you get your fish fork, if you want me to, I will send you some delicious lobster, or a pair of juicy mackerel, or some codfish, crabmeat, shrimp, clams, salmon, tunny. I won't ask you to send me a penny in advance. Pay only after you have tried it. It's the fairest offer I can make. You'll find my prices low for such high quality. Just send me your name now so that I can send you my complete price list and one of these fine fish forks. Only one fork to a family at this price. Just address Frank E. Davis, Frank E. Davis Fish Co., Dept. 285, Gloucester, Mass.



Frank E. Davis Fish Co.,
Dept. 285, Gloucester, Mass.

Enclose 10c. Please send me one of the Dover Pattern heavily-plated silver fish forks as advertised, together with your complete price list of Davis Sea-Foods.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Thoughtful GIFTS at all prices Ask Pohlsen

No. 5336

\$2.00

A Beautiful VANITY LADY



Adorable for your dressing table. Made of lovely etched glass. Made decorative with a touch of color. Just six inches tall and beneath her flowing skirts is puff and ample space for powder. Guaranteed to reach you safely.

Send for Gift Catalog. It is free. It will solve your gift problems. New ideas in Gifts for all your family and friends.

THE POHLSEN GIFT SHOP
Dept. 147-E Pawtucket, R. I.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to colleges and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. 750 Broad St. & 10th St. A. S. 1225 CHICAGO

CHAPPING - SORES One treatment soothes the irritation and starts the healing if you use Resinol

THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 136]

lady laughed lightly at him a second time. "Come, Comrade Szamuely! Surely, now I have thrown myself publicly at your head, you are going to be gallant enough to give me supper?"

"It will be an honor, gracious lady! Only I..."

Dumbfounded still, but put on his mettle by the impudent sweet eyes she made, he shook his wits together, flung back his mane and, not forgetting to put Paul Krammer in his place with the lift of the lip he had asked for, paraded this strange conquest back to his table.

"Champagne, gracious lady?"

"One sip—with you. Tonight I make an exception, it is—an occasion."

Szamuely took his draught at a gulp. "No, but seriously, gracious lady: who are your friends here?"

Round eyes deplored such denseness. "Why everybody, naturally."

"Naturally!"

"But listen: Don't you hear my name on every tongue?"

It was true. Trust Krammer to lose no time passing along that rare mot which had fallen to his eavesdropping. The whole dining-room was chuckling now and giggling—about the White Terror! Szamuely, of another mind, went under a sulky cloud. "If it pleases you to make fun of me..."

The girl's gaze sobered but met his without yielding. "Well?"

After a struggle of sorts he churlishly petitioned for the gracious lady's pardon. "I am one who is unaccustomed to having fun poked at me."

"Time you learned a lesson, then. Besides, I spoke simple truth, or rumor has deceived me."

"But the gracious lady speaks in riddles."

"Is not everybody here your friend? Then are they mine as well. Or are you not my friend, Tibor Szamuely?"

He had lost his head already. "To the death!" he passionately protested.

With gathered brows she seemed to weigh his declaration. "What did you say? Let me hear you say it again."

"That I am your friend, gracious lady, even to the death."

"We are of one mind already, you and I, my friend."

"But it needs two to make a friendship. You know who your friend is—Tibor Szamuely! But I do not know even so much as your name..."

"What is a name? Oh, very well; don't scowl so ferociously, I will tell you. My name is Gabrielle Klimt. Now how much do you know about me, more than you did?"

"I know what to call you." The "Gabrielle!" he sighed to her hidden ear was pitched to melt the chilliest bosom.

"Where is your home, Gabrielle?"

"Vienna."

"And how do you come to be here tonight?"

"Ah! but that is my secret. I shan't tell you everything, your excellency, the first time we meet."

"There will be another time, then?"

"That rests with you."

He put more wine below to give his wits ballast. "Why do you say these things to me? You hardly know me as yet, I know nothing about you; so your words actually mean just nothing."

"Is that for you to say? or for me?"

I journey all the way from Vienna just for this hour—and you jibe like a colt when I say it rests with you whether you ever see me again! You begin to be disappointing." She made a discontented mouth. "It is too sad! All my life I have gone hungering to meet somebody who was, like myself, a soul apart. I had begun to despair when I heard of you..."

They tell strange tales of you in Vienna, Tibor Szamuely." The creature bridled in spite of himself. "Tales that are curious indeed, most curious. Tales that made me wonder about you until you came to fill my thoughts, waking and sleeping. It came to be so with me in the end that I could rest no longer, I must needs throw everything to the winds and dare this adventure, simply to meet you and find out for myself whether you were what people claimed or just a fable, the strange man they told strange tales of or—perhaps a jackal

masking in the skin of a lion."

"Well: now you have met me, what do you think?"

"I don't know you well enough yet. Give me more time. But I will tell you this much..." As if abashed by her own audacity, she curtailed her eyes again "I have never," a voice so hushed confessed that he had to bend nearer—"never before have I been afraid of any man."

The President of the Tribunal of Summary Jurisdiction gave his hair a fair fling and permitted the mob they were in to read its rating in the bleak glimpsings of his eye-glass. "More champagne? You are of Vienna, and drink next to nothing!"

"I am nobody, Tibor Szamuely; my face is all my fortune. I must be thrifty of what little I have to meet the world with."

"You save yourself, eh? But for whom?"

"How do I know?" Bare white shoulders were graphic. "That is something I have been waiting all my time to find out. Who knows? Perhaps for you."

Greed lent him cunning. Drinking her beauty in deep draughts of desire, he was touched anew, and the more now that her mobile features were briefly at rest, with their uncanny flavor of resemblance, the souvenir that glimpsed on them of a failure unforgetting. Nothing less had lifted him out of his chair at sight of this woman.

He said something in abrupt Hungarian, a swift flood of phrases that carried a name more than once repeated—the one reaction which cat-like attention marked was a questioning and mildly reproachful expression. "Don't you know I speak only German."

He smirked and breathed heavily. Presuming the thing possible, that a miracle had saved alive from those flames one whom he had for months believed to be dead, the vicious insolences he had just uttered would, he knew, have wiped those red pouting lips clean of their allure and every trace of color from those cheeks, would have lighted loathing in those clear, untroubled eyes. Denise Vay would never have failed to understand... "I was merely remarking, you remind me strangely of some one I once was rather fond of."

"Oh, yes?" Her brows lifted a bare line. "Who?"

"A lady. She is dead. It was just a passing fancy."

"You surprise me. I don't know that I like it. I had prided myself I was like nobody but myself. Tell me about this poor dead lady: Was she as fair?"

"No; as dark as you are shining. But very lovely, all the same."

"Then what are you talking about? Pretty dark women are as common as flies. You offend me when you say such things. Be good enough not to say them again."

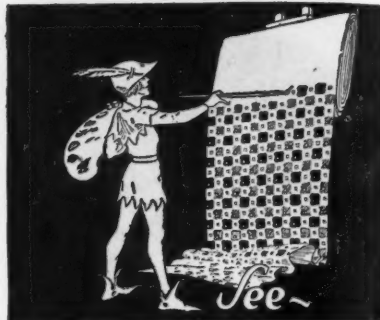
"I promise—Gabrielle. It was just the merest hint of a resemblance at most, something indefinable in the way you were holding your head—lost as soon as noticed. Believe me, you are infinitely more beautiful."

"That's better. I don't relish being compared with dead women, my friend. I am very much alive, I can tell you."

"Oh! he laughed and leered. "I well believe you!"

She was playfully stubborn about the secret of the means she had used to pass herself into Soviet House, but did say she was stopping with friends on the Buda side. He took it for granted that she would return to these hosts when he was ready to release her. She left him to wait in the foyer while she put on her wraps in the cloak-room. At the end of ten minutes he began to be uneasy; fear of falling into her ill graces or feeling the sting of her ridicule hobbled impatience for another five; then the storm broke in Soviet House. But he brought the administration to its knees in vain; it couldn't placate him by producing a Gabrielle Klimt because it had, to its knowledge, no such person concealed upon the premises. Soviet House, it appeared, had secrets even from the Soviet.

When he got back [Turn to page 139]



The New Lovely Patterns

—Test the Absolutely Fast Colors
—You can do it with these 30 FREE Samples of Genuine

Peter Pan

Fast Color Wash Fabrics

Colors and patterns originated by famous French designers to delight any woman's eye—fabrics to make up into lovely dresses that soaking and rubbing only make brighter and fresher—are assured you in the

PRINTS, PLAINS, VOILES,
WOVEN CHECKS, WOVEN STRIPES,
SHANTUNGS, SUITINGS

—with the Peter Pan name on the selvage.

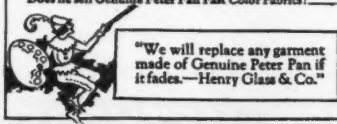
Their moderate cost will encourage you to make many charming dresses—each protected by the absolute guarantee of satisfaction shown in the coupon below.

We will be glad to send you, free, "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 beautiful samples which show you representative patterns and which you can test all you want to for color fastness. Send your name and address or mail the coupon, and be sure to give your dealer's name and say if he sells Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics.

HENRY GLASS & CO.

42 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK

Please send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 samples, postpaid, absolutely free of all charge.
Name.....
Street Address or P. O. Box.....
City and State.....
Dealer's Name.....
Does he sell Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics?.....



CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Hang Pictures the
Easy and Artistic Way
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
For Heavy Pictures
Moore Push-less Hangers
Scientifically Secure Safety
10c pkts. Everywhere
Moore Push-Pin Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ORIGINAL
PAYSON'S
For Silks, Cottons, Woollens
Put on with a common Pen
Prevents Loss
For MARKING CLOTHES
THE QUICK, PERMANENT, SENSIBLE WAY
INDELIBLE INK
At Stores or Sent Postpaid for 30c
PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK CO.
35 MERRIMAN AVE., NORTHAMPTON MASS.

BUNIONS
PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions, Pain stops instantly. It is as simple as though by magic. You can have shapely feet and wear smaller shoes with comfort. More than 100,000 test cases prove this.
To prove instant relief, I will gladly arrange to send you a box of PEDODYNE Solvent to try. No obligation. Just send me your name and address. Address: KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. 1636
1208 N. La Salle Street CHICAGO, ILL.

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn \$18 to \$20 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or Women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you. Guarantee employment, and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today.
ARTISTIC STUDIO, Dept. 8, 3008 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 50,000 cases in over 25 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove it's value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book. If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
201-22 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 138]

to his flat he found a note tucked under the door:

"Foolish boy! to be so bad-tempered. Till Friday next.—G."

He was lurking in the entrance, that following Friday night, bent on taking the license number of her motor, when the maitre-d'hôtel begged his attention to the table where the Fraulein Klimt was serenely waiting—the table which People's Commissary Szamuely had reserved. And when urgent business of his office called him to the telephone about midnight she slipped away again, leaving never a trace.

On the third Friday she turned up in a common fiacre which, examination of the driver proved, she had picked up on the street in the Viziváros quarter. This time she flatly told Szamuely that she knew he had spies stationed at every exit to prevent her escaping. "Unless you have made up your mind to see the last of me tonight," she added, "you will dismiss the pack of them at once."

The eyes were his that yielded in the end. "You are making a fool of me."

"You are making a fool of yourself. Have you not yet learned that nothing in this life is worth having unless it come to you as a reward or a free gift?"

"You are driving me mad with your cruelty—"

"Will it make you happier to say goodbye forever to me now?"

"You could never leave Soviet House alive without my permission."

"Will it make you happy to take your first kiss from the lips of a dead woman?"

"How much longer—?"

"Till you have proved this love you talk so much about by showing me you trust me."

"Swear to me you love me, then, and I will do as you demand."

"What value do you place on an oath got by compulsion?"

"Say you love me, only say it!"

"Don't ask more than I have to give, Tibor. But I will tell you this, if it will satisfy you." She abandoned to him eyes of the uttermost honesty. "I am devoted to you, I have no other interest in life, not so much as one thought to spare for any other man."

"Swear, then, I may count on your devotion to the death."

"In your own words, Tibor, if they will content you . . ." With gaze unwavering, she set her glass to the lips he was famished for: "To the death, I swear it!" He left her long enough to order his spies off the premises.

On another night Szamuely was moved to comment on her fidelity to one color scheme, though she had yet to wear the same gown on two of these occasions. "With that hair, you could wear any color. But I never see you in anything but black. And you never change your jewels; never yet have you worn anything but emeralds."

"It is true: I take no interest in other stones."

"That is strange, too, when you come to think of it," the man fatuously gabbled. "Because, you must know, the stones in my collection I think the most of are emeralds. Seven truly marvelous emeralds—you must let me show them to you."

"When?"

"Tonight, if you like."

She offered the cup of her hand in a gesture of idlest interest. "Let me see them, then."

"Not here."

"Don't tell me you are idiot enough to keep them in a bank!"

All jewels of more than nominal value had, by one of its first decrees, been declared properties of the Soviet State; the banks were required to surrender every such treasure stored in their vaults.

"No fear. They are stowed away where no one who's not in the know will ever find them—somewhere in my flat."

"I am curious to see them."

"Whenever you like," Szamuely slyly promised. "The very first time you come to see me of your own accord."

"I think," the young [Turn to page 140]

Tube Free See coupon



No—Mother

Candy need not harm their teeth

Sweets, in fermenting, form acids between the teeth and in crevices. So does starch, which turns to sweets.

Acid attacks both the teeth and the gums. It brings tooth troubles to millions.

But that doesn't mean to quit candy and starch. Just brush your teeth twice daily with Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth paste. That is alkaline. The tooth brush forces it wherever the acid forms. And all mouth acids perish at its touch. You will never

be without it when you know.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth paste also makes teeth glisten. Its antiseptics combat germ attacks in the mouth. Its iodides stimulate the gums, its deodorants purify the breath. It is the greatest tooth paste men have yet evolved.

Send coupon for a trial tube. Watch it beautify the teeth. Feel and taste the delightful effects next morning. Let our book explain what each result means to you.

Trial Tube



Ten-Day Size

All In One

Its 16 ingredients combine in one application

Antacids Cleansers
Antiseptics Polishers
Iodides Deodorants

It is five tooth pastes in one, to meet every modern requirement.

20 Uses Free

Mail this coupon to Chas. H. Phillips Co., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for a 10-day tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

42—McC. C.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Absorbed

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream
WHITENS THE SKIN

The Stillman Co., 4 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



For Eyes Reddened by Weeping—MURINE

Perhaps it's only a touching movie . . . or an affecting magazine tale. Whatever the cause, **Murine** quickly relieves the red, puffy, unsightly condition that invariably follows a good cry.

Just another reason for keeping **Murine** always handy. It's invaluable for refreshing eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust . . . and for relieving the eye strain caused by protracted reading or sewing. Used regularly each night and morning, this harmless, long-trusted lotion keeps eyes always bright and clear.

Our valuable illustrated book on Eye Beauty is FREE on request

The Murine Company, Dept. 92 Chicago

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Don't Sell Your Old Rugs and Carpets for a few pennies. They're Worth 75¢ a yard when used this way

FREE Write for beautiful, new Home Decorating Book and full information
OLSON RUG CO. Dept. G46, Chicago

Tea Room Managers Wanted

HUNDREDS of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, motor inns, now opening every week are calling for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers, etc.—both men and women. EARN \$6,000 THIS YEAR. You can qualify in a few weeks with the Lewis System of Specialized Training—and we put you in touch with the opportunities. Send for FREE BOOK "Pouring Tea For Profit." Write today.
Lewis Tea Room Institute
Dept. C-5051 Washington, D. C.

THE DEAD RIDE HARD

(Continued from page 139)

woman with the white hair thoughtfully replied, "you will show me your emeralds before very long—Tibor."

She made excuses for absenting herself from Buda-Pest the next subsequent Friday. She sent a note instead, which he was at liberty to misinterpret in as many fashions as vanity had ingenuity enough to invent:

I am unavoidably prevented from meeting you this week. But next Friday, Tibor, will more than make up for all we must forego today. Do not fret yourself with false alarms. I shall not fail you in the end. Be sure I have not forgotten the vow I pledged you: I will be faithful.

To the Death—
Your—
Gabrielle.

For another five days the armored train carried death and desolation into the far corners of the country, but the President of the Tribunal of Summary Jurisdiction gave to his job no more than the technical finish of a conscientious workman; his heart was not in it. Urgent private advices from his colleagues in Buda-Pest, to the effect that the skies were looking pretty black for the Government of the Proletariat did, in fact, speed up the machinery of murder to the extent of inducing Szamuely to hold night sittings and give hours he needed for recuperative sleep to condemning small fry to be murdered by the Friends of Lenin.

On the night of the 31st of July he was presiding at one of those overtime sessions in Gyor when Bela Kun got through on the long distance telephone and told him the game was up: the Roumanians had thrown the Red Army back across the Theiss with losses to the tune of more than half of its effectives, and were marching hot foot on Buda-Pest; there was no time to waste.

Szamuely departed by motor-car in such haste that three workmen who had just been condemned to death by him are alive to this day to tell of it. But the special train got away from Buda-Pest without the public executioner. At the hour of its leaving Szamuely was sitting amid the desolate splendors of his borrowed flat, forsaken even by the faithful Czerny, gnawing his nails and reading and re-reading his latest note from Gabrielle Klimt.

You have pledged your life to me, Tibor: be sure I shall not fail to come today to claim it. If you would throw it to the rabble, take the special train which waits to take those others to Vienna. It is known, preparations have been made to derail it and shoot every one found alive in its wreckage—every one but you, Tibor. You are to be hanged if you survive torture.

I can save you. Who knows? Perhaps I alone . . . I will call before dark . . . take you by motor a roundabout way to the Frontier. I pledged you devotion to the death—you remember, Tibor?—be sure, then, I shall not desert you today in your downfall.

To no man but you—
Gabrielle Klimt.

He waited, quaking to every sound that rose from the street, hour after hour he waited. She did not come till dark, and found him then almost gibbering with terror in shadows peopled by the horrors of his memories—he had not dared make a light lest it attract the mob which he imagined was marching to lynch him.

From the brave picture she made, slenderly poised in a dark tweed suit with a close cap of the same stuff fitted down over the snow-white hair, gaze as steady as her accents, cool and resolute, he borrowed heart enough to carry him cringing at her side down the stairs and—with hat jammed over his eyes and the collar of a topcoat pulled up round his ears—into the open motor-car that waited. There was but one seat aside from the driver's. Gabrielle herself took the wheel.

The route which she chose to follow retraced by night the way which Andor Brull had taken from Gyor to Buda on a November day, nearly nine months old. They roared through Gyor about midnight. Dawn whitened the skies behind them as they lunged on for the Frontier through the valley of the Leitha. Szamuely sniffing safety in the eager air, sat up at last, shook himself like a dog and began to weigh the terms and conditions of this new lease on life which had been granted him.

Szamuely moistened dry lips with the tip of a thirsty tongue. Gleams of its ancient insolence returned to illumine his face. Ten minutes more, at most; and then—the frontier crossed. Five minutes more: the roofs showing already through the trees of the little frontier village on whose farther side lay Austria . . . "You are wonderful, really, you know Gabrielle! The way you keep this up, I mean, hour after hour without a sign of tiring. And the way you drive—like a veteran, I assure you. You must have been a long time at it, to have learned to drive like this."

The girl replied without enthusiasm: "Six weeks. I began taking lessons as soon as you began to tell me things which made me foresee this day."

"You mean, you actually took driving lessons to prepare yourself to help me, if ever I should need your help—Gabrielle!"

She said between fixed teeth: "Something like that."

"What's the matter?" The man took new fright of the easing draught in his face. "You're not thinking of stopping here, surely? Here, of all places!"

"Why 'here of all places'?" The query carried a note of abstraction. Gabrielle was frowning at the tank-gauge on the instrument board and pumping a plunger. "If we can't help ourselves—I'm afraid we've run out of essence—does it matter where we stop?"

"But I know this place!" Szamuely, frantic, protested. "The river on the other side—that's the Frontier. The Austrian Customs barrier is at this end of the bridge, and there's sure to be a guard. We ought to go through on the run if we don't want to be held up—though it's likely enough at this hour, those pigs of Volkswehr will still be snoring."

"Afraid we will never make it." The car was already penetrating a double row of humble dwellings which lined the highway where it followed the banks of the Leitha; but the motor had failed, the wheels were turning more slowly with every revolution. "Unless you know of some

place where we can get more essence quickly—"

"But I tell you, we dare not stop this side the Leitha!" the man screamed with his face newly livid and sweating. "These people—they have cause to remember me. We can't stop—we can't!"

The car chose that moment to contradict him. The girl swung herself down to the roadway. Her flesh had lost its glow; and it might have been sympathetic perception of her companion's peril which made her look so strained and intent, her tone so brusque. "If you go on shouting," she pointed out, "you'll only make sure of bringing the town about your ears. But if you will get out quietly and come with me, we may be able to pass the Customs gate and guards before you're recognized."

But she spoke with no faith at all in the thin hope she was holding out. Early though the hour might be, several figures were already astir in the visible length of the street, smoke was rising from many a chimney, every door in sight stood wide to the warm August morning. Szamuely, whimpering curses, scrambled out of the car. "This way, Gabrielle!" he panted, plucking at her sleeve. "Quickly!"

Simultaneously a burly householder appeared in the nearest doorway. Bucolic curiosity took in the stalled motor and the looks of the fine lady, betraying no inordinate emotion; but when his glance fell on Tibor Szamuely, the man's jaw dropped, releasing his pipe, his brows darkened. The winding street took two turnings to reach the bridge over the Leitha. From the first Gabrielle looked back to see that householder out in the middle of the way and, with a pointing arm, opening his mind to a neighbor.

Before they came to the second turning Szamuely, she was sure, was several times identified. Just round it the man stumbled, pitched heavily up against a wall, put his shoulders to it and, panic glinting in his eyes of a rat, with shaking hands tore his topcoat open. "What is it?" the girl demanded. "What are you delaying here for?"

"They," Szamuely sniveled—"they shan't—I swear it!—they'll never take me alive."

He worried out an automatic pistol; but his hands were trembling so painfully that he couldn't chamber a cartridge. "Better give that to me," Gabrielle advised. "I'm not nervous. Tibor! Do you hear?" With a start and a vacant stare Szamuely released the weapon to her hand. The hue and cry behind them was rising fast. The girl took him by the arm and hurried on.

Near the bridge, Szamuely's strength seemed to run out, and he staggered so wildly that Gabrielle had to pass an arm round his shoulders to help him on. Contrary to his prediction, the Austrian Volkswehr in charge of the duty gate were up and about. The sentry at the barrier was leaning on his grounded rifle, with the bovine head of a beast of the fields for the approach of the smartly dressed lady and her apparently intoxicated companion. Gabrielle called to him to come and aid her, and by way of response he lounged over to the door of the guard-house and spoke to somebody inside.

Two more privates and a sergeant came out of that low walled, thatched shelter, but made no move to go to the girl's assistance until, about a hundred yards down the village street, the van of the mob came into view, a dozen men and boys armed with pitchforks, scythes and clubs. At sight of Szamuely these cried out in that key which means murder; and the man collapsed completely under Gabrielle's arm.

The Volkswehr thereupon woke up to the fact that their help was needed. Two of the privates plucked Szamuely out of the dust while Gabrielle dealt with the sergeant. "Get him inside," she begged—"out of sight of those people. They take him for one of the fugitive Soviet heads from Buda-Pest—"

"Aye," the sergeant growled, "but is he?"

"Does it matter? Do you want him butchered under your eyes?"

"No; but no more do I want to face a mob with three men, gracious fraulein. These folk mean business."

As it happened, the privates hadn't waited to bear his decision, had already lugged Szamuely as far as the threshold of the guardhouse. At this stage in their progress one clear howl rose above the growling: "Death to Szamuely the butcher!"

"Szamuely!" one of the soldiers cried in disgust. "That filth!"

He stepped away, and his comrade, casting the terrorist from him, so that Szamuely flopped against one side of the door, snatched up his rifle. "I've got a good mind," he shouted, "to shoot the butcher myself!"

The girl sprang between them, caught the staggering man and with all her might thrust him into the guardhouse. "In the name of humanity," she implored the sergeant—"hold those people off"—a glance dropped to her wrist-watch—"three minutes more. An automobile will arrive within that time, bringing a gentleman from Vienna who will relieve you of all responsibility."

"But gracious fraulein—"

The villagers though still in some awe of the Volkswehr rifles and not yet wrought up to reckless fury, were none the less too hard at hand; she had no time to waste disputing with the dull-witted sergeant. Before her mind could be surmised, she had darted in after Szamuely and slammed the heavy wooden door.

When she swung round from making it fast, she found herself in a room whose one window opened on a sheer drop into the Leitha, with Szamuely at a table in the middle of the floor, half-sprawling over it. His face of a hunchback was ghastly with blue shadows seaming features

whose grey had taken a stain of yellow—cold sweat was dripping from it. He had found a bottle of some liquor on the table and was slopping its contents into a tumbler. The unsteadiness of his hands was such that he was unable to lift the glass, but had to bend over and catch its rim between his teeth before he could tip it and gulp.

Whatever the stuff was, it worked with power. After a moment or two, and in spite of cringes from the rising clamor for his blood, he was able to stand without the support of the table and his face took on a shade of clearer intelligence. Gabrielle! he begged, in a straining voice. "The pistol—!"

Without moving the girl asked: "What do you want with your pistol, Tibor Szamuely?"

"To kill myself," he whined, "before they break in and get me. For heaven's sake, Gabrielle, give me back my pistol!"

"For heaven's sake? But I thought you were a rationalist."

"Don't torture me, Gabrielle. Give me my pistol if—if you love me."

She answered! "Love you! I loathe you. Nevertheless, I will give you back your pistol, Tibor Szamuely, on one condition: that you give me first the emeralds you murdered my mother and father to get."

The man's mouth fell open, his eyes started in their orbits, he gave a strange cry like a catch of mirthless laughter, and fell back from her as from an unclean spirit. Unmoved, the woman with the white hair showed him the pistol in her open palm. "Give me the emeralds," she repeated while the mob raged only a few feet beyond the door at her back. "You shall not die till I have them. When I tricked you into coming with me to this place, Tibor Szamuely, I meant to sell you a chance to fight for your life with one whom you have tried a dozen times to kill and who has a right to kill you if he can—I would have sold you that chance to live, for the emeralds. I offer you now a greater price and one which you are unfit to receive, Tibor Szamuely—I offer you, now, in return for those emeralds, Death. Give me what you stole, and you shall have your pistol."

There rose a howl from the mob more terrible than any that had gone before; but this time the man merely shook his head as if he heard the buzzing of a cloud of insects; and all at once she saw him give way to insane laughter, his body so racked by spasms of diabolical mirth that he had to lay hold of the table again lest they double him up on the floor.

She waited, observing him, with something impersonal in her attitude, as she might have been studying a mad animal in a cage, till at length he controlled his mad humor long enough to thrust a hand into his bosom, fish out St. Stephen's seven emeralds, naked of any covering, and flung them at her feet.

"Take them," he gasped, and cackled in fresh convulsions—his eyes crafty as any snake's, as cold—"take them, Denise Vay! You've earned them, you, who were cunning enough to pull the wool over Tibor Szamuely's eyes and play him for a fool! And now—hand over my pistol."

She coolly nodded: "Very well!"—and chambering a bullet in the weapon, removed the magazine clip and sent it spinning far through the window. "I bargained to sell you Death for the emeralds," she pointed out, crossing to the table and leaving the pistol there. "One bullet will suffice for you to make my bargain good."

Then she went back to the place where the jewels lay and stooped and gathered them up, while Szamuely in maniac passion seized the pistol and brought it level with her head. To that threat the woman, rising, returned a look of measureless disdain. "You have not courage enough to pull the trigger," she said. "For if you kill me, you spend the one bullet which can give you Death before this mob breaks in and tears you to shreds with its hands."

She turned her back on him and drew the bolts, while he reviled her with every indecency. An abrupt jerk opened the door; and she went out and shut it behind her. The soldiers made to seize and throw her aside and the man-killers surged forward snarling, but she gave them both pause with a hand raised high and a cry: "You are too late!"

And in that moment which they wasted in stupefaction, a heavy report, flat, passionless, curt, fell and died without an echo behind the door. Then the soldiers and the people put the woman from their path and went in to the dead man.

A dust cloud that raced down the road from Vienna took, as it tore across the bridge, the shape of an automobile from which, before shrieking brakes could pull it to a halt, a man leaped toward the guardhouse.

The pack inside was busying itself and the chorus of its voices was not good to hear. The white-haired woman whom its rush had flung back against the wall to one side of the doorway, rested flat to that rough surface with a hand thrown behind her blindly clawing it, the other a tight fist pressed fiercely into her bosom. Knowledge of hour and place and every external circumstance had been wiped from the face she turned up to that smiling summer sky, and its eyes were drained to an emptiness even more absolute.

Andrew Brull took her up into his arms and bore her away.

TWO or three days later an unknown hand set up a rude headstone over a grave, till then unmarked, which had been made in a place on the outskirts of the village where the people were accustomed to bury offal and all manner of unclean things. This unmarked grave held one into whose corpse thirty-eight bullets had been shot after death.

The neighboring burial ground had denied it harborage, and even the starved pariah dogs that prowled the spot respected the grave, though it was little more than a shallow trench. Perhaps it was this circumstance which inspired the epitaph; for the headboard, an unpainted end of wooden plank, bore a strange legend:

"Here lies a dog."

[THE END]

All the World Admires Health!

Constipation, stomach and skin disorders can be banished—your whole life made happier—by one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-33, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"**TERRIBLE INDIGESTION BESIEGED ME** after every meal. After trying home remedies, patent medicines and even starving myself in vain—I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Fifteen days afterward, I had had only one very slight touch of indigestion and have not had a repetition since. That was five years ago. I am now a walking testimonial of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do and did do in my particular instance." **C. H. WORTZ, JR., Fort Smith, Ark.**

"**WHEN MY LITTLE DAUGHTER WAS RUN DOWN**, Fleischmann's Yeast gave her strength and energy. Now she has perfect health, enormous vitality and her complexion is a joy to behold. She eats the Yeast as though it were a bar of chocolate." **MRS. C. A. PALMER, Brooklyn, N. Y.**



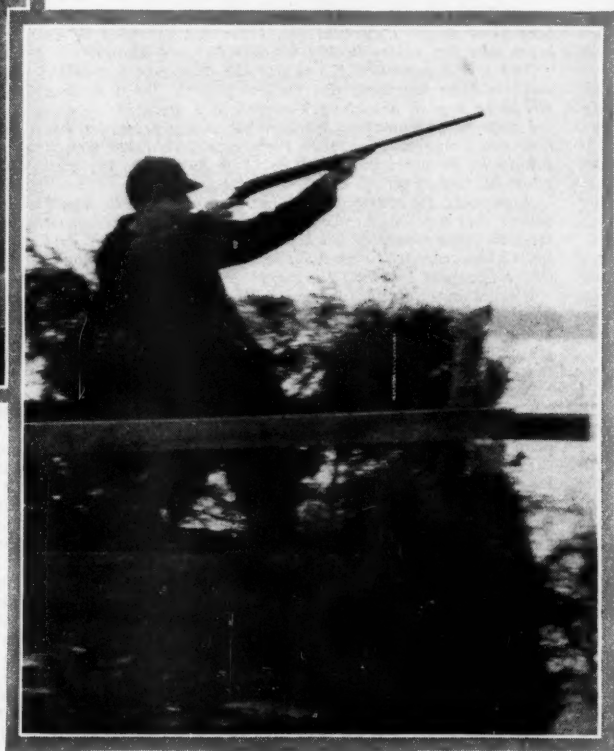
"**I WAS DRAGGING AROUND** always too tired to do anything and taking quarts of awful tonic all spring, and then a friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. I read your booklet and followed directions. Now I can dance and ride horseback for hours and not be one bit tired, and have no more pains after meals." **BETTY HAYNES, Dallas, Texas**



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"**I HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING TO BANISH ACNE**, even to having my pimples opened. But they came back either in the same place, or next to it. Finally I decided I would take Fleischmann's Yeast. Now after two months' use, I've only one little 'bump' on my chin and I'm also getting rid of it with Fleischmann's Yeast." **ANITA McALEER, Denver, Colo.**

"**CONSTIPATION WAS MAKING ME ILL.** I had intestinal pains at all times. One day one of my friends suggested that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. He had been using it and had had splendid results. I started immediately and have been eating three cakes a day ever since. Now the pains have gone and I feel one hundred per cent better." **JULIUS C. ANDREWS, Hopewell, Va.**



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

WOMAN has been finding out a good deal lately about the nature of man. In no other age has woman delved so deeply into the secret of her power over man; nor kept her divine right so constantly on parade; nor applied it so mercilessly; nor profited so little from her great endeavor.

There are losses for all her gains, but in counting over her recent heavy acquisition of that knowledge which is power, woman has forgotten to estimate what she has forfeited. She has failed to observe that man has not been standing still while she has been growing modern.

The worm has turned. Man has been taking a few notes on his own account, and since woman lately has provided him with marvellous opportunities for knowing herself as she is, man has perceived a few flaws in her and he feels perfectly free to say so in a way which his grandfather would have denounced as brutal.

A gentleman, two or three decades ago, accepted his wife's limitations and kept still about them. If in his own heart he knew that she was lazy, he excused her as "tired." Such was chivalry. And so thousands of shiftless women, knowing that Caesar's wife always is above reproach, wantonly murdered the careers of some highly intelligent husbands.

But on the plane of equality which the sexes have achieved, man at last perceives that justice is a thing to demand as well as to dispense; and not infrequently he tries and judges his wife by the very tests she applies to him.

Then he discusses her as she is and not as he supposed she would be. That is, if she will listen. For chivalry is dead. Dead as Pan. Woman called it false and said she didn't want it. And so she killed it. Therefore she cannot feel very much hurt when man frankly tells her a few unflattering truths about her own behavior.

This month I am fortunately able to print a letter from a young husband which surely must enlighten many a girl concerning the insight of the modern man. It deals with a type of wife anybody can recognize—in the house next door or across the street:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Can you find space on your page to help a man? It is going to be hard for me to be personal, so please be patient.

I am a married man of thirty and have two of the finest children God ever blessed man with. I am an architect and a graduate of one of our eastern universities. My wife is a college graduate. We have been married six years. Previously she was in charge of dietetics in a metropolitan hospital.

She has taken the ups and downs of matrimony as they came along. She has not complained one word about the little clothing I have been able to buy her. We love each other. In spite of all this, something important in marriage is lacking. Here is my case:

In our six years of married life, I have probably gone home about one-half dozen times and found dinner ready. Like other lovers, we talked before marriage about how wonderful it was going to be for her to meet me at the door with a smile and a kiss. Well, that thing has happened about as many times as the meals have been ready.

Time and again have I gone home in the evening to see the same dirt on the floor which was there in the morning, the beds unmade, the children unwashed.

An architect's work is never finished. There's always a new idea to follow up or to get into shape. I leave home at seven in the morning and get home at seven at night. And at the end of a discouraging day, when I go home needing cheer and peace, I find all the dishes of all the day in the kitchen sink waiting to be washed!

Such disorder nearly breaks my nerve. Can I help recalling our prenuptial plans for an artistic home where I could dig away nights at my profession?

I want to say right here that in caring for our children my wife is a wonder—when I am not at home. But I admit that she expects me to feed them, amuse them, wash them and put them to bed when I am in the house. She never raises one finger for them while I am around. At night I care for them exclusively. Not once since they were born has she set foot on the floor at night unless they were sick and it was necessary for us both to be up.

Lazy? I do not think so. She never is idle. She is on the go all the time. Not to clubs, not shopping. Nevertheless, I get home to find two dirty babies, no work done about the house, buttons off the children's clothing and my own, not one visible task accomplished to show where her day has gone. If I gently remonstrate, she explains that she has been caring for the children.

Being an architect, I have supplied her with every labor-saving convenience. The finest electrical devices are installed

LET'S Talk it Over! For long it has been conventional for a woman to keep her troubles to herself. She moiled over them, never solved them, trospetive, melancholy time to discover what parison can do to help hard knots? With here some woman some ience worth telling about, discouraged soul. To wants to know" in touch has found out" is the page. For immediate person address: Send enquiries and stories of experience to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



in our bungalow. But when it is up to me to use any one of them, I find it out of repair. Our rugs are askew; all the shades hitch; expensive cooking utensils are ruined by neglect; from a set of flat silver, a valuable wedding gift, many pieces are missing.

Am I a selfish prig to object to such shiftlessness? I make a salary three times what her father and my dad ever earned. It isn't great for these times but I know many men who draw less money but who nevertheless drive their own cars and live in neat homes. Exquisitely dainty children run to meet them while my own beautiful little ones are shabby and always need to be washed.

Am I at fault if I find fault? Please remember that my wife is a college woman and very proud of it. She is in excellent health, one of the strongest women of her size I ever have seen, and very beautiful. Ours are the healthiest youngsters in our street. She doesn't have to waste her time nursing sick and fretful babies.

My wife has proved herself a competent member of a hospital staff where conferences were frequent and reports were part of her daily routine. Yet if I try to discuss our problems, invariably she weeps and asks, "Don't you love me any more?" As if my love had anything to do with a dirty kitchen!

Not one time have I been able to pin her down to a common-sense business discussion such as she was party to daily in the hospital.

I love my home. Nothing gives me more pleasure than adding to its beauty and comfort. I've spent hours enameling furniture, papering walls, finishing floors so that our house might be a place in which a man of my profession could take some pride. Unfortunately, I am not the kind of an artist who can desecrate beauty beneath dirt and disorder.

As I try to write it out, I realize that there are few better mothers than my wife. But isn't it possible for a modern girl to be a good housekeeper as well as a mother?

I hope to be something worth while in my profession but how can I improve, how can I compete with other men if I have to do my wife's work at home as well as my own work at the office?

A servant? Of course, as soon as we can afford it. Also I believe that a father has home duties. Do not misunderstand me there. But should he get his own breakfast as I do? And run to the grocery for what his wife could order by phone? Oh! I have not told half the story!

When I am established, we can settle down in a fine family hotel where my wife will not have one thing to do, but meantime when I am young and struggling, how am I to get along?—John Jay, New York.

Now who can tell him that? I can't.

I feel sure that conscientious wives and mothers are only fair when they agree that the girl above described is just plain lazy.

Physical inertia is not at all uncommon among women. Dozens of husbands have written to me in sad confusion. Some girls use up their energy keeping themselves beautiful. Or in the name of slowness, they do not eat enough to enable them to sew buttons on a shirt. Or laziness may be ascribed to some deficiency of a ductless gland; or to lack of right training in youth when habits of industry are formed. Whatever the reason, the result often is disastrous to the home and to love and to a man's career. So doubtless it is for the good of the race that man should see how he sometimes is woefully imposed upon in the name of love.

Let us talk over the above mentioned buttons. Before her marriage, a girl dreams with delight about sewing on the buttons of her belovedest. She finds something so intimate in buttons! But no man ever valued a button because

certain fair fingers had fastened it where it ought to be. He swears, however, when it is not there. And it doesn't help to keep the peace at all in this age of fifty-fifty matrimony when a young wife casually remarks: "Well, you sewed your buttons on in the War, didn't you? Then it won't hurt you to do it now!"

But it does hurt him. And since he is as modern as woman, he is going to say so. For verily, chivalry is dead. And one by-product of our un-innocent age is man's conviction that a lot of lovely women let themselves slump after they marry, in a manner which is unfair to all concerned.

Another discovery which men have been making about women runs something like this: Because a girl has majored in mathematics at college or has earned a good salary for several years, she does not necessarily apply her arithmetic or her business training to home-making. She may not use an atom of sense in spending her husband's salary.

This fact explains the average man's first disillusionment after his wedding. If a sorely tried bridegroom gets up courage enough to remonstrate and pleads for a chance to pay his monthly bills, too often the bride weeps and moans: "You do not love me any more!" Woman's eternal cry when she gets into a corner.

Today the young man who has been studying the girls who studied him is quite liable to say harshly that love has nothing to do with the monthly bills.

Perhaps he is right. And if young husbands can impress that idea on young wives, financial trouble may cease to be second on the list of causes for divorce.

Next month let's talk over workable schemes for spending, saving and sharing after marriage. I have one splendid, although very simple, plan which was devised by a desperate young husband when he was trying to avoid a daily quarrel with his wife about their financial affairs. He says it saved his home from destruction. I know his ideas will interest the married, old and young.

Money is not the cause of all marital troubles. Sometimes the "sympathy" of the other woman adds not a little to the problem for husband and wife. Here is a girl who imagines that she "considers" the wife, yet—

Dear Winona Wilcox: I loved a man before I knew he was married. Never shall I forget my hurt when he told me, but in spite of it I pitied his wife because I knew how much he loved me.

I told him I never would see him while his wife lived with him. He confessed to her, asked her to free him but she only said she might, perhaps, some day. Years from now!

I played fair with her and look what I get in return! She knows that he and I adore each other. If there is a heart in her, why doesn't she let us have our happiness?—Mary W.

"Such confused thinking!" sighs some critic. "Why pay so much attention to this type?"

Because it is a type which works harm, a type whose influence, though tenuous and transient, helps to pile up divorce figures. Because the wife takes this type too seriously. Because she would not permit it to influence her life so disastrously if she had more information about it.

This, then, for the consideration of distressed matrons: Is it worth while to let the invaders who can't think straight ruin the home to which you have given your best thought and energy?

We all like to believe that we possess heroic qualities. It seems to me that we might just as well be heroic about disillusionment in love as about any other terrific demand which living makes upon us.

In James' famous chapter on "Habit" is a formula for fitting oneself to meet emergencies. It reads:

"Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points; do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test."

Though our marriage laws be improved, the same urges and instincts which now produce misery will continue to function. Therefore it is a wise wife who endeavors to see facts as they are, who refuses to destroy herself because nature is pitiless in woman's concerns, who adapts herself to situations she cannot change. There is no courage equal to that of the wronged wife and mother who keeps her children's home from breaking up, maintains her poise, avoids a nervous breakdown, and uses her common sense to discover what splendors other than love life may hold for her.

"How I helped my sister discover that CHIPSO is *different*"

By an Experienced Housekeeper

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this true story has had over 20 years of housekeeping experience during which she has used dozens of different laundry soaps. The Chipso discoveries of herself and her sister have been duplicated in millions of homes all over America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

"SOON after I first began to use Chipso, more than two years ago, I went to spend a week-end with my sister, who has a place in the country.

"I was so pleased with what Chipso was doing for me that I thought I had only to tell my sister about this new flaked soap to have her as enthusiastic over it as I was.

"But she said she was satisfied with the soap she was using. 'What is the use of changing?' she said, 'soaps are all alike.'

"But I knew better and the next time I went I took one of those big packages of Chipso with me. I said, 'Let's try it tonight for the dishes.'

"So we washed the dinner dishes together. The water there is quite hard, so I knew it would make a fine test. You should have seen the surprised look in my sister's face when she saw those *wonderful Chipso suds bubble up at the first touch of the hot water!* She could scarcely believe any soap would do that.

"This made quite an impression on her, and she used it for the next washing.

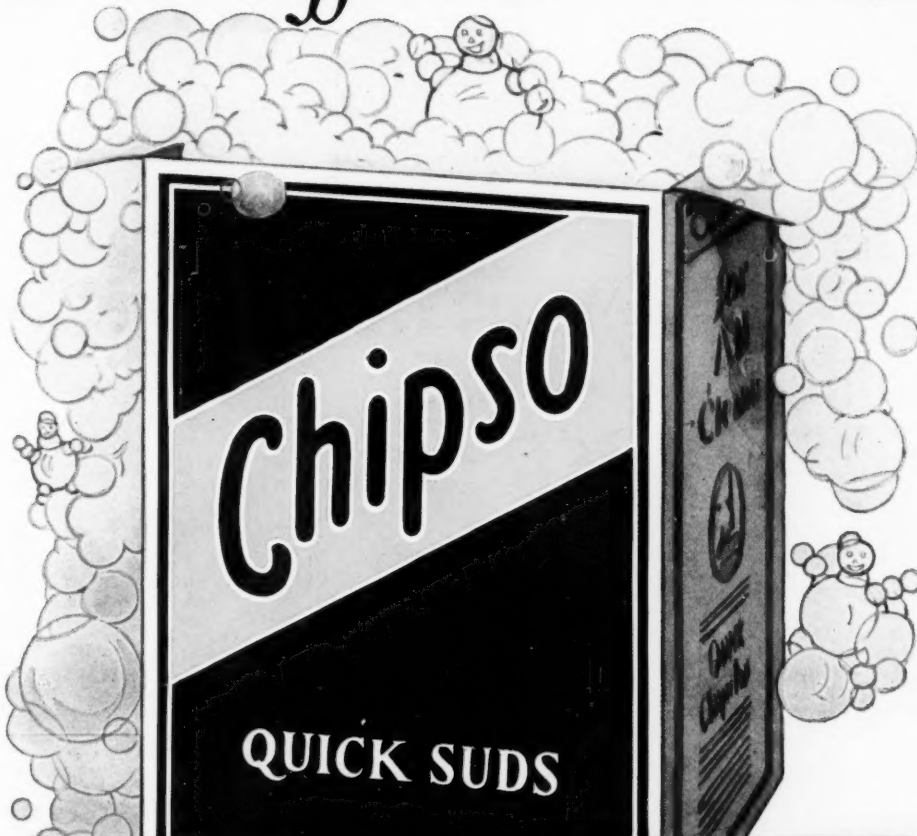
"I went down to see her a few days ago, and walked up the back way, which took me through her clothes-yard past the laundry.

"It was wash day and eleven o'clock in the morning. The lines were already full of clothes and I don't think I ever saw a bigger washing. Everything looked so clean and fresh, it was a delight to see it.

"I noticed a big Chipso package alone on the laundry window-sill and I said to my



SUDS in a second



SOAKS clothes clean SAFELY



A COMPLETE laundry soap

sister, 'I see you still use Chipso,' and she said, 'Of course I do. It's the best soap I ever had and I am glad you told me about it, but I want to tell you something. *I find it will get all those very dirty things clean with very little work, simply by soaking—and at the same time it is perfectly safe for all my nicer things.*'

"Then she said she had always used something else with her former soap, to take out the dirt and keep the clothes white, but that with Chipso this was not necessary.

"I don't have to watch my laundress any more to see that she doesn't make mistakes. She gets through washing now in time to do

all the ironing before she goes. I used to have to finish up some things the next day, myself. I haven't done that since I started to use Chipso.'

For washing machine or SOAKING clothes clean

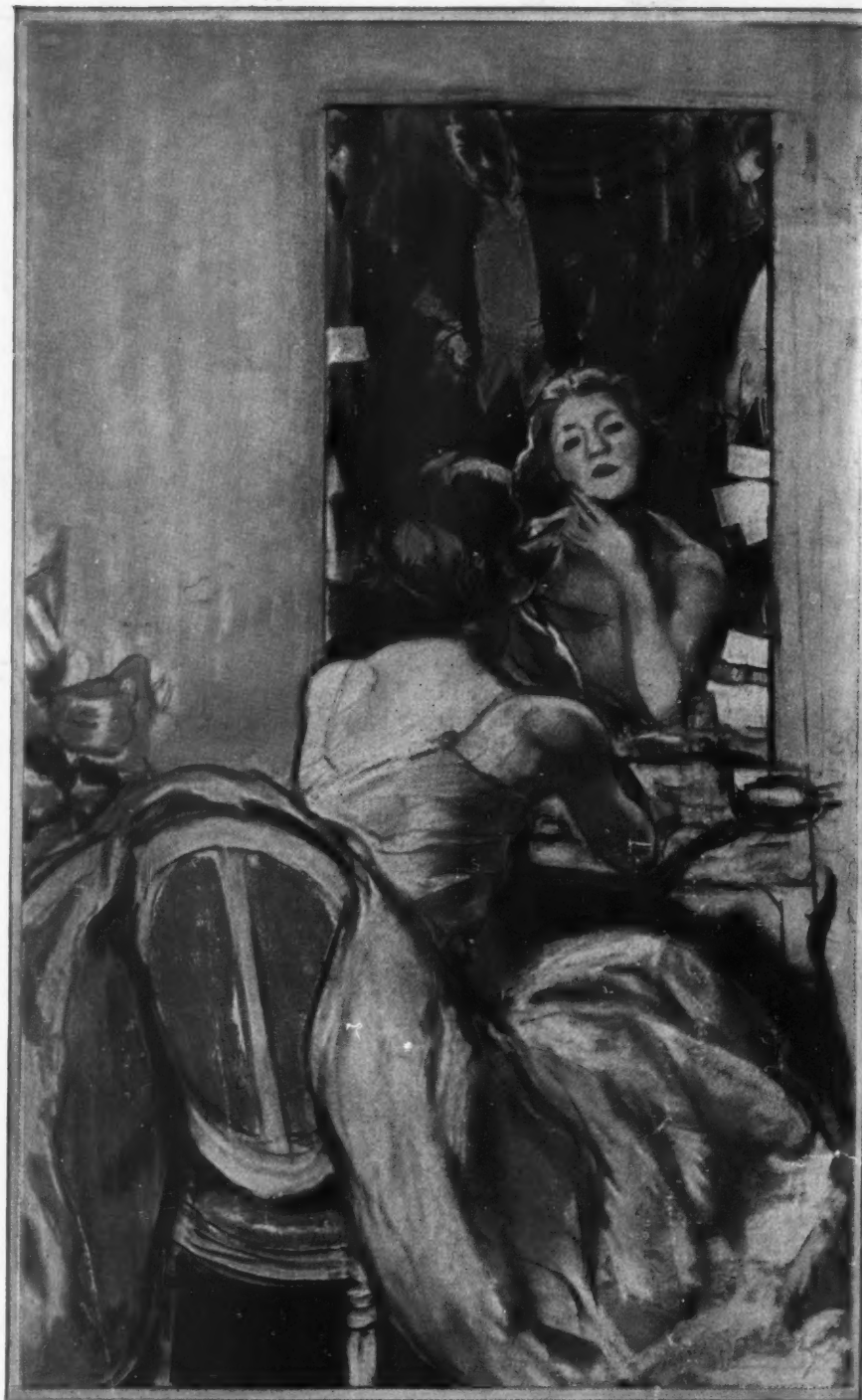
"This particular washing had been done by machine. But often, when there were fewer clothes, my sister didn't trouble to get out the machine—she simply soaked the clothes about 20 minutes in Chipso suds and then a good squeezing with a little light rubbing of very soiled places was all that was necessary. She said she had found Chipso better and quicker for any method."

© 1926 P & G Co.

The most amazing success in the history of household soap

180 Leading Actresses of the New York Stage

say they find this soap "exquisite"
"wonderful for their skin"



.. Night after night she must face a thousand critical eyes

A LADY OF MAYFAIR, exquisite as an orchid, frail as Venetian glass—or a modern flapper with the *tenue* of a beautiful boy—

A princess, a gypsy, an adventuress—

Whatever part she plays, the successful actress must be able to throw about it the vivid spell of her own personal beauty.

Lovely and youthful as the dawn she must seem to her audiences when she steps before the curtain.

HOW DOES SHE DO IT? Her skin, which has to be covered with harsh make-up—exposed to cruel, high-power light—how does she keep it always fresh and unfaded—flawless, under the gaze of a thousand eyes?

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of the season's plays, what soap they use for the care of their

skin—and why. Nearly three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It is a wonderful soap for the skin," they said. "It is very soothing." "It keeps the skin firm and fresh-looking, preventing large pores and blemishes." "It is good for every condition."

Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to speak some word of praise for the wonderfully soothing, non-irritating effect of Woodbury's on her skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments

for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

WITHIN A WEEK or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days
NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

THE ANDREW JERGENS Co.,
1510 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1510 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Copyright, 1920, by The Andrew Jergens Co.